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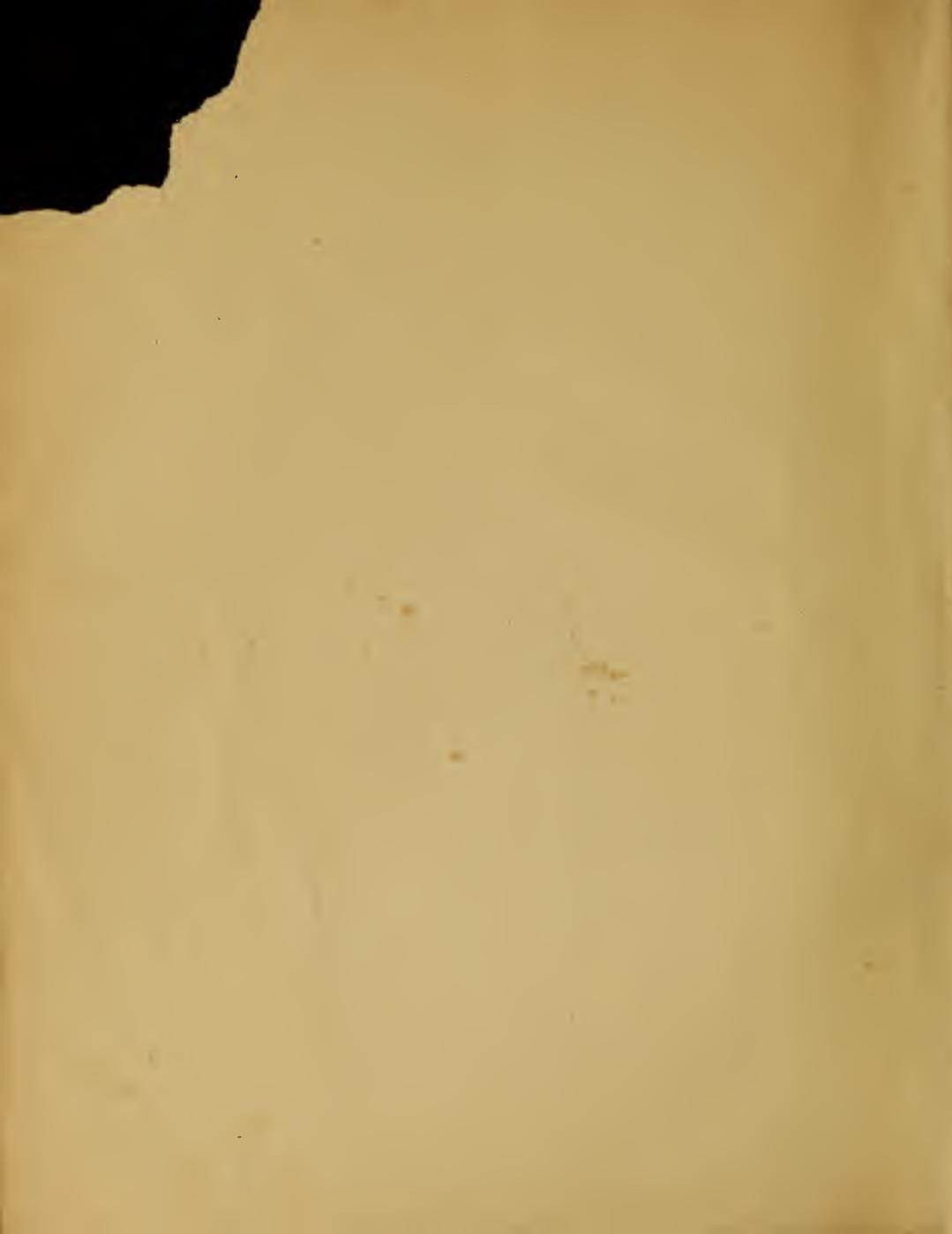
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THE
BRETHREN'S
TUNE AND HYMN BOOK:

BEING A COMPILATION OF

SACRED MUSIC

ADAPTED TO ALL THE

PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

IN THE

BRETHREN'S HYMN BOOK.

CAREFULLY REVISED, REARRANGED AND OTHERWISE IMPROVED.

Church of the Brethren (Conservative Dunkers)

QUINTER & BRUMBAUGH BROTHERS,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
1882.

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PREFACE.

THE Brethren's Tune and Hymn Book was first published by Benjamin Funk and Bro. H. R. Holsinger, in the year 1872; but, as they did not have their work stereotyped, the edition was soon exhausted, and as the Church had learned the utility of the work, a demand was made for another edition of the book. By this time Bro. Holsinger had disposed of his interests in the publishing business and his circumstances did not seem to justify him in publishing another edition. Knowing that there was a growing demand for the work, in the year 1878 we purchased the right and title of the book, and at once commenced making arrangements to publish another edition. As there were a number of improvements recommended by those especially interested in good church music, we thought it best to have it thoroughly revised, making use of only such tunes as would best harmonize with the sentiment of the hymns. In order that our selections might be the best and most appropriate, we employed the services of Bro. J. C. Ewing, who has made music a study for years, and is also quite a successful teacher. He did principally all the selecting of tunes and placing them to the proper hymns. A number of the tunes are his own composition, some of which were composed and harmonized for some special hymns, for which no other suitable music could be found.

To the following gentlemen we tender our thanks for valuable contributions for our work: Dr. Lowell Mason, William B. Bradbury, J. William Saffern, J. H. Leslie, N. Coe Stewart, L. S. Leason, Dr. Geo. F. Root, I. B. Woodbury, Dr. Thos. Hastings, and others.

The selection of tunes, we think, embraces all of the best church music in use, both old and new, some entirely new, never having been used before. While we have labored to procure some good new music, we have been especially careful in not omitting any of the good old tunes that have gladdened the hearts of our venerable forefathers. The authors of the music, as far as was known by us, will be found in connection with the tunes in the index.

In the revision we have, also, changed the arrangement so the number of every hymn in this book corresponds to the number of the same hymn in the Brethren's Hymn Book and is set in the *same order*, so that they can be used together without the least inconvenience in any way.

We now offer the revised Tune and Hymn Book to the church with the hope that, by its use, life and spirit may be infused into that very important part of our worship, the service of song. Good singing adds greatly to the interest and life of worship, and without it much of the spiritual edification seems to be lost, no matter how good the preaching may have been. By its general adoption we will not only learn to sing, but we will learn to sing the same hymns, thus bringing about a most desirable uniformity in church music, throughout our great brotherhood.

The compilers now submit the humble result, of what has been to them a very arduous labor, to their own beloved fraternity, with unaffected pleasure, in the simple hope that it may be used in building up our Redeemer's Kingdom in the most holy faith, and that it may be accompanied by the fulness of his power and grace of his Holy Spirit.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

I. GOD.	No. of Hymns.	VI. THE GOSPEL.	No. of Hymns.
Being and Attributes.....	1-19	Invitation and Warning.....	327-352
Names and Relations.....	20-25	Repentance.....	353-372
In Creation.....	26-29	The Fall.....	373-377
In Providence.....	30-36	Redemption.....	378-387
II. WORSHIP AND PRAISE.		The Promises.....	388-394
Public Worship.....	37-90	The Holy Spirit.....	395-399
Opening.....	91-103		
Closing.....	104-115		
Social Worship.....	116-122	VII. CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.	400-566
Private Devotion.....	123-129	VIII. DEATH.	567-619
The Lord's Day.....	130-141	IX. THE RESURRECTION.	620-626
III. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.	142-155	X. TIME AND ETERNITY.	627-642
IV. CHRIST.		XI. HEAVEN.	643-677
The Incarnation.....	156-164	XII. MEETING AND PARTING.	678-692
Life and Mission.....	165-178	XIII. THE FAMILY.	
Names and Characters.....	179-190	Morning.....	693-700
Suffering and Death.....	191-198	Evening.....	701-713
Resurrection and Glory.....	199-206	Table.....	714-719
Second Advent and Reign.....	207-234	Parental.....	720-729
The Judgment.....	225-238	Youth.....	730-743
V. THE CHURCH.		Marriage.....	744-745
Character and Privileges.....	229-256	XIV. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.	
Ministry.....	257-281	Fasts.....	746-749
Council and Conference Meetings	282-283	Close of the Year.....	750-751
Baptism.....	284-289	New Year.....	752-753
Feet Washing.....	295-300	The Seasons.....	754-757
Lovefeast.....	301-302	Thanksgiving.....	758-762
Salutation.....	303-304	Temperance.....	763-764
Communion.....	305-315	War.....	765-766
Fellowship and Unity.....	316-324	XV. MISCELLANEOUS.	767-818
Anointing.....	323-324		
Church Dedication.....	325-326		

THE BRETHREN'S TUNE & HYMN BOOK.

MARLOW. C. M.

1 Is there a God? You ris-ing sun In an-swer meet replies,
Writes it in flame up-on the earth, [Omit.....] Proclaims it round the skies.

1 C. M.

1 Is there a God? You rising sun
In answer meet replies,
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.

2 Is there a God? Hark! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles:
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.

3 Is there a God? with sacred fear
I upward turn my eyes;
"There is," each glitt'ring lamp of light—
"There is," my soul replies.

4 If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart,
O, let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart.

GALILEE. L. M.

1 What is our God, or what his name, Nor men can learn, nor an-gels teach;
2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light, Compar'd with him, how short they fall!

He dwells con-ceal'd in ra-diant flame, Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
They are too dark, and he too bright—Noth-ing ate they, and God is all.

2 L. M.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

GOD.—HIS BEING

HEALING BALM. L. M.



1 Up to the Lord, who reigns on high And views the na-tions from a - far;
Let e - ver-last-ing praises fly, [Omit...] And tell how large his bounties are.



L. M.

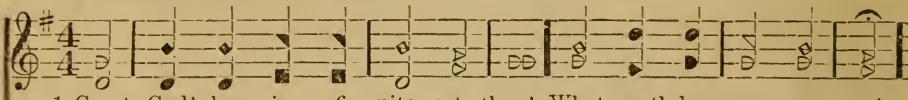
2 He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod—
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

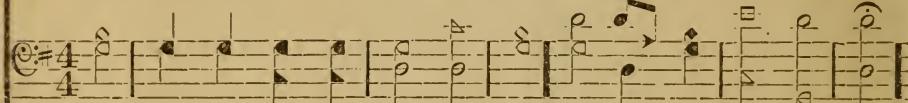
4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God:
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

5 O, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

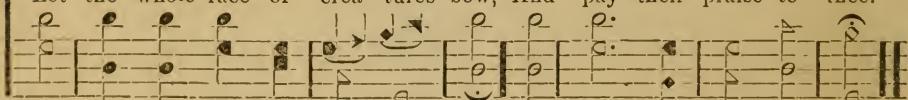
PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



1 Great God! how in - fi - nite art thou! What worth-less worms are we!



Let the whole race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.



C. M.

4

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

C. M.

5

1 The Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns in ev'ry land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

6 C. M.

Holy and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

2 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

7 L. M.

2 Sooner may natures laws reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round,
Nor spring appear in blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd:

3 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake;
And nature lose her rapid force,
Before our God a change can make

4 Earth may with all her works dissolve,
(If such her great Creator's will;) But HE forever is the same,
I AM! is his memorial still.

8 L. M.

1 JEHOVAH! is a God of might,
He fram'd the earth, he built the sky;
And what he speaks is surely right,
"The strength of Israel will not lie!"

2 Ye weary souls, with sin oppress'd,
To him in every trouble fly;
His promise is, "I'll give you rest,"
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

3 Then why sink down beneath despair?
To Jesus' throne of grace apply;
His promise plead, he'll hear your pray'r,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

4 Ask what you will in Jesus' name,
He never will your suit deny;
To save you from the curse he came,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

5 Behold! I come, most gracious Lord,
And on thy promise now rely;
In my distress, how sweet this word,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

9

L. M.

- 1 Ye humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God;
How just and true are all his ways!
How much above your highest praise!
- 2 The words his sacred lips declare,
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency!
- 3 He will not his great self deny;
A God *all* truth can never lie;
As well might he his being quit,
As break his oath, or word forgot.

- 4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;
- 5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away—
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.
- 6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which man had done:
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

VANWERT. C. M.

1 In all my vast con-cerns with thee, In vain my soul would try, To shun thy presence,
Lord, or flee The no - tice of thine eye.

10

C. M.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee.
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, and private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

11

C. M.

- 1 The Lord our God is cloth'd with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heav'nly hight,
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night; your force combine:
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar—
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in rev'rence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

NAOMI. C. M.

1 Thou didst, O mighty God, exist Ere time began its race;
Be - fore the am - ple el-e-ments [Omit.....] Fill'd up the void of space;

12 C. M.

2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.
3 And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame,
Sinks in the mighty wreck;
4 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps,
Their ancient course forsake;
5 Forever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

C. M.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And raise your souls above;
Let ev'ry voice and heart accord,
To sing that—God is love.

ROSEDALE. L. M.

1 Great God, in vain man's narrow view Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our lab'ring pow'r's with rev'rence own. [Omit.....] Thy glo-ries ne - ver can be known.

14 L. M.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous hight or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;

While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

RETREAT. L. M.

1 Thus saith the high and loft - y One, "I sit up - on my ho - ly throne;
 My name is God—I dwell on high; Dwell in my own e - ter - ni - ty.

15

L. M.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
 On earth I have a mansion too;
 The humble spirit and contrite
 Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
 I bid the mourning sinner live;
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,
 And ease the sorrows of the mind."

4 Lord, may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
 Then shall our grateful voice declare,
 How free thy tender mercies are.

16

L. M.

1 ETERNAL God, almighty Cause
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
 All things are subject to thy laws—
 All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
 Of all within itself possest;
 By none controll'd in thy commands,
 And in thyself completely blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
 Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:
 All other Gods we disavow—
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Worship to thee alone belongs—
 Worship to thee alone we give;

Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
 And to thy glory we would live.

5 Spread thy great name through heathen
 Their idol-deities dethrone; [lands,
 Subdue the world to thy commands,
 And reign as thou art —God alone.

17

L. M.

1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
 Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
 But darkness vails seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
 The great Invisible can see;
 And with its tremblings mingle joy,
 In fix'd regards, great God! to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
 Aw'd by thy presence, disappears;
 And all the glowing, raptur'd soul,
 The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4 O, ever present to my heart!
 Witness to its extreme desire;
 Behold, it presses on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.

5 This one petition would I urge:
 To bear thee over in my sight!
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 My only portion and delight.

AND ATTRIBUTES.

7

SHELLEY. C. M.

1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'nly King!
 Let age to age thy right-eous-ness In songs of glo - ry sing. } 2 God reigns on high, but
 D. C. Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines, And ev' - ry want sup - plies.

18

C. M.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.
 4 How kind, are thy compassions, Lord,
 How slow thine anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
 To cheer the soul he loves.
 5 Creatures with all their endless race,
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
 But we who taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

WAYNSVILLE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - val! Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land;) I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand: } Bread of heav - en!
 2 O - pen, Lord the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow: Let the fier - y cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jou - ney through: Strong De - liv - rer!

Feed me till I want no more.
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

20

8s, 7s, & 4s.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fear subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction!
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

21

S. M.

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there. [shade],
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joys exalt my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise,

22

S. M.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'T is paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 't is hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'T is heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

23

C. M.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men!"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

1 Whom have we, Lord, in heav'n but thee, And whom on earth beside; Where else for succor
can we flee, Where else for succor can we flee, Or in whose strength confide.

24

C. M.

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promis'd bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes, thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

25

C. M.

1 My God, my Father! cheering name!
O, may I call the mine!
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This only can my fears control
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise—
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy Sov'reign will ordains
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
Still trust a Father's care.

26

C. M.

1 JEHOVAH'S image brightly shone
On Eden's lovely pair,
And oft, before his gracious throne,
They bow'd in praise and pray'r.

2 With rectitude, as with a robe,
Their spotless souls were dress'd;
With peace abounding, and with joy,
They were divinely bless'd.

3 No self-reproach, no slavish dread,
Disturb'd their peace within;
No frowning storm their path o'erspread
While undefiled with sin.

4 Thus souls renew'd by saving grace—
Whose sins have been forgiv'n—
Behold the smiles of Jesus' face,
And feel an inward heav'n.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

BOONTON. C. H. M.

1 Since c'er thy foot-stool here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O what magnificence must glow, Great God about thy throne! } So brilliant here these
drops of light—There the full ocean rolls, how bright! There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

27

C. H. M.

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought!
Hung like a royal canopy,
With gitt'ring diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outward veil,
What splendors at thy shrine must dwell.
3 The dazzling sun at noon-day hour—
Forth from his flaming vase

Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;
What, then, the day where thou didst shine!
4 O, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 The spacious fir - ma - ment on high. With all the blue e - ter - nal sky And spang'led heav'n's a shining
frame Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.

28

L. M.

2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;

6 What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found:
6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

ROCHESTER. C. M.

1 Father, how wide thy glory shines, How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs
2 By thou - sands thro' the skies.
3 Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms.—
4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone—
The justice or the grace.
5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'ly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

29

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r!
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.
3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,

LYONS. 10s. & 11s.

1 Though troubl-les as - sail and dan - gers af-fright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite
2 Yet one thing se - cures us, what-ev - er be - tide, The script-ure as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."

30

11s. & 10s.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old—
Not knowing the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, "The Lord will provide."

4 When Satan appears to shut up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

AZMON. C. M.

1 Since all the vary-ing scenes of time, God's watch-ful eye sur - veys.
O, who so wise to choose our lot, Or to ap - point our ways?

31

C. M.

2 Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies;
Afflictions from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring gracious will,
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

32

C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread

5 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain—
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

6 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim ;
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

7 When life sinks a pace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Nor fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

C. M. DOXOLOGY.

Let God the Father, and the Son
And Spirit, be adored
Where there are works to make him known
Or Saints to love the Lord.

PEORIA. C. M.



1 Thy way, O God, is in the sea; Thy paths I can-not trace,
Nor com-pre-hend the mys-te-ry [Omit.....] Of thine unbounded grace.

33

C. M.

2 Here the dark vails of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround:
Mysterious deeps of providence
My inward thoughts confound.
3 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
4 Though but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the whole reveal
In glory's clearer light?
5 In rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

C. M.

1 O why despont in life's dark vale?
Why sink to fears a prey?
Th' Almighty Power can never fail,
His love can ne'er decay.
2 Behold the birds that wing the air,
Nor sow nor reap the grain;
Yet God, with all a father's care,
Relieves when they complain.
3 Behold the lilies of the field—
They toil nor labor know;
Yet royal robes to theirs must yield,
In beauty's richest glow.
4 That God who hears the raven's cry,
Who decks the lily's form,
Will surely all your wants supply,
And shield you in the storm.
5 Seek first his kingdom's grace to share;
Its righteousness pursue:
And all that needs your earthly care,
He will bestow on you.

C. M.

35 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

36

C. M.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defense!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save,
4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

BACA. L. M.

1 Not unto us, Al-might-y Lord, But to thy-self the glo - ry be! Cre - a - ted
by thy aw-ful word, We on - ly live to hon - or thee, We on - ly live to hon - or thee.

37

L. M.

2 Where is their God? the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone;
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds his own.

3 Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone,
Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend;
O fear his power, his goodness own,
And love him trust him, to the end.

4 Who lean on him, from strength to strength,
From light to light shall onward move,
Till thro' the grave they pass at length,
To sing on high his saving love.

38

L. M.

1 LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace,
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and soul employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

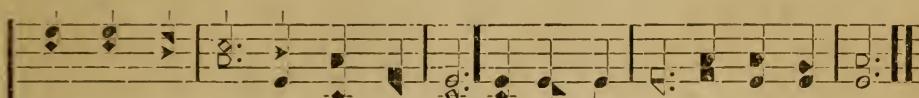
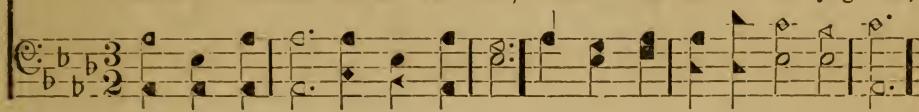
4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

ORIEL. L. M.



1 Be still! be still! for all a-round, On ei - ther hand is ho - ly ground,



Here in his house, the Lord to - day Will list - en, while his peo - ple pray.



39

L. M.

2 Thou, tossed upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

3 Thou who hast laid within the grave,
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Now to the mercy-seat draw near,
With all thy woes, for God is here.

4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guile that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets him here.

40

L. M.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name.
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With ready feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face,
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sov'reign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise,
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
Throughout the remnant of my days.

BROWN. C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say, In Zi - on let us
 2 I love her gates, I love the road, The church adorn'd with grace, Stands like a pal-lace
 all ap-pear, And keep the sol-emn day.
 built for God, To show his mild-er face.

41

C. M.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair;

The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
 And with his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints:
 We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains:
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Savior reigns.

LENOX. II. M.

1 Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and power, That ever mortals knew, That angels ever bore :
 2 Great Prophet of my God, My tongue would bless thy name: By thee the joyful news Of our salvation came:

All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set my Savior forth, Too mean to set my Sav - ior forth.
 The joyful news of sins forgiven — Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven, Of hell subdu'd and peace with heaven.

42 II. M.

3 Be thou my counselor,
 My pattern and my guide;
 And through this desert land,
 Still keep me near thy side;
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of his sheep;
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on;
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays
 Superior power, and guardian grace

HAMBURG. L. M.

1 Dear Lord, how wondrous is thy love To such un-wor-thy worms as we!
 Thou hast sent down the heav'n - ly Dove, To set our souls at lib - er - ty.

3 L. M.
 We that were doom'd to woe and pain,
 Expos'd to death of ev'ry kind,
 Through Jesus Christ the Lamb once slain,
 Do life, and peace, and pardon find.
 Shall we forget our Savior's grace,
 Who died to save our guilty souls!
 And bring us to his Father's face,
 Where endless peace and pleasure rolls.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 Raise your triumphant songs To an im - mor - tal tune; Let the wide earth re-
 sound the deeds Ce-lic-s-tial grace has done.

14 S. M.
 2 Sing how Eternal Love
 His chief Beloved chose,

4 Forbid, O Lord, each wand'ring thought,
 May Christ be all in our esteem;
 Let earthly things be all forgot,
 And counted loss compared with him.
 5 Lord Jesus! make us bear in mind
 Thy rich, thy pure redeeming love,
 Till we shall be forever join'd
 With those that sing thy praise above.

And bid him raise our ruin'd race
 From their abyss of woes,
 3 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes his brow.
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below
 4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doom'd to die.
 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease;
 Bow to the scepter of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.

WOODLAND. C. M.

45

C. M.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free—
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

46

C. M.

- 1 COME, heav'nly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart and teach my tongue
The Savior's lovely name.
- 2 The Savior! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comforts round.
- 3 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to dreadful woe.
- 4 God, s only Son—stupendous grace!—
Forsook his throne above,
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 O, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine.
I can not wish for more.

47

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us all unite to praise
The Savior of mankind!
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain!
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of Man.
- 3 O Lord, we can not silent be;
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee—
Our Savior and our Friend.
- 4 Though feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful song of humble praise—
Our well-meant sacrifice.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame:
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name!

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 From all who dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise,
 2 E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

48

L. M.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
 In songs of praise divinely sing;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In ev'ry land begin the song;
 To ev'ry land the strains belong;
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

GREENVILLE. 8s. & 7s.

1 Come thou Fount of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of merc - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } Teach me some me - lo - dious
 D. C. Praise the mount—O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

D. C.
 son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - love;

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace' how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee,
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart : Lord, take and seal it ;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

49

8s. & 7s.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home;

HEAVENLY PORTION. S. M.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro - claim;
And all that is with - in me, join To bless his ho - ly name.

50

S. M.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits—
The Lord to thee is kind.
3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

EVAN. C. M.

1 While thee I seek, protecting pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd: And may this con- se- crated hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd. Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd: That mercy I adore.

51

C. M.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd
To thee my thoughts would soar;

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.
5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

DESIRE. L. M.

1 Come, wor-ship at E-man-u-el's feet; Be-hold in him what wonders meet!
 2 He is the Head—each member lives, And owns the vi-tal power he gives,
 words are too fee-ble to ex-press His worth, his glo-ry, or his grace.
 The saints be-low and saints a-bove, Joined by his spir-it and his love.

52

L. M.

3 He is the vine—his heav'ly root
 Supplies each branch with life and fruit;
 O! may a lasting union join
 My soul to Christ, the living Vine.
 4 He is the rock—how firm he proves!
 The Rock of Ages never moves;
 But the sweet streams that from him flow,
 Attend us all the journey through.

5 He is the Sun of righteousness,
 Diffusing light, and joy, and peace;
 What healing in his beams appears,
 To chase our clouds and dry our tears!
 6 Yet faintly to us mortals here,
 His glory, grace, and worth appear;
 His beauties we shall clearly trace,
 When we behold him face to face.

BALERMA. C. M.

1 Blest be my God that I was born To hear the gospel's sound—That I was born to
 be bap-tiz'd, And bred on ho-ly ground.

The lines are fallen unto me
 In a most pleasant place.

2 That I was bred where God appears
 With tokens of his grace;

3 Blest be my God for what I see,
 My God for what I hear;
 I hear such blessed news from heav'n,
 Not earth nor hell I fear.

4 I hear my Lord for me was born,
 My Lord for me did die;
 My Lord for me did rise again,
 And did ascend on high.

5 On high he stands to plead my cause,
 And will return again,
 And set me on a glorious throne,
 And I with him shall reign.

53

C. M.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

1 O God, on thee we all de-pend, On thy pa-ter-nal care; Thou wilt the Father
and heavn' what'e'r we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

55

C. M.

and the friend In ev'-ry act ap-pear.

54

C. M.

2 With open hand and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
The needful blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.
3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.
4 In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just
5 We cannot want while God provides;
What he ordains, is best:

And heavn' what'e'r we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
6 Through all eternity, to thea
A grateful song I'll raise,
But O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise!

KILBURN. L. M.

1 My God, my King, thy va-rious praise Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace em-ploy my hum-ble tongue, Till death and glo-ry raise the song.

56

L. M.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds?
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

57

L. M.

1 BLESS, O my soul the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should ungrateful silence hide
The blessings which his hands provide?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of our mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels—
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He fills our store with ev'ry good,
And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
And often gives the suff'r'er rest;
But will his justice more display,
In the last great rewarding day.

JUNIATA. 7s.

1 Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heav'n with hal-le-lu-jahs rang When Jehovah's
work be-gun, When he spake, and it was done.

58

7s.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise,
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ!

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

NETTLETON. 8s. & 7s.

59

8s. & 7s.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray!
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear

LABAN. S. M.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's pray'r to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure frame within me raise:
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

60

S. M.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;

RETREAT. L. M.

1 A - way from eve - ry mor - tal care, A - way from earth our souls re-treat ;
 We leave this low - er world a - far, And wait and wor - ship near thy seat.

61

L. M.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
 We see thy feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high;
 And prayer bears a quick return
 Of blessings from beyond the sky.

4 If Satan's rage and sin grows strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word;
 We gird the gospel armor on,
 To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies
 (Our conscience gall'd with inward stings),
 Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
 With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father, my soul would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side ;
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

62

L. M.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;
 Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings;
 And ranks of shining thrones around,
 Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy and the High!

4 Earth from afar, has heard thy fame,
 And wormishave learn'd to lisp thy name;
 But O, the glories of thy mind,
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heav'n, and men below;
 Be short our tunes—our words but few!
 A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

HEBER. C. M.

1 How great, how sol - emn is thy work Which we at - tend to - day!
 2 O may we feel as once we felt, When pain'd and griev'd at heart,
 Now for a ho - ly sol - emn frame, O God, to thee we pray.
 Thy kind, for - giv - ing, melt - ing look, Re - liev'd our ev' - ry smart.

63

C. M.

3 Let grace which then was exercis'd,
 Be exercis'd again;
 And nurtur'd by celestial pow'r,
 In exercise remain.
 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
 Wake fortitude and joy;
 Vain world, be gone; let things above
 Our happy thoughts employ.

5 While thee our Savior and our Lord,
 To all around we own,
 Drive each rebellious rival lust,
 Each traitor from thy throne.
 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
 To heav'n our passions raise;
 That hence our lives, our all, may be
 Devoted to thy praise.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

1 The fes - tal morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
 Thy pres-ence to a - dore; My feet the sum-mons shall at-tend, While will-ing

ARIEL—concluded.

steps thy courts ascend, And tread the sa - cred floor, And tread the sa - cred floor.

64

C. P. M.

2 With joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my thirsting soul away
To dwell among the blest!
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes
The heav'n-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' Immortal King.

5 Let me, blest seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled—
In thee forever dwell;
Let charity my steps attend,
My sole companion and my friend,
And faith and hope farewell.

ELKHART. C. M.

1 Thou dear Re-deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee;

No mu - sic's like thy charm - ing name, Nor half so sweet can be.

65

C. M.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak:
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedek.

3 Our savior shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay,
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.
Let God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

GOD.—HIS BEING

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

1 Hail to the Prince of Life and Peace, Who holds the keys of death and hell; The spa-cious world up-
2 In shame and an - guish once he died; But now he lives for ev - er more; Bow down ye saints, a-

seen is his, and soy-reign pow'r be-comes him well.
round his seat, And all ye an - gel bands a - dore.

66 L. M.

3 Live, live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1 There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth; It sounds like music
2 It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of his

in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.

4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall spread its fragrance still
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God:

67 C. M.

3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe:
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

STATE STREET. S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb; Wake every heart and every tongue, To praise the Savior's name.

68 S. M.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' Eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

EVENING PRAYER. 8s. & 7s.

1 Sav - ior, I do feel thy mer - it, Sprinkled with re - deem-ing love;
2 I am safe and I am hap - py While in thy dear arms I lie;

And my wea - ry troub - led spir - it Now finds rest in thee, my God.
Sin and Sa - tan can - not hurt me, When the Sav - ior is so nigh.

69 8s. & 7s.

3 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same:

4 He that asketh, soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find,
Come, for whoso'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his father and our God:
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood:

6 Now methinks I hear him praying;
Father, save them, I have died:
And the Father answers; saying,
They are freely justified.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

1 O' for a thousand tongues to sing, My dear Redeemer's praise, The glo-ries of
 my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
 He sets the pris'ners free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean!
 His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.

70

C. M.

2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'T is music to the sinners ears,
 'T is life, and health, and peace.

5 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ:
 Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

MARTYN. 7s.

1 Now be-gin the heav'nly theme; Sing a-loud in Je-sus name; Ye who see the Fa-ther's grace
 Ye who his sal-va-tion prove, Triumph in re-deem-ing love. Beaming in the Sav-ior's face,
 D. C. As to Ca-naan on ye move, Praise and bless redēeming love.

71

7s.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to his sacred rest,
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
 Strike aloud each cheerful string;
 Mortals, join the host above—
 Join to praise redēeming love.

72

7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing:
 Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
5 Lord obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

1 A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
He just - ly claims a song from thee, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free!
Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!

73 L. M.

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!
3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.
7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

ZEBULON. H. M.

1 Come ev'-ry pi-ous heart, That loves the Sav-ior's name, Your no-blest pow'rs exert,
 2 He left his star-ry crown, And laid his robes a-side; On wings of love came down,
 To cel-e-brate his fame; Tell all above and all be-low, The debt of love to him you owe.
 And wept, and bled, and died: What he endur'd, O who can tell, To save our souls from death and hell!

74

H. M.

3 From the dark grave he rose
 The mansion of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes,
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up through the sky the Conq'ror rode,
 And reigns on high the Son of God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love,
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve:
 Our hearts—our all to thee we give;
 The gift, though small, do thou receive.

LUTON. L. M.

1 Now shall our hearts with pleasure raise To our dear Lord a song of praise;
 2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case, And came to save our ru-in'd race;
 We'll sing his love, his good-ness tell, Our Sav-ior hath done all things well.
 He conquer'd sin and death and hell, Our Je-sus hath done all things well.

75

L. M.

3 His work how great, his plan how vast!
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel,
For Jesus will do all things well.
4 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.
5 Sin, death and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry—he has done all things well.
6 All creatures then as one shall join
To shout aloud his praise divine—
As sacred prophecies foretell—
And say—he hath done all things well.

76

L. M.

1 SAVIOR of men, we bless thy name,
For thou art good forever more;
Thy pow'r and grace we would proclaim,
And thine eternal love adore.
2 Thy glory shall for ever stand,
Thy truth remains both firm and sure;
Our souls we venture in thine hand,
And there we know we are secure.
3 Though troubles come and sorrows rise,
We will not fear for God's our aid;
Ill tidings can not those surprise,
Who are upon Jehovah stay'd.

DOWNS. C. M.

1 Let us, the sheep by Je-sus nam'd, Our Shepherd's mercy bless; Let us, whom Jesus
2 Not un - to us, to thee a - lone, Be praise and glo-ry giv'n; Here shall thy prais-

hath redeem'd, Show forth our thankfulness.
es be begun, But carried on in heav'n.

4 Glory to Christ, our faithful friend;
He is the Lord whom angels fear;
On him we always would depend,
And in his righteousness appear.
5 We love the Lord our God most high—
His grace demands our noblest song;
All praise to Christ who came to die,
To him all glory doth belong.

77

L. M.

1 OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve:
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
2 Ask but his grace, and, lo, 't is given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
3 To shame our sin, he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.
4 'T is thee I love; for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan:
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

78

C. M.

3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing,
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.
4 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise,
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love and sacrifice.
5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join thy nobler praise.

STATE STREET. S. M.

79

S. M.

3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free!
'T is from thyself a heav'nly light,
It leads our souls to thee.

BACA. L. M.

80 1 Lord, how de-light-ful 't is to see A whole as-sem-bly wor-ship thee; At once they
2 I have been there, and still would go; 'T is like a dawn of heav'n below; Not all that
3 O, write upon my mem'ry, Lord, The truths and precepts of thy word, That I may

sing, at once they pray; They hear of heav'n, and learn the way, They hear of heav'n and learn the way.
careless sinners say. Shall tempt me to forget this day, Shall tempt me to forget this day.
break thy laws no more, But love thee better than before, But love thee better than before.

MEAR. C. M.

1 C. M.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasures there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

2 L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

My soul would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zions gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake,
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake.
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

83

L. M.

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets prais'd with glowing tongue.

2 Not now on Zion's hight alone
Thy favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

3 From ev'ry place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent pray'r,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heav'n, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in ev'ry clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

WORSHIP. C. M.

1 I love to see the Lord below; His church displays his grace; But upper worlds his
 2 I love to wor-ship at his feet, Though sin annoy me there; But saints, exalted
 glo-ry know, And view him face to face.
 near his seat, Have no as-saults to fear.

84

C. M.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
 And taste his heav'nly love;
 But still his visits seem too short,
 Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines, and I am all delight;
 He hides, and all is pain;
 When will he fix me in his sight,
 And ne'er depart again.

5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
 Thy church displays thy power,
 But soon in heav'n I hope to bow,
 And praise thee evermore.

85

C. M.

1 HERE cares and angry passions cease,
 For saints together meet
 To spend an hour of prayer and praise
 At their Redeemer's feet.

3 No sculptured wonders meet the sight,
 Nor pictured saints appear,
 Nor storied window's gorgeous light—
 For God himself is here.

3 And here are comrades in the war,
 With Satan and with sin,
 Who now in God's own favor share,
 And soon their heav'n will win.

4 Glory to God! who deigns to bless
 This consecrated day—
 Unfolds his wondrous promises,
 And makes it sweet to pray.

5 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
 The humblest sigh we raise,
 And answer ev'ry heart-felt prayer,
 And hears our hymn of praise.

CLARKSVILLE. H. M.

1 Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine
 The dwellings of

CLARKSVILLE—concluded.

earth-ly tem-pies are; To thine a-bode my heart aspires With warm de-sires to see my God.
To thine a-bode de-sires to see my God.

86

II. M.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God our King,
• Shall thither bring our willing feet.

SOULE. L. M.

1 Blest hour when mortal man re-tires, To hold com-mun-ion with his God,
2 Blest hour when earthly cares re-sign Their em-pire o'er his anx-ious breast,

To send to heaven his warm de-sires, And list-en to the sa-cred word.
While all a-round the calm di-vine Pro-claims the ho-ly day of rest.

87

L. M.

3 Blest hour when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleas'd his peoples voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts—
Fortastes of future bliss are giv'n,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heav'n.

GOD.—HIS BEING

MENDOSO. 10s. & 11s.

1 O worship the King, all glorious a-^{bove}, And grate-ful-ly sing his wonderful love.
 2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space:
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pavillion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

10s. & 11s.

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail;
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

CREATION. L. M.

1 Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sa - cred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can ere - ate, and he de - stroy.
 2 The earth and all that's in it, The animals, the birds, the fishes, the flowers, the trees, the plants, the minerals, the stars, the sun, the moon, the universe.

CREATION—concluded.

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

9 L. M.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care—
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

MENDOTA. C. M.

1 What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kind - ness shown?

My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

0 C. M.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine—forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PRAYER. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow: O! do not our
 2 suit disdain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
 3 Lord we know not how to go, Till a blessing thou bestow.
 4 Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford;
 5 Let thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.
 6 Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy return!
 7 Those that are cast down, lift up, Make them strong in faith and hope!
 8 Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gracious God and kind:
 9 Heal the sick, the captive free, Let us all rejoice in thee.
 10. 2 In thine own appointed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay;

91

7s.

WINDHAM. L. M.

92

L. M.

3 "O God, if I thy servant am,
 It is thy message fills my heart,
 Now glorify thy holy name,
 And show this people who thou art."

93

L. M.

1 WHILE now thy throne of grace we seek
 O God! within our spirits speak;
 For we will hear thy voice to-day,
 Nor turn our harden'd hearts away.

2 Speak in thy gentlest tone of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear thy gentle call,
And feel that thou art all in all.

3 To conscience speak thy quick'ning word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirr'd;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till ev'ry fear and doubt depart:
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

5 Speak to convince, forgive, console;
Childlike we yield to thy controll:
These hearts, too often clos'd before,
Would grieve thy patient love no more.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1 The off'rings to thy throne which rise, Of mingled praise and pray'r, Are but a worthless sac - ri - fice, Unless the heart is there, Un-less the heart is there.

94

C. M.

1 THE off'rings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and pray'r,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.

3 My off'rings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee—
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 O, may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

95

C. M.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Savior's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Savior flee

AVON. C. M.

1 O Lord, our lan - guid souls in - spire, For here we trust thou art:
 2 Show us some to - kens of thy love, Our faint-ing hope to raise;

Send down a coal of heav'n-ly fire To warm each wait - ing heart.
 And pour thy bless - ing from a - bove, That we may ren - der praise.

96

C. M.

3 Within these walls let holy peace
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our pray'rs;
 And in the presence of our Lord,
 Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enfor'd by mighty grace,
 Awaken sinners all around,
 To come and fill the place.

97

C. M.

1 THE saints appear to tread the courts
 Of their dear God below;
 Behold the multitude resorts
 To hear the trumpet blow.

2 Lord God! appear for our relief:
 What can we do alone?
 Come, Savior, banish unbelief,
 And take us for thine own.

3 Our eyes, O Lord, are unto thee,
 Assist us, Lord, we pray;
 O may thy Spirit present be,
 O Lord, thy pow'r display.

4 Jesus, let us thy gospel hear,
 Teach us to know thy voice;
 Make ev'ry stubborn sinner fear,
 And all thy saints rejoice.

5 Come, Lord, nor let us be dismay'd:
 Lord, hear thy people pray;
 And let thy mercy be display'd
 Among us here this day.

98

C. M.

1 JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
 Thy blessing we implore;
 Open the door to preach thy word,
 The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
 From sin and Satan's pow'r!
 And let them now acceptance have,
 And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
 What thou hast bought so dear;
 Come then, and in thy people's eyes
 With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confess'd—
 The suff'ring Son of God;
 And let us see the in thy vest,
 But newly dipp'd in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
 Thou who for sin hast died;
 Show us the tokens of thy love,
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

PURITY. 7s.

1 To thy tem-ple we re-pair: Lord, we love to worship there; There within the vail
we meet Christ up-on the mer-cy-seat.

2 While to thee our pray'rs ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love,
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

4 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at ev'ning we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

WELTON. L. M.

1 Now while the gospel net is cast, Do thou, O Lord, the ef - fort own;
From num'rous disappointments last, [Omit] Teach us to hope in thee a - lone.

00 L. M.

May this be a much-favor'd, hour
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O, clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r
To break the rocks, and raise the dead.
To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

01 L. M.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and thoughts above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display;
And guide us to the realms of day.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing! Je - ho - vah is the
 2 He form'd the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The wat'ry worlds are
 sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
 all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

102 S. M.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come bow before the Lord;

We are his work and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 "You that despis'd my promis'd rest,
 Shall have no portion there!"

REST. L. M.

1 Where two or three with sweet ac-cord, O - be - dient to their sov'reign Lord,
 Meet to re-count his acts of grace, And of - fer sol - emn pray'r and praise:

103 L. M.

2 "There", said the Savior, "will I be,
 Amid this little company;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet, at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

104

S. M.

1 LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish ev'ry heart
Upon thy word of truth and pow'r,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give:
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In ev'ry age ador'd,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

1 O God, by whom the seed is giv'n, By whom the har - vest blest;
Whose word like man-na shower'd from heav'n, Is plant - ed in our breast.

105

C. M.

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is giv'n
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna shower'd from
Is planted in our breast. [heav'n,

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunders of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep and thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

106

L. M.

1 ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lesson of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosom deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 O, may the influence of this day,
Long as our mem'ry with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

107

8s & 7s.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth can not afford.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s.

1 God of our Sal - va - tion hear us; Bless, O bless us, ere we go; }
When we join the world be near us, Lest we cold and care-less grow: }
D. C. Sav - ior, keep us—Sav - ior, keep us—Keep us safe from ev' - ry foe.

Sav - ior, keep us—Sav - ior, keep us—Keep us safe from ev' - ry foe.

108

8s & 7s.

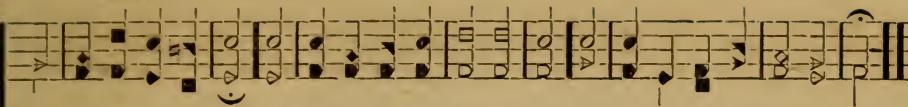
2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallow'd leaven,
All that may obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking,
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heav'n grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

109 HARWICH. H. M.

1 On what has now been sown, Thy blessing, Lord, bestow; The pow'r is thine a - lone

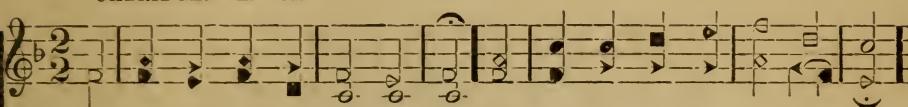
HARWICH—concluded.



To make it spring and grow; Do thou the gracious harvest raise, And thou alone shalt have the praise.



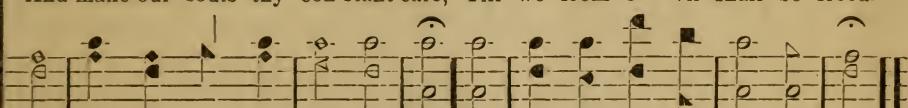
UXBRIDGE. L. M.



1 Dis - miss us from the house of pray'r, With bless-ings such as mor-tals need,



And make our souls thy con-stant care, Till we from e - vil shall be freed.



10 L. M.

And if we never meet again,
Till we our Lord appearing see,
O may we all with Jesus reign,
And always with our Savior be!

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release.
And bid us all depart in peace.

11 L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord—
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let the truth within us live.

112 H. M.

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.
Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
And to the word a blessing give.

113 BERKLEY. 8s.

1 This God is the God we a - dore, Our faithful, un-change a-ble friend;
 2 'Tis Je - sus, the First and the Last, Whose Spir-it shall guide us safe home;

Whose love is as large as his pow'r, And nei-ther knows meas-ure nor end:
 We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace! }
 Let us each thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in redeeming grace; } O re-fresh us,

Trav'ling through this wil-der - ness. O re - fresh us, Trav'ling through this wilderness.

114 8s, 7s & 4s.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound!
 Ever faithful,
 To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given;
 Us from earth to call away—
 Born on angel's wings to heaven—
 Glad the summons to obey:
 May we ever,
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

LABAN. S. M.

1 Once more, be - fore we part, We'll bless the Sav - ior's name;
 Re - cord his mer - cies, ev' - ry heart, Sing ev' - ry tongue the same.

15 S. M.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
 And feed thereon and grow;
 Go on, and seek to know the Lord,
 And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
 On Zion's earthly ground,
 O may we reach that blissful state
 Where all thy saints are bound.

NAOMI. C. M.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray a-right With rev'rence and with fear:
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight, We [Omit.....] may, we must draw near:

16 C. M.

Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,
 In weakness, want, and woe—
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace, we come to thee
 With broken, contrite hearts;
 Give what thine eye delights to see—
 Truth in the inward parts.

4 Give deep humility; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
 A strong, desiring confidence,
 To hear thy voice and live;
 5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay;
 Courage our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee, though thou slay.
 6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
 Thus, strengthened with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

COMPTON. S. M.

1 Come to the house of pray'r! O thou af- flict-ed, come; The God of peace shall
 2 Come to the house of praise! Ye who are hap-py now, In sweet ac-cord your

Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
 Your lips forget to move.
 4 Ye young! before his throne,
 Come, bow; your voices raise;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown,
 Who gives the power to praise.
 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
 In mercy looks on all,
 Who seest the tear of misery,
 And hear'st the mourner's call—
 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
 Bear our frail spirits on,
 Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
 And heav'n on earth be won.

117 S. M.

3 Ye aged, hither come!
 For ye have felt his love;

PLEYEL. 7s.

1 They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev'-ry place;
 2 In our sick-ness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth,

If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres-ent ev'-ry where.
 If we look to God in pray'r, God is pres-ent ev'-ry where.

118 7s.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the woes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time for earnest pray'r;
 God is present ev'-ry where.4 Then, my soul, in ev'-ry strait,
 To thy Father come, and wait;
 He will answer ev'-ry pray'r;
 God is present ev'-ry where.

MEMPHIS. C. M.

1 O, it is joy in one to meet Whom one communion blends, Coun-cil to hold in
 2 'Tis joy to think the angel train, Who'mid heav'ns, temple stine, To seek our earthly
 converse sweet, And talk as Christian friends.
 temples deign, And in our anthems join.

119

C. M.

3 But chief't is joy to think that he,
 To whom his church is dear,
 Delights her gathered flock to see,
 Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
 While here such joys are giv'n?
 'This is indeed the house of God,
 And this the gate of heav'n?'

DENNIS. S. M.

1 It is the hour of prayer: Draw near and bend the knee,
 2 O'er-wearied with the heat And bur-den of the day,
 And fill the calm and ho-ly air With voice of mel-o-dy!
 Now let us rest our wand'ring feet And gath-er here to pray.

20 S. M.

0, blessed is the hour
 That lifts our hearts on high!
 Like sunlight when the tempest's low'r,
 Pray'r to the soul is nigh;

4 Though dark may be our lot,
 Our eyes be dim with care,
 These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
 This holy hour of pray'r.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. double.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
D. C. And oft es - caped the tempt'er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known:
And oft es - caped the tempt'er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

121 L. M.

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! 3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear, May I thy consolation share:
To him whose truth and faithfulness, Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty hight,
Engage the waiting soul to bless; I view my home, and take my flight:
And since he bids me seek his face, This robe of flesh, I'll drop, and rise
Believe his word and trust his grace, To seize the everlasting prize;
I'll cast on him my every care, And shout, while passing through the air,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r. Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

INTERCESSION. C. M.

1 Spir - it Di - vine! at - tend our pray'r, And make this house thy home;

INTERCESSION—concluded.

De - scend with all thy gra - cious pow'r, O! come, Great Spir - it, come!

122

C. M.

1 SPIRIT, Divine! attend our pray'r,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious pow'r,
O! come, Great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.

HINTON. 11s.

1 To leave my dear home, and from kindred to part, And go forth an ex - ile, af - flicts not my heart,

I like the sad thought of pin - ing in ab-sence a - way From that loved re-treat where I've cho - sen to pray.

123

11s.

1 TO leave my dear home, and from kindred to part,
And go forth an exile, afflicts not my heart,
Like the sad thought of pining in absence away
From that loved retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the vine and the green ivy spread
Their clustering branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the downy turf there,
And poured out my soul to the Savior in prayer!

3 The lark's early note I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty from sleep's drowsy spell;
While soft gliding waters, and birds of the air,
Sang anthems of praise as I went forth to prayer.

4 How sweet were the breezes perfumed by the pine,
And rich was the breath of the wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter, and far richer were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my spirit designed often to meet,
And grace with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there;
And gave me a foretaste of heaven in prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave thee—must bid thee adieu,
To wander a stranger in scenes that are now;
But my gracious Savior resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

HARON. C. M.



1 I love to steal a-while a-way From ev'-ry cumb'ring care; And



spend the hours of set-ting day In humble, grateful pray'r, In humble grateful pray'r.



124

C. M.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray,
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

BALM. 7s & 6s.



1 O, when the tear is gushing From sorrow's faded eye, When gath'ring storms are



BALM—concluded.

rush - ing A - cross the gloom - y sky, When the full heart is break - ing, And
 hope is far a - way, How sweet, the world for-sak-ing, A - lone with God to pray!

125

7s & 6s.

2 The mourner, lowly bending,
 Flies to the Savior's feet,
 And healing balm, descending
 From Mercy's holy seat,
 The joy, that earth gives never,
 Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
 And peace that lasts forever,
 Lulls every care to rest.

3 O, weary child of sadness,
 Pilgrim bereft and lone,
 Behold the fount of gladness,
 Springing from heaven's throne;
 Each want and sin confessing,
 On Christ thy burden lay,
 And learn how rich the blessing,
 Alone with God, to pray!

126

7s & 6s.

1 GO when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And, in thy closet kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare—
 The grace our Father gave us
 To pour our souls in prayer:
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall:
 Remember in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

SECURITY. L. M.

127

L. M.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combined to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

2 O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews.
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

3 Yes, lovely hour, thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

4 Then, trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on the world of care.

128

L. M.

1 SWEET ev'ning hour! sweet ev'ning hour!
That calms the air and shuts the flower,
That brings the wild bee to its rest,
The infant to its mother's breast!

5 Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed;
When Abrah'ms off'ring God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone.

HINTON. 11s.

1 My clo-set, my tem-ple, my so-cial re-treat, It's there with my Sav-lor in con-cert I meet;

How man-y the ob-jects in-vit-ing me there, To pour out my soul in the or-der of pray'r.

129

11s.

2 When shades of great darkness come over my heart,
 And I fear that my God is about to depart,
 I come to my closet and find him still there,
 His hands filled with blessings in answer to prayer.

3 I bless the glad day when his grace I first felt,
 His mercy then saved me and canceled my guilt;
 I will visit my closet, and never despair—
 It was there my Redeemer first answered my prayer.

4 My Savior is found in all places below:
 His mercy abounds and his grace overflows:
 A temple, a closet, I find ev'ry where,
 And Jesus is waiting to bless me in prayer.

WATERFORD NO. 1. L. M.



1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast;



To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
 O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp, of sol- emn sound.



130

L. M.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works and bless his word:
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels, how divine!

2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
 They seem to breathe a purer air;
 Composed and softened by the day,
 All things serener aspect wear.

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

3 Though pinched with poverty at home,
 Or with afflictions daily fed;
 It makes amends if they can come
 To God's own house for heavenly bread.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

4 With joy they hasten to the place,
 Where they the Savior oft have met:
 And, while they feast upon his grace,
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.

131

L. M.

1 HOW welcome to the saints when press'd
 With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
 Is the returning day of rest,
 Which hides them from the world awhile.

5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
 Here we thy promised presence seek;
 Open thy hand, with blessings stored,
 And give us manna for the week.

132

L. M.

1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
 Thou who hast every blessing given,
 Which sends the dreams of earth away,
 And yields a glimpse of op'ning heav'n.
 2 Rich day, of holy, thoughtful rest,
 May we improve thy calm repose,
 And, in God's service truly bless'd,
 Forget the world, its joys, its woes.

3 Lord! may thy truth upon the heart
 Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
 And flow'rs of grace in freshness start
 Where once the weeds of error grew.
 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
 Contented with that aim alone,
 Which bears her to the King of kings,
 And rests her at his shelt'ring throne.

MEYERSDALE. 6s.

1 The light of Sabbath eve Is fad-ing fast a-way; What record will it leave, To crown the closing day?
 Is it a Sab-bath spent Of fruit-less time de-stroyed? Or have these moments lent, Been sacredly employed?

133

6s.

2 How dreadful and how drear,
 In yon dark world of pain,
 Will Sabbaths lost appear,
 That cannot come again!
 Then, in that hopeless place,
 The wretched soul will say,
 "I had those hours of grace,
 But cast them all away."

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
 O, may we never dare;
 Nor taint with thoughts of ours,
 These sacred days of prayer:
 But may our Sabbaths here
 Inspire our hearts with love;
 And prove a foretaste clear
 Of that sweet rest above.

HEBRON. L. M.

2

1 My op'ning eyes with rapt-ure see The dawn of thy re - turn - ing day;
 2 I yield my heart to thee a - lone, Nor would re - ceive an - oth - er guest;

3

My thoughts, O God, as - cend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.
 E - ter - nal King, e - rect thy throne, And reign sole monarch in my breast.

134

L. M.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
 And drive each carnal thought away;
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,
 One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
 The wonders of thy love declare,
 And join the strains which angels sing.

MT. HOPE. C. M.

4

1 A - gain the Lord of life and light A - wakes the kind - ling ray,
 2 O, what a night was that which wrapped A sin - ful world in gloom!

4

Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours ce - les - tial day.
 O, what a sun which broke, this day, Tri - um - phant from the tomb!

4

Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours ce - les - tial day.
 O, what a sun which broke, this day, Tri - um - phant from the tomb!

135

C. M.

3 On this glad day, a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By God's unbounded love, than when
The universe was made.

4 He rose, who hath the nations bought
With pain and grief extreme:
'T was great to speak the world from
'T was greater to redeem. [nought;]

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above
On nations yet unborn.

136

L. M.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O, long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

LAKE MILLS. S. M.

1 Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise:
2 The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day:
3 Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.
Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

137

S. M.

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

SABBATH EVE. L. M.

1 An-oth-er day has passed a-long, And we are near-er to the tomb,
 Near-er to join the heav'n-ly song, Or hear the last e-ter-nal doom.

138

L. M.

2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
 And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there;
 For these blest hours, the world I leave,
 Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time, how lovely and how still;
 Peace shines and smiles on all below—
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill—
 All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
 Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love—
 And while these sacred moments roll,
 Faith sees the smiling heav'n above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
 And we shall join the ceaseless song—
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

139

C. M.

1 THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
 Before the Lord was wav'd,
 And Christ, first fruits of them that slept,
 Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
 That, like to him, they may
 Rise when he comes, in glory great
 That ne'er shall fade away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came
 With us on earth to stay—
 A comforter to fill our hearts
 With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
 Of that same heavenly rest
 Which Jesus entered on, when he
 Was made for ever blest.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1 To - day God bids the faith - ful rest, To - day he showers his grace;
 Seek ye my face, the Lord hath said; Lord, we will seek thy face.

140

C. M.

2 Come, let us leave the things on earth
 With God's assembly join;
 Lo, heaven descends to welcome man,
 To taste the things divine!

3 We come, dear Savior, lo, we come,
 Lord of our life and soul!
 We come diseased, and faint, and sick,
 Be pleased to make us whole.

4 We thirst and flee to thee, O Lord!
 Thou fountain-head of good!
 Filthy we come, and all unclean;
 O cleanse us in thy blood!

5 O may we please our God to-day;
 May that be all our care!
 Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
 Should mingle in our prayer.

6 Amid th' assembly of thy saints
 Let us be faithful found:
 And let us join in humble prayer,
 And in thy grace abound.

141

C. M.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
 Behold thee all serene?
 Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
 Without a vail between.

2 Assist me while I wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares;
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain,
 No more hell's captive led
 And pardon a repenting child,
 For whom the Savior bled.

4 Spare me, O God, O spare the soul
 That gives itself to thee;
 Take all that I possess below,
 And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
 To be my guide and friend,
 To light my way to ceaseless joys,
 Where Sabbaths never end.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1 Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word What end - less glo - ry shines!
 2 Here may the wretch-ed sons of want Ex - haust-less rich - es find;

For ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
 Rich - es a - bove what earth can grant, And last - ing as the mind.

142

C. M.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast;
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.
 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!
 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
 Be thou forever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Savior there.

MOTIER. L. M.

1 The law commands and makes us know What du-ties to our God we owe;
 But 'tis the gos - pel must re - veal Where lies our strength to do his will.

143

L. M.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'nning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

144

C. M.

1 LET worldly men from shore to shore,
Their chosen good pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than treasures of Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy,
Are opened to our sight:
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Savior's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

SHAWMUT. S. M.



1 Imposture shrinks from light, And dreads the curious eye; But sacred truths the test invite; They bid us search and try.



145

S. M.

2 O, may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest—
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own—
Abhorrung each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

146

C. M.

3 Come, though with purifying fire,
And desolating sword,
Thou of all nations the desire!
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

4 Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die;
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

5 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

6 Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall:
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

OTTAWA. 8s & 7s.

OTTAWA—concluded.

to covet! O, what stores of wealth are here, Man was lost and doom'd to sorrow: Not one ray of
 light or bliss Could he from earth's treasure bor-row, Till his way was cheered by this!

47 8s & 7s.

Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
 Precious word, I'll hide thee here!
 Sure my very heart will bless thee,
 For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
 Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'ring;
 Tell how far thy rovings led, [ings,
 When this book brought back thy wand'r-
 Speaking life as from the dead!

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
 Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
 Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
 And in death we will not part!
 Part in death! no, never, never!
 Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
 Then, in brighter worlds, for ever,
 Sweeter far thy truths shall be.

HAMBURG. L. M.

1 The worth of truth no tongue can tell, 'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
 A large es-tate that soul has got, Who buys the [Omit.....] truth, and sells it not.

48 L. M.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
 More rich than pearls and rubies are,
 More worth than gold and silver coin,
 O may it ever in us shine!

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
 And sets the soul at liberty
 From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
 And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
 That doth all freedom else exceed;
 Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
 And never more shall bondage know.

5 O happy they, who in their youth
 Are brought to know and love the truth!
 For none but those whom truth makes free,
 Can e'er enjoy their liberty.

6 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
 And always keep it clean and fair;
 And never let it once be told,
 That truth by us was ever sold.

BEACHLY. P. M.

1 Pre-cious Bi - ble! what a trea-ure Does the word of God af-ford; All I want for life or pleasure,
 2 Food to which the world's a stranger, Here my hungry soul en-j-ys; Of ex-cess there is no dan-ger,

Food and medicine, shield and sword; Let the world ac-count me poor, Having this, I need no more.
 Though it fills, it never cloys: On a dy-ing Christ I feed, He is meat and drink in-deed.

149

P. M.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when satan wounds my mind;
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing medicines here I find:
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield:
 While the scripture-truths are sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

1 God in the gos - pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal counsels known;

'Tis here his rich - est mer - cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.

150

L. M.

1 GOD in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
"T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saints revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie,
Close to my heart and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

REVIEW. C. M.

1 Shall a - theists dare in - sult the cross Of our Re - deem - er God?
Shall in - fi - dels re - proach his laws, Or tram - ple on his blood?

151

C. M.

2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sov'reign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if the gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are called to win?

4 What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong;
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

DOXOLOGY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

1 When Is - rael thro' the de-sert pass'd, A fie - ry pil - lar went be - fore,
 To guide them thro' the drea - ry waste, And les - sen the fa-tigues they bore.

152

L. M.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
 'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens its inactive pow'rs:
 It sets our wand'ring footsteps right—
 Displays thy love and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
 Its doctrines are divinely true;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
 It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favored lands, that have this word,
 Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r,
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
 And his distinguished grace adore.

153

L. M.

1 GOD'S law demands our living faith,
 Not a gaunt crowd of lifeless creeds;
 Its warrants is a firm "God saith;"
 Its claim, not words, but actual deeds.

2 Yet, Lord, forgive; thy simple law
 Grows tarnished in our earthly grasp;
 Pure in itself, without a flaw,
 It dims in our too worldly clasp.

3 We handle it with unwashed hands;
 We stain it with unhallowed breath;
 We gloss it with device of man's,
 And hide thine image underneath.

4 Forgive the sacrilege, and take
 From off our souls th' unworthy stain;
 And show us, for thy Son's dear sake,
 Thy pure and perfect law again.

154

L. M.

- 1 UPON the gospel's sacred page,
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wings, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.
- 3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions bless'd, new pow'rs unfurl'd,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world;
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its flood of light and joy,
And sweeps each ling'ring mist away.

155

L. M.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word—
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they
wrought,
Confirmed the messages they brought:
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear column of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hopes secure—
This is thy word, and must endure.

PLEYEL. 7s.

1 God with us! O glo - rious name! Let it shine in end - less fame;

God and man in Christ u - nite—O mys - te - rious depth and hight!

156

7s.

- 2 God with us! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

- 3 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

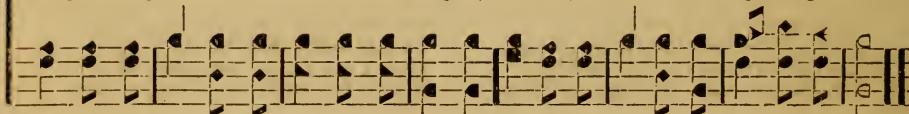
RODMAN. 11s & 10s.



1 Hail the blest morn! when the great Mediator Down from the regions of glory descends!



Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger; Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends.



157

11s & 10s.

2 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all!4 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off rings divine;
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?5 Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

1 Come, thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus. Born to set thy peo - ple free, }
From our fears and sins re - lease us. Let us find our rest in thee! }
D. C. Dear de - sire of eve - ry na - tion, Joy of eve - ry long - ing heart.Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the earth thou art,
Israel's strength and con-so-la-tion, Hope of all the earth thou art,

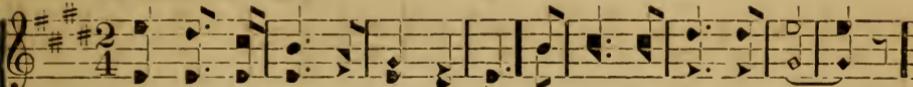
158

Ss & 7s.

Come, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee!
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art,
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring;
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone:
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

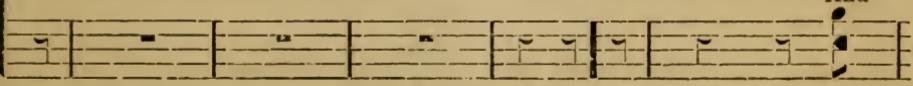
ANTIOCH. C. M.



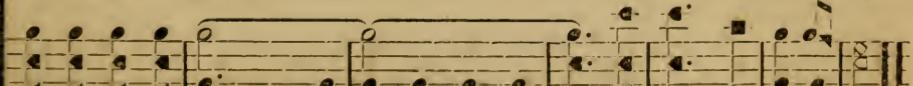
1 Joy to the world! the Lord has come! Let earth re - ceive her King:



Let eve - ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture
 And



sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.
 heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.



And heav'n and nature sing,

C. M.

59
 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns,
 Let men their songs employ; [plains,
 While fields and floods, rocks hills and
 Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

WALKER. C. M.

1 Hark, joy - ful news, the Sav - ior comes, The Sav - ior prom-ised long!
 2 On him the Spir - it large - ly pour'd Ex - erts his sa - cred fire;

Let eve - ry heart pre - pare a throne, And eve - ry voice a song.
 Wis - dom, and might, and zeal, and love, His ho - ly breast in - spire.

160

C. M.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held:
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eyes oppressed with night,
 To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasure of his grace,
 To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring,
 With thy beloved name.

ANNIE. P. M.

1 All hail, hap-py day, When enrobed in our clay, The Re-deem-er ap-peared up-on earth;
 2 Ye an - gels of God, Sound his prais-es a-broad, And acknowl-edge him JAH, the I AM;

ANNIE—concluded.

How can we re-fain To u - nite in the strain, And to hail our Im - man - u - el's birth.
We al - so will join In a hymn so di - vine, Giv-ing glo - ry to God and the Lamb!

61

P. M.

3 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be forever remembered with joy:
Sweet accents of praise
All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujah shall be our employ.

4 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song—
Hallelujahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

PORTUGUESE. 11s & 10s.

1 Hither, ye faithful, haste in songs of triumph, To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is

born a Prince and Savior; O come, and let us worship O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship at his feet.

62

11s & 10s.

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension
Our praises and reverence are an off'ring meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us;
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels!
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
O come, and let us worship at his feet!

BATAVIA. C. M.

1 While Shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
 an - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a-round.
 And glory shone around, And glory shone around.
 And glo - ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.

163

C. M.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men,
 Begin, and never cease."

164

C. M.

1 TO us a child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
 Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 Forevermore adored,—
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power increasing, still shall spread;
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

1 Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky; An-gels and
 2 Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners giv'n; It scat - ters

men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly, And dev - ils fear and fly.
 all their guilt - y fears: And turns their hell to heav'n, And turns their hell to heav'n,

165

C. M.

3 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace!
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.
 4 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim:
 'T is all my business here below,
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
 5 Happy, if with my latest breath,
 I may but gasp his name!
 Preach him to all, and cry, in death,
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

166

C. M.

1 THE Savior, what a noble flame,
 Was kindled in his breast,
 When hastening to Jerusalem,
 He marched before the rest.
 2 Good will to men, and zeal for God
 His every thought engross;
 He longs to be baptized with blood,
 He pants to reach the cross.
 3 With all his suff'ring full in view,
 And woes to us unknown,
 Forth to the task his spirit flew;
 'T was love that urged him on.
 4 Lord, we return thee what we can;
 Our hearts shall sound abroad
 Salvation to the dying Man,
 And to the rising God.

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
 Engage our wondering eyes,
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,
 And hasten to the skies.

167

C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ears!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fears.
 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'T is manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
 3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
 My Shield and Hiding Place;
 My never failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

IOWA. S. M.

1 The law by Mo - ses came, But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ (a no - bler name) De - scend - ing from a - bove.

168

S. M.

2 Amidst the house of God
 Their different works were done:
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.
 3 Then to his new commands,
 Be strict obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's house he stands,
 The sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
 The law that Moses brought,
 Behold, how terribly he dies,
 For his presumptuous thought.
 5 But sorcer vengeance falls
 On that rebellious race,
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
 And dare resist his grace.

GOTHA. 8s & 7s.

1 Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same:
 Kinsman, Friend, and El-der Broth-er, Is his ev - er - last - ing name.
 Sav - ior, who can love like thee? Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny!

169

8s & 7s.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same:
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is his ever lasting name.
Savior, who can love like thee?
Gracious One on Bethany!

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

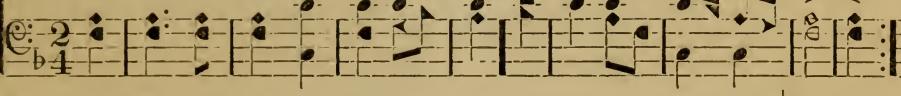
170 HOWLAND. C. M. D.

3 Jesus wept, and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear—
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! the tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same shall ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!



1 He came not with his heavenly crown, His scepter clad with pow'r;
His com-ing was in fee-ble-ness, The in-fant of an hour.
2 He came, not in his robe of wrath, With arm outstretch'd to slay;
But on the dark-ling paths of earth, To pour ce-les-tial day—
3 And thou hast borne them, Sav-i-or meek! And there-fore un-to thee,
In hum-ble-ness and grat-i-tude, Our hearts shall off-er'd be;



An hum-ble man-ger cradled first, The Vir-gin's ho-ly birth, And low-ing
To guide in peace the wand'ring feet, The bro-ken heart to bind, And bear up-
Our con-trite heart an off-ring, Lord, Which thou wilt not de-spise, Our souls, our



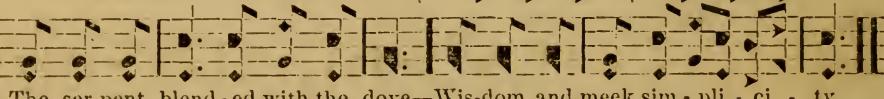
herds surrounded there The Lord of heav'n and earth, The Lord of heav'n and earth.
on the painful cross, The sins of hu-man kind, The sins of hu-man kind.
bod-ies, all be thine, A liv-ing sac-ri-fice, A liv-ing sac-ri-fice.



HOPE. L. M.



1 And is the gos - pel peace and love! Such let our con - ver - sa - tion be!



The ser-pent blend-ed with the dove—Wis-dom and meek sim - pli - ci - ty.



171 L. M.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to
On Jesus let us fix our eyes, [strife,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And those the rules by which we live!

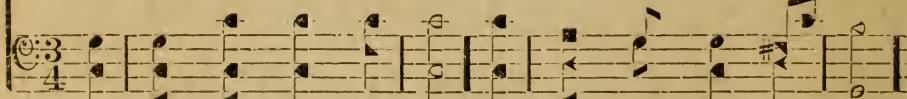
4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came
The labors of his life were love;
If then we love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move.

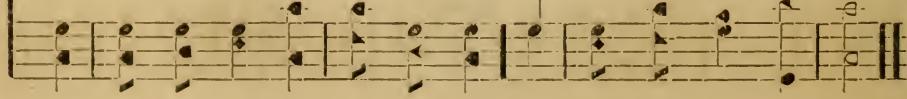
BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?



Let tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from eve - ry eye.



172

S. M.

2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found
And there's no weeping there.

173

L. M.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,

When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 Christ came from heav'n; of heav'n he spoke;
To heav'n he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'lers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

SILOAM. C. M.

1 Thou art the Way; to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;

And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, through thee.

174

C. M.

1 THOU art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, through thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

BELMORE. L. M.

1 My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;
 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such deference to thy Father's will,

But in thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.
 Such love and meek-ness so di - vine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.

175

L. M.

3 Could mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and the victory, too.

4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

176

L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
 Behold, the dead awake and live,
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
 And seal the mission of the Son;
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies—the heav'ns in mourning stood;
 He rises, by the power of God;
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and forever from my heart
 I bid my doubts and fears depart;
 And to those hands my soul resign,
 Which bears credentials so divine.

177

L. M.

1 HOW beautious were the marks divine,
 That in thy meekness used to shine;
 That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
 In wondrous love, O Son of God.

2 O, who like thee—so calm, so bright,
 So pure, so made to live in light?
 O, who like thee did ever go
 So patient through a world of woe.

3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
 The scorn, the scoffs of men, before
 So meek, forgiving. God-like, high,
 So glorious in humility.

4 The bending angels stooped to see
 The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
 And smile, as in a Father's eye,
 Upon thy mild divinity.

5 And death, which sets the pris'ners free,
 Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
 Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
 And mercy with the life-blood flowed.

6 O, in thy light be mine to go,
 Illuming all my way of woe:
 And give me ever on the road
 To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1 Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant
 2 No mor - tal can with him com-pare A - mong the sons of men: Fair - er is he than
 glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 all the fair Who fill the heaven-ly train, Who fill the heaven-ly train.

178

C. M.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 And flew to my relief;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.

THE ANGEL'S SONG. L. M.

1 When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'r-ing host be - stud the sky, One Star a -
 2 Hark! Hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From eve - ry host, from eve - ry gem; But one a -
 lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye.
 lone, the Sav - ior, speaks. It is the Star of Beth - le - hem, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

179

L. M.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 The ocean yawned and rudely blew
 The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.
 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a Star arose—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 6 Now safely moored—my peril's o'er,
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for ever more,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

1 How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je-sus made me whole,
There is but One Phy-si-cian, [Omit.....] Can cure a sinsick soul:
His wondrous power to save.

2 Of men great skill pos - sess-ing, I thought a cure to gain,
But that proved more distressing, [Omit.....] And added to my pain;
And all my hopes were crossed.

Next door to death he found me, And plucked me from the grave, To tell to all a-round me,
Some said that nothing ailed me, Some gave me up for lost; Thus eve-ry ref-uge failed me,

180

7s & 6s.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his power—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my cure;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my sight had sealed,
Then bid me look unto him,
I looked, and I was healed.

4 A bleeding, dying Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from sin he frees us
And saves our souls from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—Look and live.

MARTYN. 7s.

1 Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, { { Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

181

7s.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin—
Let the healing stream abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

1 Yes, for me, for me he careth With a broth-er's ten-der care;
 Yes, with me, with me he sha-reth Eve - ry bur - den, eve - ry fear.

182

8s & 7s.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
 Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
 From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
 At the mercy seat above;
 Ever for me interceding,
 Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
 Joys unearthly, love and light;
 And to cover me he spreadeth
 His paternal wing of night.

5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
 I in him, and he in me!
 And my empty soul he filleth,
 Here and through eternity.

6 Thus I wait for his returning,
 Singing all the way to heaven:
 Such the joyful song of morning,
 Such the tranquil song of ev'n.

183

8s & 7s.

1 ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Savior died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a Friend we have above.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

SEASONS. L. M.

1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness, My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in
these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies—

3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Savior of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

184

L. M.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies—

ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

1 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee, { Let the wa-ter and the blood,
D. C. Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. { From thy riven side which flowed,

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,

Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

185

7s.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,

VANWERT. C. M.

1 With joy we meditate the grace Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness: [Omit.....] His bo-som glows with love.

186

C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness:
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

STATE STREET. S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,

Could give the guil - ty conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

187

S. M.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

NUNDA. L. M.



1 Je - sus! the ver - y thought is sweet; In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
 2 No word is sung more sweet than this; No name is heard more full of bliss;



But sweet-er than the hon - ey far The glimps-es of his pres-ence are.
 No thought brings sweet-er com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God, most high.

188

L. M.

3 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn!
 How good to them for sin that mourn;
 To them that seek thee, O how kind!
 But what art thou to them that find?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
 No letters write its blessedness;
 Alone, who hath thee in his heart
 Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.

MEMPHIS. C. M.



1 Je - sus, thou art the sin-ner's Friend, As such I look to thee;
 2 Re - mem - ber thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;



Now in the bow - els of thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Re - mem - ber all thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.



189

C. M.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee:
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

LENOX. H. M.

1 A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding sac-ri - fice In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Savior stands; Before the throne my Savior stands; My name is written on his hands.
Before the throne my Savior stands; Before the throne my Savior stands; My name is writ-ten on his hands.

190

H. M.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry!

SACRED CROWN. 7s & 6s.

1 O sacred head, now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down—
 O sacred brow surrounded With thorns thine only crown; Once on a throne of glo-ry
 A-dorned with light di-vine, Now all de-spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

191

7s & 6s.

2 On me, as thou art dying,
 O, turn thy pitying eye;
 To thee for mercy crying,
 Before thy cross I lie.
 Thine, thine the bitter passion;
 Thy pain is all for me;
 Mine, mine the deep transgression;
 My sins are all on thee.

3 What language can I borrow
 To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
 For all this dying sorrow,
 Of all my woes the end?

O, can I leave thee ever?
 Then do not thou leave me.
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
 Then close beside me stand;
 Let me, while faint and sighing,
 Lean calmly on thy hand:
 These eyes, new faith receiv-ing,
 From thee shall never move,
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely—in thy love.

MOUNT OLIVET. L. M.

1 'T is midnight, and on Ol - ive's brow, The Star is dimmed that lately shone;
 2 'T is midnight—and from all removed, Im-man-uel wrestles lone with fears;

MOUNT OLIVET—concluded.

'T is mid-night, in the gar-den now The suff'ring Sav-i-or prays a - lone.
E'en the dis - ci - ple that he loved, Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

192

L. M.

3 'T is midnight—and, for others' guilt,
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight—and, from ether-plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

EVAN. C. M.

1 A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed! And did my sov'reign die?

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

193

C. M.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Ged's own Son was crucified
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

CHRIST—HIS SUFFERING

JANESVILLE. 8s & 7s.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
 2 Here I'll sit for - ev - er view - ing Mer-cy's streams, in streams of blood,
 Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
 Precious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

194

8s & 7s.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze;
 Love I much? I'm more forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go:
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more fully know.

WARE. L. M.

1 Did our Im - man-uel die for us, To save such poor, re-bell-i-ous men?
 Did he dis - play his pit - y thus, That we might come to God a - gain?
 2. (Continuation of the hymn, likely starting with 'He bade his people go')

195

L. M.

2 All human language wants a name
For this unfathomed, wondrous love:
This pure, immortal, fervent flame,
Sprang only from the God above.

3 What can we add, our speech is faint;
We sink beneath the pond'rous load;
This love no eloquence can paint;
'T is grand; 't is worthy of a God.

4 O'erwhelmed with this abyss of love;
We stand astonished at the grace
That brought the Savior from above,
To die for all the fallen race.

5 Did our Immanuel die for us?
What more can be by sounds exprest?
For sinners Christ was made a curse:
Eternity must tell the rest.

WINDSOR. C. M.

1 Be - hold the Sav - ior of man - kind Nailed to the shame - ful tree!
How vast the love that him in - clined, To bleed and die for thee!

196

C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined,
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done! the precious ransom's paid,
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's pow'rful chain,
And in full glory shine!
O Lamb of God! was ever pain
Was ever love like thine?

WINDHAM. L. M.

1 Stretched on the cross the Savior dies, Hark! his ex - pir - ing groans a - rise;

See, from his hands, his feet, his side, Runs down the sa - cred crim-son tide.

197

L. M.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To cleanse and save his rebel foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

198

L. M.

1 HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 A conflict with the powers of hell,
Your Savior did for you sustain;
He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!
Break, heart of flint! the Lamb is slain.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WILMOT. 7s.

1 "Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say:
 Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply:

199

7s.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gate of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save:
 "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to thee by both be given!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail! the Resurrection—Thou!

200

L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;
 He claims those mansions as his right—
 Receive the King of glory in!

4 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
 The Lord who all his foes o'ercame:
 The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
 The Lord, of boundless might possest,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 Lord over all, for ever blest.

Fine.

1 Ma - ry to the Sav - ior's tomb, Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn; }
 Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone. }
 D. C. Trembling while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.

For a - while she linger - ing stood, Filled with sor - row and sur -prise;

201

7s.

1 MARY to the Savior's tomb,
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
 For a while she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise;
 Trembling while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice:
 Christ has risen from the dead:
 Now he bids her heart rejoice;
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day,
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

VICTORY. 6s.

1 Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re-deem-er lay; Sing of our bonds de -

stroyed, Our dark - ness turned to day, Our dark - ness turned to day.

202

6s.

1 SING praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay;
Sing of our bonds destroyed
Our darkness turned to day.

2 Weep for your dead no more;
Friends, be of joyful cheer;
Our star moves on before,
Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He who so patiently,
The crown of thorns did wear—
He hath gone up on high;
Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is his truth revealed,
His majesty and might;
The grave has been unsealed;
Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep;
Suffer, and bleed, and die—
First fruits of them that sleep—
Christ has gone up on high.

6 His victory hath destroyed,
The shafts that once could slay;
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

WORSHIP. C. M.

1 Ye hum - ble souls, that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears a - way;
2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought; Such wonders love can do;

And bow with pleas - ure down to see The place where Je - sus lay.
Thus cold in death that bo - som lay Which throb'd and bled for you.

203

C. M.

3 A moment give a-loose to grief—
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Savior lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conq'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head;
And, thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

STOW. H. M.*

1 Yes, the Re - deem - er rose, The Sav - ior left the dead,
 And o'er our hell - ish foes, High raised his conq' - ring head: In
 wild dis-may The guards a - round Fall to the ground, and sink a - way.

204

H. M.

2 Behold, th' angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet.
 Joyful they come, and wing their way
 From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear;

Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead: he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound—
 Redeem'd by him from hell—
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell;
 Transported, cry, "Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead, no more to die."

* In first stanza, use tie and small notes in 6th line. In third and fourth stanzas, use tie and small notes in 5th line.

BARRINGTON. 8s.

1 Be - hold, the bright morning ap - pears, And Je - sus revives from the grave,
 His ris - ing re-moves all our fears, And shows him al - might - y to save.

205

8s.

2 How strong were his tears and his cries!
 The worth of his blood, how divine!
 How perfect is his sacrifice,
 Who rose, though he suffered for sin.

3 The Man that was crowned with thorns,
 The Man that on Calvary died,
 The Man that bore scourging and scorns,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride—

4 Now blessed for ever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain:
 Now glory has crowned his head:
 We sing of the Lamb that was slain.

5 Believing, we share in his joy;
 By faith we partake in his rest;
 With this we can cheerfully die,
 For with him we hope to be blest.

6 When he shall appear in the sky,
 To take us to mansions of rest;

We'll join the bright chorus on high,
 And lean evermore on his breast.

No. 1. 8s. (*Selected.*)

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name.

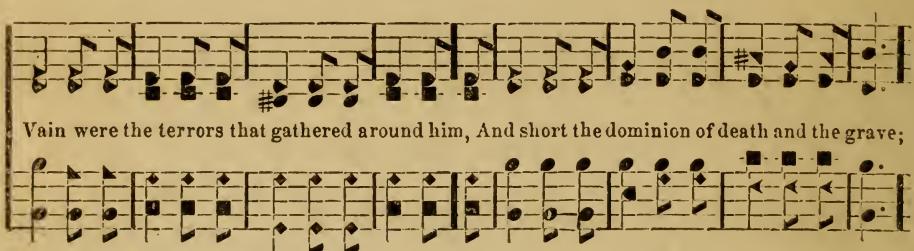
2 To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ:
 To see them incessantly thine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeemed with his blood
 My soul from the confines of hell.
 To live on the smiles of a God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell:

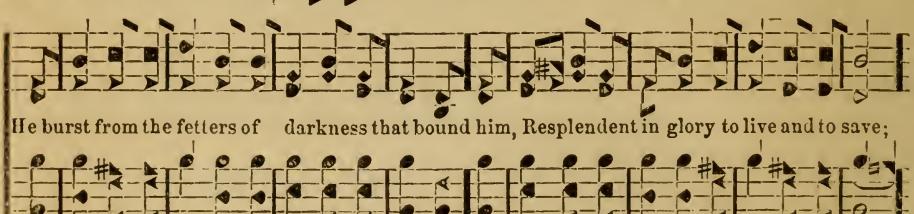
4 To shine with the angels in light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing;
 To view with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Savior, and King!

CHRIST—HIS SECOND
THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH. 10s, 11s, & 12s.

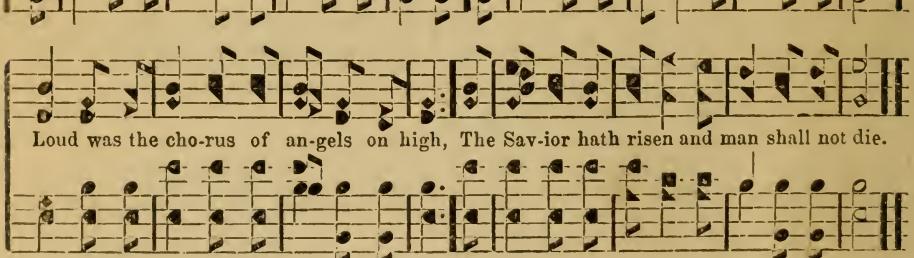
1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die,



Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the dominion of death and the grave;



He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glory to live and to save;



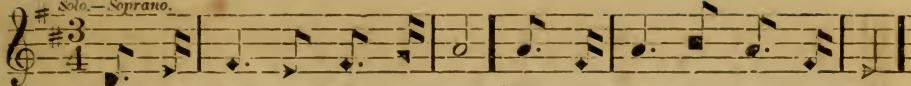
Loud was the cho-rus of an-gels on high, The Sav-ior hath risen and man shall not die.

1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He bursts from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save;
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Savior hath risen, and man shall not die.

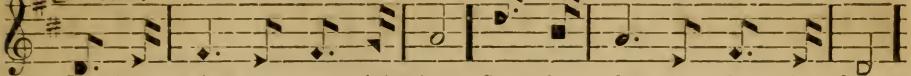
2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;

The being he gave us death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we may part with tomorrow,
If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

207 WATCHMAN. 7s. (double.)

Solo.—Soprano.

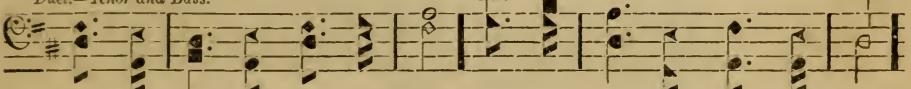
1 Watch-man! tell us of the night; What its signs of prom-ise are;
 2 Watch-man! tell us of the night; High - er yet that Star as-cends?
 3 Watch-man! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn?

Solo.—Tenor.

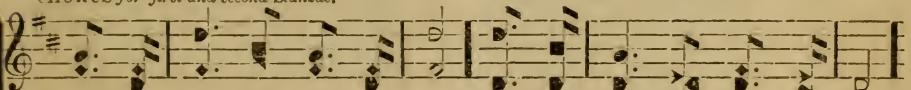
Trav'-ler! o'er yon mountain's hight, See that glo - ry - beam-ing Star.
 Trav'-ler! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course por-tends.
 Trav'-ler! dark-ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.

Duet.—Soprano and Alto.

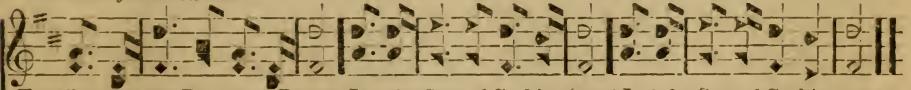
Watch-man! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
 Watch-man! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Watch man! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home:

Duet.—Tenor and Bass.

Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
 Trav'ler! a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace! Lo! the Son of God is come!

CHORUS for first and second Stanzas.

Trav'-ler! yes, it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
 Trav'-ler! a - ges are its own; See it bursts o'er all the earth.

*CHORUS for third Stanza.*

Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace! Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!



1 When God decends with men to dwell, And all cre - a - tion wakes a - new,
 What tongue can half the won - ders tell? What eye the daz - zling glo - ry view!

208 L. M.

2 Zion, the desolate, again
 Shall see her lands with roses bloom;
 And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,
 Shall yield their spices and perfume.
 3 Celestial streams shall gently flow;
 The wilderness shall joyful be;
 Lilies on parched ground shall grow;
 And gladness spring on every tree.
 4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
 The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing;
 The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
 And joy through all the earth shall ring.
 5 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;
 Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,
 When God descends from worlds above,
 And truth and righteousness prevail.

209 L. M.

1 LET the seventh angel sound on high,
 Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
 Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
 Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
 2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
 Who wast, and art, and art to come:
 Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
 For ever live, for ever reign!
 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
 That they can slay the saints no more,
 But now has come the day of God,
 To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear;
 Now the decisive sentence hear;
 Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
 Receive an infinite reward.

210 L. M.

1 THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
 The hills their fixed seat forsake;
 And withering from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
 2 The Lord will come, but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came;
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
 3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm;
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge, of human kind.
 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
 O God, is this the Crucified?
 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
 "Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
 The saints ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come."

211 L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

THE WANDERER. S. M. D.

1 The church has waited long Her ab-sent Lord to see; And still in lone - li-

ness she waits, A friendless stranger she. Age aft-er age has gone, Sun aft-er sun has

set, And still in weeds of wid - hood She weeps a mour - ner yet.

212 S. M. D.

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has liv'd, and lov'd, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

SALVATOR. H. M.

1 Ye virgin souls, a-rise; With all the dead a-wake; Un-to sal-va-tion wise,
Oil in your vessels take; Upstarting at the mid-night cry, Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh!

213

H. M.

2 He comes! he comes, to call
The nation to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your full reward:
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend—

Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see, without a veil, his face.
4 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

PORTUGUESE. 11s.

1 The night is far spent, and the day is at hand: Al-read-y the dawn may be
seen in the sky; Rejoice then, ye saint, 'tis your Lord's own command; Rejoice, for the

PORTUGUESE—concluded.



com-ing re-joice for the com-ing, Re-joice, for the com-ing of Je-sus draws nigh.



214 11s.

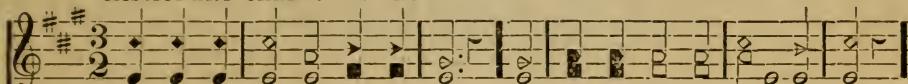
1 The night is far spent, and the day is at hand:
Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
Rejoice then, ye saints, 't is your Lord's own command;
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be when the Savior appears!
How welcome to those who have shared in his cross!
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
A rich compensation from suffering and loss.

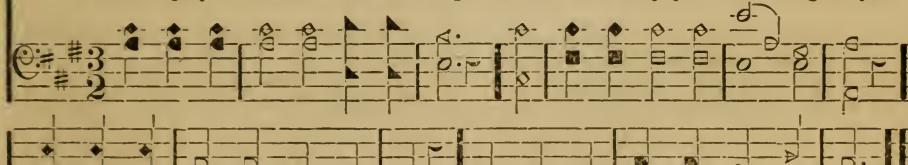
3 What is loss in this world when compared with that day,
To the glory that then will from heav'n be revealed?
"The Savior is coming," his people may say:
"The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our shield."

4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
Is so faint, with so much our affection to move!
Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame;
So much to be loved, and so little to love.

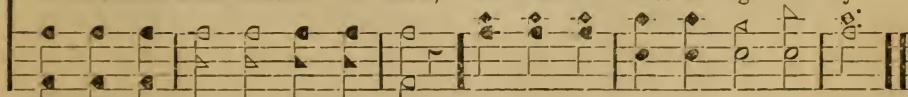
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



1 Look up, ye saints, with sweet surprise, Toward the joy-ful com-ing day,



When Je-sus shall de-scend the skies, And form his saints in bright ar-ray.



215 L. M.

2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The church shall know no cloud's return,
Nor sorrows mixing with their joy.

3 The Lion and the Lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their separate rights no more;
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Savior, to adore.

5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,
Shall holiness and peace prevail;
And every knee shall bow to Christ,
And every tongue shall Jesus hail.

REST. L. M.

1 Be-hold, the hea-then waits to know The joy the gos - pel will be-stow;
 The ex - iled cap - tive to re - ceive, The free-dom Je - sus has to give.

216

L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
 The joy the gospel will bestow;
 The exiled captive to receive,
 The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
 In this blest labor share a part;
 Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring
 To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
 That we have seen these latter days,
 When our Redeemer shall be known,
 Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
 Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
 And slave, and freeman, Greek and Jew,
 By sovereign grace be formed anew.

217

L. M.

1 WHEN God fulfills his promised word,
 Zion, the city of the Lord,
 In all its grandeur then shall shine,
 Majestic—terrible—sublime!

2 The glory of the Lord shall rest,
 On her assemblies—ever blest;
 For Christ, the Holy One of God,
 Shall dwell in her, as his abode.

3 There he will place his glorious throne,
 And kings his mighty power shall own;
 There all the tribes of earth shall meet,
 And spread their off'rings at his feet.

4 From thence shall living waters flow,
 In copious streams to all below;
 Dispensing health and life and peace,
 Till sin and pain and death shall cease.

ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hostile lands: } Mourning captive,
God him-self will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God him-self will loose thy bands.

218

8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

1 Be - hold, the moun - tain of the Lord. In lat - ter days, shall rise
 Above the mountains and the hills, And draw the wond'r - ing eyes.
 A - bove the mountains and the hills, And draw the wond'r - ing eyes.

And draw the wond'r - ing eyes, And draw the wond'r - ing eyes.

219

C. M.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow;
 "Up to the hill of God," they say,
 "And to his courts we'll go."
 3 The beams that shine on Zion's Hill,
 Shall lighten every land;
 The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
 Shall all the world command
 4 Among the nations he shall judge;
 His judgements truth shall guide;

His scepter shall protect the just,
 And crush the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years:
 To plowshares men shall beat their swords
 To pruning hooks their spears.
 6 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
 And worship at his shrine;
 And walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

1 Rise, crown'd with light, im - po - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy towring head, and lift thine eyes;
 See heav'n its spark ling por - tals wide dis play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

220

10s.

1 RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See harb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay;
Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away;
But, fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

221

C. M.

1 FOR Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace
Until Jerusalem be blest,
And Judah dwell at ease;

2 Until her righteousness return,
As day-break after night—
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
And Kings declare her fame;
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name.

4 The watchman on her walls appear,
And day and night proclaim,
"Zion's Deliverer is near;
Make mention of his name."

5 Go through, go through, prepare the way,
The gates wide open fling;
With loudest voice let heralds say,
"Behold thy coming King."

222

C. M.

1 HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near:
The night of death and bondage flies;
The dawning tints appear.

2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

3 To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main;
On Calvary's mournful brow they tell
That Jesus lives again.

4 From Salem's towers the Islam sign
With holy zeal is hurled;
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine;
His banner is unfurled.

5 The gladdening news conveyed afar
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising Star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

6 Again in Bethlehem swells the song;
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strain prolong,
"Good-will and peace to men."

223

C. M.

1 NOR King nor Prince on Judah's throne
For many an age shall reign,
Nor beast upon her altar-stone,
A sacrifice be slain.

2 Pillar and Ephod cast away,
And Teraphim forgot,
Lie hid, while Judah's children stray,
As though such things were not.

3 But days shall come when Israel's feet
A holier path shall tread,
And Judah's crown and hope shall meet
Upon her holiest head.

4 Gathered from far, her tribes shall own
That David's Lord and Son
Should sit a king on David's throne,
Their last, their noblest one.

5 Blow ye the trumpet! let it sound
Till the wide earth shall hear:
Judah her Savior-King hath found,
And Israels Triumph's near.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

1 Disowned of heaven, by men oppressed, Outcast from Zion's hallowed ground,
 2 Lord, vis - it thy for - sak - en race, Back to thy fold the wand'lers bring,

Wherefore should Israel's sons, once bless'd, Still roam the scorning world a - round?
 Teach them to seek thy slight-ed grace, And hail in Christ their promised King.

224

L. M.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
 The severed olive branch again
 Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long! [pour,
 When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 With grateful praise one God adore.

LISLE. C. M.

1 And must I be to Judgment brought, And an - swer in that day,
 For eve - ry vain and i - dle thought, And eve - ry word I say?

225

C. M.

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give,
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
Thy watchful power bestow!
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God before
I at thy bar appear.

PERINE. 11s.

1 The Chari-ot! the Chari-ot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down, in the pomp of his ire;

Lo! selfmoving, it drives on its pathway of cloud; And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

226

11s.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there, all who the palm wreathes of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnal are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the
All the vast generations of men are come forth. [north,

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the bright-crowned elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys!
Thou sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, depart!

3 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

227

C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed' hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

5 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds de - scend-ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain, }
Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of his train; }
2 Eve - ry eye shall now be - hold him, Robed in dread - ful ma - jes - ty; }
Those who set at nought and sold him, Pierced and nailed him to the tree, }

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah: Je - sus now shall ev - er reign!
Deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see!

228

8s 7s & 4s.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!
4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shalt meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

BALERMA. C. M.

5 Lord, thy bride says by thy Spirit,
Hasten thou the general doom!
Promised glory to inherit,
Take thy weary pilgrims home!
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.
6 Yes—Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne;
Savior, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own!
O! come quickly!
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

1 Be - hold the sure foun - da - tion stone, Which God in Zi - on lays,

To build our heaven - ly hopes up - on. And his e - ter - nal praise.

229

C. M.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

230

8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mother's cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

231

C. M.

1 OUR Lord hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrow and through scars;

The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

2 O God of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

3 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff;
Thy providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

4 O, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love—
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
And ray from worlds above!

232

C. M.

1 O WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But holy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within, the solemn voice,
And her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
The holy church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking [her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1 Far down the a - ges now, Much of her jour - ney done,
 2 No wi - der is the gate, No broad - er is the way,
 The pil - grim church pur - sues her way, Un - til her crown be won.
 No smooth - er is the an - cient path, That leads to life and day.

233

S. M.

3 No sweeter is the cup,
 Nor less our lot of ill;
 'T was tribulation ages since,
 'T is tribulation still.

4 No slacker grows the fight,
 No feebler is the foe,
 No less the need of armor tried,
 Of shield, and spear, and bow.

OXFORD. C. M.

1 Ye lit - tle flock, whom Je - sus feeds, Dis - miss your an-xious cares;
 Look to the Shep - herd of your souls, And smile a - way your fears.

234

C. M.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defense: [voice
'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight.
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these;
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Savior's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

235

C. M.

1 A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion! can not fail.

2 No! thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears;
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion! learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power
Dwell in thy Savior's breast.

BAVA. L. M.

1 Great Shepherd of thine Is - ra - el, Who didst be-tween the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy cho - sen sheep, Safe through the desert and the deep.

236

L. M.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shal' we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

WIRTH. C. M.

1 Hope - less and out - cast once we lay, Wor - thy thy hate and scorn;
 But love like thine could find a way To res - cue and a - dorn.

237

C. M.

1 HOPELESS and out-cast once we lay,
 Worthy thy hate and scorn;
 But love like thine could find a way
 To rescue and adorn.

2 Dear Savior, from thy bleeding veins
 A living fountain flows,
 To wash thy bride from all her stains;
 And soothe her deepest woes.

3 Cleansed from her sins, renewed by grace,
 Thy royal throne above,
 Dear Savior, is her destined place—
 Her sweet abode thy love.

4 Thine eye in that unelouded day,
 Shall, with supreme delight,
 Thy fair and glorious bride survey,
 Unblemished in thy sight.

238

C. M.

1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad,
 Like the sweet blushing dawn;

When, with her living light, she paints
 The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair, as the moon, when in the skies
 Serene her course she guides,
 And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
 In full-orbed glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
 Without a cloud he springs,
 And scatters boundless light and heat
 From his resplendent wings;

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
 Majestically slow,
 With banners wide displayed all armed,
 All ardent for the foe;

5 This is the church, by heaven arrayed,
 With strength and grace divine;
 Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
 And thus her glories shine.

STERLING. L. M.

1 Hap - py the church, thou sa-cred place, The seat of thy Cre - a - tor's grace;

Thine ho - ly courts are his a - bode, Thou earth-ly pal - ace of our God.

239

L. M.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace,
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou art the palace of our God.

5 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

2 Thy walls are strength and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

No 2. L. M. (Selected.)

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior! on thy people smile
And come according to thy word.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That break and die upon the shore.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell,
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we, by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

1 Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken Zi - on, cit - y of our God!

He whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode:
D.S. With sal-va - tion's wall sur - roun - ded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A - ges foun-ded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

240

8s & 7s.

2 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God!

'T is his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Savior, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

REST. C. M.

3 2

1 Not to the ter-rors of the Lord, The tempest, fire and smoke; Not to the thunder
 of that word Which God on Si - nai Spoke, Which God on Si - nai spoke;

241 C. M.

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
 The city of our God.
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven!
 And God, the Judge of all, declare
 Their num'rous sins forgiven.

5 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest!
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be forever blest.

HOUGHTON. S. M.

Fine.

D. C.

2 3 4

1 Like Noah's weary dove That soared the earth around, But not a resting-place above
 D. C. The cheerless waters found—

242 S. M.

2 O cease my wandering soul,
 On restless wings to roam;
 All the wide world to either pole
 Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
 Behold the open door;
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
 There sweet shall be thy rest,
 Thy soul shall there be satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire,
 Again the earth shall fill,
 The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
 Then rest on Zion's hill.

NAZARETH. L. M.

1 Though in the earth-ly church be - low The wheat and tares to - geth - er grow,
Je - sus ere long will weed the crop, And pluck the tares in an - ger up.

243

L. M.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here? [knew,
How much they heard, how much they
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 O! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

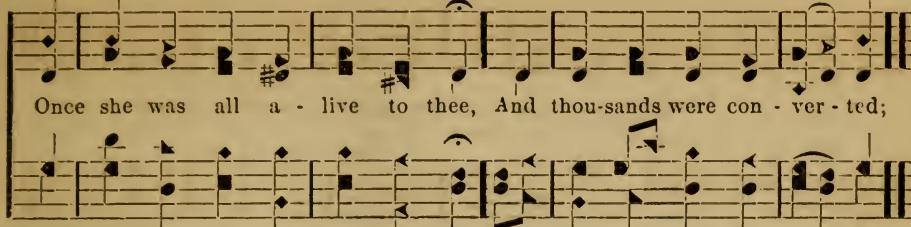
MONMOUTH. 8s & 7s. (Peculiar.)

Fine.

1 Well may thy ser-vants mourn, my God, The church-es des - o - la - tion; }
The state of Zi - on calls a - loud For grief and lam-en - ta - tion: }
D. C. But now a sad re - verse we see—Her glo - ry is de - part - ed.

MONMOUTH—concluded.

D. C.



244 8s & 7s. (Pec.)

2 Her pastors love to live at ease;
 They covet wealth and honor;
 And while they seek such things as these,
 They bring reproach upon her.
 Such worthless objects they pursue,
 Warmly and undiverted;
 The church they lead, and ruin, too—
 Her glory is departed.

3 Her private members walk no more
 As Jesus Christ has taught them:
 Riches and fashion they adore—
 With these the world has bought them.
 The Christian name they still retain,
 Absurdly and false-hearted;
 And while they in the church remain,
 Her glory is departed.

4 And has religion left the church,
 Without a trace behind her?
 Where shall I go, where shall I search,
 That I once more may find her?
 Adieu! ye proud, ye light and gay!
 I'll seek the broken-hearted,
 Who weep when they of Zion say,
 Her glory is departed.

5 Some few, like good Elijah, stand,
 While thousands have revolted;
 In earnest for the heavenly land,
 They never yet have halted.
 With such religion doth remain,
 For they are not perverted;
 O! may they all through them regain
 The glory that's departed.

245 L. M.

1 CONVERTS to Christ's benignant sway,
 Welcome to Zion's happy hill,
 Welcome where zealous hearts obey
 One blessed law—Immanuel's will.

2 Welcome to Jesus' gentle reign,
 Free from the foe's malignant eye;
 For God has loosed the tyrant's chain,
 And love's soft bands its place supply.

3 But stop—we have not reached our rest:
 We're pilgrims through a hostile land;
 Oft by the foe we're sorely prest,
 And dangers frown on every hand.

4 Yet welcome to our conflict still;
 Danger has lost its deadly power;
 Immanuel's hand, with wondrous skill,
 With victory crowns the final hour.

5 O! welcome, then, to join the war.
 And welcome to the Christian's crown,
 The crown of life, which shines from far,
 But shines for loyal hearts alone.

6 Brethren in Christ! by this new name
 Our joyful hearts your coming greet;
 Joyful, yet trembling, lest we shame
 That cause in which our hearts now meet.

1 Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round,
Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no - where found,
D. C. Breth ren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest!

Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest;
D. C.

246

7s.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:

Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more—
Every idol I resign.

AUGUSTA. S. M.

1 Far as thy name is known, The world de - clares thy praise;
2 With joy thy peo - ple stand On Zi - on's cho - sen hill,

Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne Their songs of hon - or raise
Pro - claim the won - aers of thy hand, And coun - sels of thy will.

247

S. M.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.
4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

AURELIUS. C. P. M.

1 The Lord in - to his gar-den comes, The spi-ces yield their rich perfumes,
The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re - fresh - ing showers of grace di - vine
From Je-sus flow to eve-ry vine, Which make - - - - the dead re - vive.

248

C. P. M.

2 O, that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become:
The desert blossoms as the rose,
While Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
3 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there
When we arrive at home.

4 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies;
And claim my mansion there.
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

THE CHURCH—ITS CHARACTER

BIRMINGHAM. L. M.

1 Lord, bless thy saints as - sem - blied here. In sol - emn con - vent now to join,
 2 Unite them in thy ho - ly fear. And in thy love their hearts con - fuse.

249

L. M.

1 O give this church a large increase
 Of such as thou will own and bless;
 Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
 And clothe them with thy righteousness.

3 Make her a garden walled with grace,
 A temple built for God below,
 Where thy blest saints may see thy face,
 And fructs of thy bles - sed Spark grow.

BIRMINGHAM. L. M.

1 Come, let us use the grace di - vine, And all with one ac - cord,
 2 In a per - pen - di - cul - ar join Our selves to Christ, the Lord.

250

C. M.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now:

5 To teach the cov'nant blood apply
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

251

L. M.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:

Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be loved and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

252

L. M.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
When churches meet to praise and pray

3 What glories were described of old!
When wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear
As one new-born, or nourished there!

DWIGHT. S. M.

The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.

253

S. M.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1 Planted in Christ, the living vine, This day with one ac-cord, Ourselves, with humble

ORTONVILLE—concluded.

faith and joy, We yield to thee, O Lord, We yield to thee O Lord.

254

C. M.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day with one accord,
Ourselves with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

5 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

And to his people joined yourselves,
According to his word:

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your prayer.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

5 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

255

S. M.

1 ALL you who have confessed
That Jesus is the Lord,

6 In all your Savior's ways,
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

1 God named Love, whose fount thou art, Thy crownless church before thee stands,
 With too much ha - ting in her heart And too much striv - ing in her hands.

256

L. M.

2 "Love as I loved you"—was the sound
 That on thy lips expiring sate!
 Sweet words in bitter strivings drown'd!
 We hated as the worldly hate.

3 Yet, Lord, thy wronged love fulfill,
 Thy church tho' fall'n, before thee stands,
 Behold, the voice is Jacob's still,
 Albeit the hands of Esau's hands.

4 Hast thou no tears, like those be-spent
 Upon thy Zion's ancient part?
 No moving looks, like those which sent
 Their softness through a traitor's heart?

5 No touching tale of anguish dear,
 Whereby like children we may creep,
 All trembling, to each other near,
 And view each other's face and weep?

6 O move us—thou hast power to move—
 One in the One Beloved to be;
 Teach us the hights and depths of love;
 Give thine—that we may love like thee!

257

L. M.

1 THE Savior when to heaven he rose,
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scattered his gifts on men below,
 And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang th' apostle's honored name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame:
 In humbler forms, before our eyes,
 Pastors and teachers hence arise.

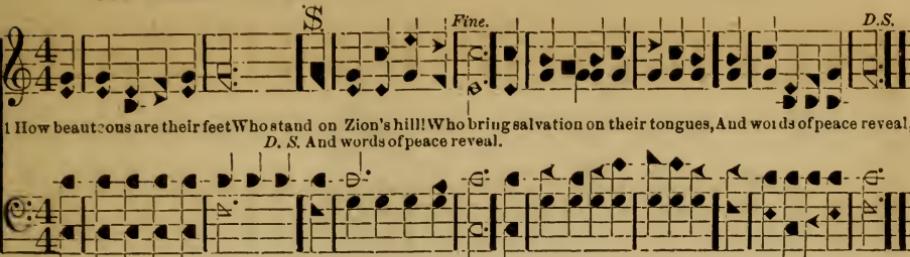
3 From Christ they all their gifts derive
 And fed by Christ, their graces live:
 While, guarded by his mighty hand,
 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
 Through all the courses of the sun;
 While unborn churches, by their care,
 Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
 The spring whence all these blessings flow;
 Pastors and people shout thy praise,
 Through the long round of endless days.

CONVERSE. S. M.

Fine.



1 How beautous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal,
D. S. And words of peace reveal.

258

S. M.

1 HOW beautous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

YORK. C. M.

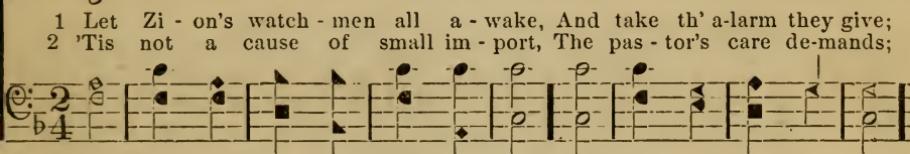
4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

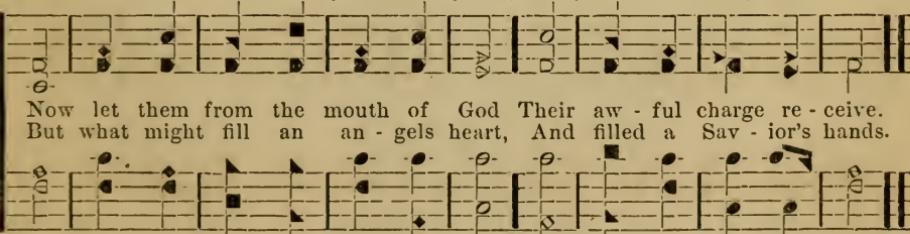
6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Savior and their God.



1 Let Zi - on's watch - men all a - wake, And take th' a-larm they give;
2 'Tis not a cause of small im - port, The pas - tor's care de-mands;



Now let them from the mouth of God Their aw - ful charge re - ceive.
But what might fill an an - gels heart, And filled a Sav - ior's hands.

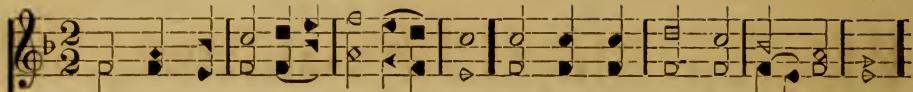


3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures or in woe.

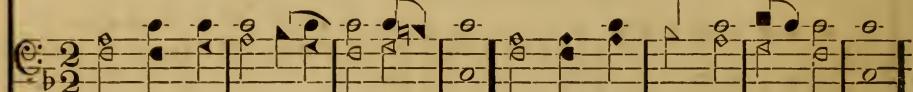
4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

259

C. M.



1 Go, la - bor on! spend and be spent, And strive to do thy Father's will;
 2 Go, la - bor on, while it is day!—The long dark night is hast'ning on;



It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the serv - ant tread it still?
 Speed, speed thy work-up from thy sloth; It is not thus that souls are won.

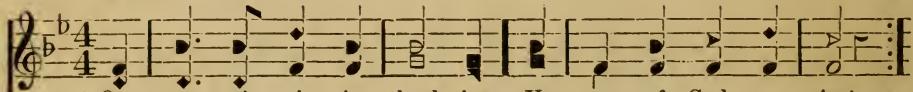
260

L. M.

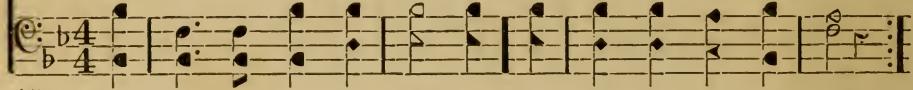
3 See thousands dying at thy side,
 Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;
 See millions perishing afar;
 Haste, brethren, to the rescue come!

4 Toil on, toil on: thou soon shalt find
 For labor, rest; for exile, home: [voice,
 Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's
 The midnight cry, "Behold I, come."]

WEBB. 7s & 6s.



1 Our coun-try's voice is plead - ing, Ye men of God, a - rise!
 His Prov - i - dence is lead - ing, [Omit.....]



S Fine
 The land be - fore you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning,
 D.S. In - vite the reap - er's toil.



WERE—concluded.

And prom - ise clothes the soil; Wide fields for har - vest whit'ning,

261 7s & 6s.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western Vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.
3 Where prairie flowers are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illumining,
With light that ever glows;

To each lone forest-ranger,
The Word of Life unseal;
To every exile stranger,
Its saving truths reveal.
4 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation;
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

EMMA. C. M.

1 Go forth on wings of faith and prayer, Ye pages, bright with love; Though mute the joyful
2 Go tell the sin-ful, care-less soul The warning God has given; Go make the wounded
ti - dings bear—Though mute the joy-ful ti - dings bear—Sal - va - tion from a - bove.
spir - it whole, Go make the wounded spir - it whole, With heal-ing balm from heaven.

262 C. M.

3 Go to the rude, the dark, the poor,
That live estranged from God—
Bid them the pearl of price secure,
Bought with a Savior's blood.

4 O Jesus, Friend of dying men,
Thy presence we implore;
Without thy blessing all is vain;
Be with us ever more.

LABAN S. M.

1 Go with thy serv - ant, Lord, His eve - ry step at - tend;
 2 Pre - serve him from all wrong; Stand thou at his right hand;
 All need - ful help to him af - ford, And bless him to the end.
 And keep him from the slanderous tongue And per - se - cu - ting band.

263 S. M.

3 May he proclaim aloud
 The wonders of thy grace;
 And do thou, to the listening crowd,
 His feeble labors bless.

4 Farewell, dear laborer, go;
 We part with thee in love;
 And if we meet no more below,
 Oh may we meet above.

MALVERN. L. M.

1 Chris-tians, the glorious hope ye know, Which soothes the heart in every woe;
 2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly graee Which cheers believers in their race;
 While heathen, helpless, hope - less, lie—No ray of glo - ry meets their eye.
 Uncheered by grace, through heathen gloom, See millions hast'ning to the tomb.

264

L. M.

3 Christians, ye prize the Savior's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell.

4 To distant lands that grace convey
Which trains the soul for endless day;
O strive that heathen soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, Where Afric's sunny
fountains Roll down their gol - den sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
many a palm - y plain They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.

265

7s & 6s.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
3 Can we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?

Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

BACA. L. M.

1 "Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord, Bid the whole world my grace receive; He shall be
 saved, who trusts my word; He be condemn'd who don't believe, He be condemn'd who don't believe.

266

L. M.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands—
 I'm with you till the world shall end;
 All power is trusted in my hands—
 I can destroy, and I defend."

267

L. M.

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
 The Spirit's course in me restrain?
 Or undismayed in deed and word,
 Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God Most High?
 How then before thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholly throng
 Soften thy truth, or smoothe my tongue,
 To gain earth's gilded toys—or flee
 The cross, endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
 A man! an heir of death! a slave
 To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wings around my head:
 Since in all pain thy tender love
 Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Give me thy strength, O God of power,
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 Thy faithful witness will I be;
 'T is fixed! I can do all through thee.

HENDON. 7s.

268

7s.

Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?

Tell him of a Savior's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him, how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ, our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;

No 3. 7s. (*Selected.*)

1 DEPTH of mercy!—can it be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withheld his grace.
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

1 On-ward, on-ward, men of heav-en; Bear the gos-pel ban-ner high; }
 Rest not till its light is giv-en—Star of eve-ry pa-gan sky; }
 D. C. Bid the har-dy for-est ran-ger Hail it ere he fades a-way.
 Send it where the pilgrim stranger Faints beneath the tor-rid ray;
 Send it where Faints beneath
 D. C.

269

8s & 7s.

2 Where the Artic ocean thunders,
 'Where the tropics fiercely glow,
 Broadly spread its page of wonders,
 Brightly bid its radiance flow;
 India marks its luster stealing,
 Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
 Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
 Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech or wild in feature,
 Dark in spirit, though they be,
 Show that light to every creature—
 Prince or vassal, bond or free:
 Lo! they haste to every nation;
 Host on host the ranks supply:
 Onward! Christ is your salvation,
 And your death is victory.

BADEA. S. M.

1 You mes-sen-gers of Christ, His sover-eign voice o-bey;
 C: 2 8 4
 1 You mes-sen-gers of Christ, His sover-eign voice o-bey;
 C: 2 8 4

BADEA—concluded.

A - rise, and fol - low where he leads—And peace at - tend your way.

270

S. M.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Savior's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you in his name
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

HULSEN. 8s & 7s.

1 Bold in speech, and bold in ac - tion, Be for - ev - er! Time will test,
2 Be thou like the no - ble an-cients—Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;

Of the free-souled and the slav-ish, Which ful - fills life's mis - sion best.
Speak! no mat - ter what be - tide thee; Let them strike, but make them hear!

271

8s & 7s.

3 Be thou like the great apostle—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a true thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly! speak it all!

4 Face thy foes and thy accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
And if thou hast truth to utter.
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

1 Com-fort, ye min-i-ters of grace, Com-fort the peo-ple of your Lord;
 O, lift ye up the fall-en race, And cheer them by the gos-pel word.

272

L. M.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
 Comfort the people of your Lord;
 O, lift ye up the fallen race,
 And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go,
 Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
 Glad tidings unto all we show;
 Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
 Sinners, repent; the call obey;
 Open your hearts to make him room;
 Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

4 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
 Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
 The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
 Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

5 The glory of the Lord, displayed,
 Shall all mankind together view,
 And what his mouth in truth hath said,
 His own almighty hand shall do.

273

L. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;
 We plead for those who plead for thee;
 Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
 Their best endowments are our gain;
 We share the blessings they obtain.

3 O, clothe with energy divine
 Their words; and let those words be thine;
 To them thy sacred truths reveal;
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,
 And thus reward their toil and pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy Spirit's living power.

PROCLAMATION 8s & 9s.

1 Hear the royal proclamation, The glad tidings of salvation, Publish ing to every creature, To the ruined sons of nature,
 Je-sus reigns, Je-sus reigns, Je-sus reigns, Je-sus reigns, he reigns vic-to-rius,
 O-ver heaven and earth most glorious, Je-sus reigns, Je-sus reigns, Je-sus reigns.

274

8s & 9s.

2 See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,
 "Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offered by the Savior."
 Jesus reigns &c.

3 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
 Come and purchase without money,
 Mercy like a flowing fountain,
 Streaming like the holy mountain.
 Jesus reigns &c.

4 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
 To the bounds of the creation;
 Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
 The Almighty King of Zion.
 Jesus reigns &c.

5 Shout, O saints! make joyful mention,
 Christ has purchased our redemption;
 Angels, shout the joyful story,
 Through the brighter world of glory.
 Jesus reigns &c.

1 Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - ior died.

275

L. M.

2 Fling out the banner! Angels bend,
 In anxious silence, o'er the sign;
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
 Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
 That sink and perish in the strife,
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
 And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! Let it float
 Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 Our glory, only in the cross;
 Our only hope the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! Wide and high,
 Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine;
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

276

L. M.

1 O ZION'S King, we suppliant bow,
 And hail the grace the church enjoys;
 Her holy officers are thine,
 With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
 For blessings to attend our choice,
 Of such whose generous prudent zeal
 Shall make thy favored ways rejoice.

3 When pastors, saints, and poor they serve,
 May their own hearts with grace be crown'd
 While patience, sympathy and joy
 Adorn, and through their lives abound.

4 By purest love to Christ and truth,
 O may they win a good degree
 Of boldness in the Christian faith,
 And meet the smile of thine and thee.

5 And when the work to them assigned,
 The work of love, is fully done,
 Call them from serving tables here,
 To sit around thy glorious throne.

DUNDEE. C. M.

277

C. M.

1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now,
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blessed;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed;

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness:
Such may thy servants ever be,
With such thy people bless.

Ordained to spread thy truth abroad,
That all thy name may know.

2 O may he now, and ever, keep
His eye intent on thee;
Do thou, great Shepherd of the sheep,
His bright example be.

3 With plenteous grace his heart prepare
To execute thy will;
And give him patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

4 Inflame his mind with ardent zeal,
Thy flock to feed and teach;
And let him live, and let him feel,
The truths he's called to preach.

278

C. M.

1 WITH joy we own thy servant, Lord,
Thy minister below,

5 As showers refresh the thirsty plain,
So let his labors prove:
By him extend thy righteous reign—
The reign of truth and love.

ORANGE. H. M.

1 What contradictions meet In min-is-ters' employ! It is a bitter sweet,
 A sorrow full of joy; No other post affords a place For equal honor or disgrace.

279

H. M.

2 Who can describe the pain
 Which faithful preachers feel,
 Constrained to speak in vain,
 To hearts as hard as steel?
 Or who can tell the pleasures felt
 When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3 If some small hope appear,
 They still are not content;
 But with a jealous fear,
 They watch for the event:
 Too oft they find their hopes deceived:
 Then how their inmost souls are grieved!

4 But when their pains succeed,
 And from the tender blade
 The ripening ears proceed,
 Their toils are overpaid:
 No harvest joy can equal theirs,
 To find the fruits of all their cares.

280

L. M.

(OLD HUNDRED Page 144)

1 O THOU, who on thy chosen Son
 Didst send thy Spirit like a dove,
 To mark the long-expected One,
 And seal the Messenger of love;

2 And when the heralds of his name
 Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
 Didst send it down in tongues of flame
 To hallow each devoted head;

3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
 With holy unction from above:
 Give him the tongue of living fire,
 Give him the temper of the dove.

4 Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day
 Accept our work, our souls possess;
 'Tis ours to labor, watch and pray;
 Be thine to cheer, sustain and bless

DOVER. S. M.

1 Lord of the har - vest, hear Thy need - y serv - ants' cry;
 2 On thee we humb - ly wait, Our wants are in thy view;

An - swer our faith's ef - fect - ual prayer, And all our wants sup - ply.
 The har - vest, Lord, is tru - ly great, The la - bor - ers are few.

281

S. M.

3 Anoint and send forth more
 Into thy church abroad;
 Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
 And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thine all redeeming love.

AVON. C. M.

1 Lord, in thy pres - ence here we meet; May we in thee be found!

O, make the place di - vine - ly sweet And let thy grace a - bound.

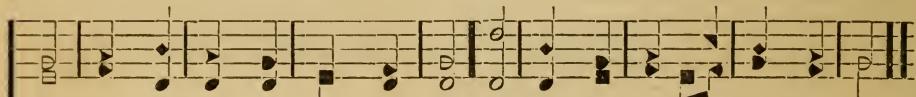
2 With harmony thy servants bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,
When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

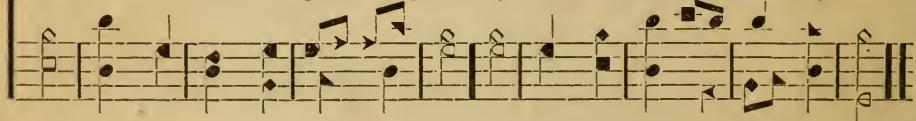
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



1 In - dul - gent God of love and power, Be with us at this place and hour!



Smile on our souls; our plans ap-prove, By which we seek to spread thy love.



1 INDULGENT God of love and power,
Be with us at this place and hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one:
Let all we have and are combine,
To forward objects so divine.

3 O, may we feel the worth of souls.
Be men of God, whom grace controls,

Fight the good fight and win the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

1 ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal word! who left thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;

2 Eternal Spirit who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to thee.

AZMON. C. M.

284

C. M.

3 Savior, we bless thy wondrous name,
For thy example bright;
We love to imitate the same,
As thou dost us invite.

4 We are baptized as Jesus was,
His easy yoke we bear;
And we are thus baptized, because,
That we his subjects are.

5 Lord, may we to thy glory live?
Teach us thy heavenly ways;
To us thy Holy Spirit give,
And we thy name will praise.

6 As we thy sacred name profess,
May we our moments spend
In ways of truth and righteousness,
Until our lives shall end.

285

C. M.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, you much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through trials and through suff'ring too,
I'll go at his command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
Hinder me not—come, welcome death—
I'll gladly go with thee.

286

C. M.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain—
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

LAVI. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 To the flow - ing stream of Jor - dan, Lo! the King of Zi - on came;
There the an - cient Bap - tist wait - ed, To im-merse the spot-less Lamb:

They de - cend - ed To the Sav - ior's wat' - ry tomb.

287

8s, 7s, & 4s.

2 Thus baptized, the great Redeemer
Show'd the way his saints should tread,
And, when rising from the water,
God approved and blest the deed,
And the Spirit
Rested on his sacred head!

3 Come, then, ye who love the Savior,
Fear not now to own your Lord,
Joyful though the world should scorn you,
Follow Christ, obey his word:
He'll defend you—
Fear ye not to follow him!

4 Hear the Savior saying to you,
From his glorious throne above—
Ye who trust in me for pardon,
By obedience show your love:
Be baptized,
My example shows the way.

5 Lord, our hearts incline to follow
In the way which thou didst tread;

We will turn from every other,
While thy sacred word we read:
O, Redeemer!
Gladly now we'll follow thee!

288 L. M. (SEYMORE Page 149.)

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

BROWN. C. M.

1 Meek - ly in Jor - dan's ho - ly stream The great Re - deem - er bowed;
 2 Thus God de - scend - ed to ap - prove The deed that Christ had done;

Bright was the glo - ry's sa - cred beam That hushed the wond'ring crowd.
 Thus came the em - ble - mat - ic Dove, And hov - ered o'er the Son.

289

C. M.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
 To our baptismal scene;
 Let thoughts of earth be far away,
 And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
 This day to heaven belongs:
 Raised to new life, we will employ
 In melody our tongues.

290

C. M.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame
 Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem,
 Appoint my soul a place.

291

C. M.

1 IF glorious angels do rejoice,
 When sinners turn to God,
 Let us unite with cheerful voice,
 To spread his praise abroad.

2 When Jesus unto Jordan came,
 And was baptized of John,
 A voice from heaven did proclaim,
 'Tis my beloved Son.

3 His ministers he sent about,
 To preach the word of grace,
 And to baptize the world throughout,
 Who should his truth embrace.

4 Lord, we have here before our eyes,
 Some that have set their hand
 To serve thee and to be baptized,
 As thou didst give command.

5 Glory to God, who reigns above,
 For his abounding grace,
 In this the token of his love,
 To us a guilty race.

6 Let us employ our tongues to sing,
 The praises of the Lord,
 For calling sinners home to him,
 By his all powerful word.

ROSEDALE. L. M.



1 See how the willing converts trace The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow through his liquid grave The [Omit] meek, the low - ly Son of God!



292

L. M.

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.

3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin;

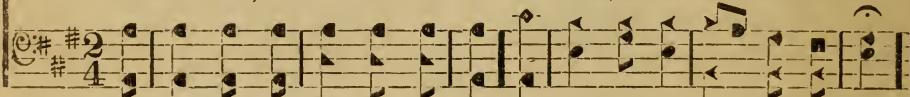
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

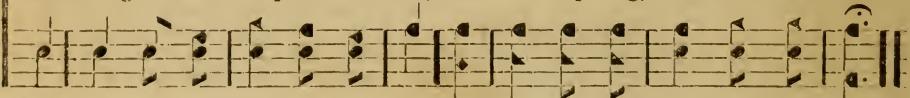
UTICA. 8s.



1 How love - ly the em - blem of faith In Christ, our a - dor - a - ble Head—



Who sought our re - demp - tion in death, And, tri umph - ing, rose from the dead.



293

8s.

2 How sweet is this beautiful rite,
Our union with him to proclaim—
Our death to each sinful delight—
Our rising to life through his name.

4 How pleasant the path to pursue
His perfect example has led:
With the scene at the Jordan in view;
We haste in his footsteps to tread.

3 How blessed, by bearing the cross,
To show our regard for his will—
To seek, while professing his cause,
“All righteousness here to fulfill.”

5 Dear Savior, thine ordinance bless,
The joy of thy presence make known;
Descend, O thou Spirit of grace,
And seal us forever thine own.

WOODLAND. C. M.

1 Let plenteous grace descend on those Who, hoping in thy word, This day have solemn-
ly de-clared This day have sol - emn - ly de-clared That Je - sus is their Lord.

294 C. M.

2 With cheeful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

SEYMOUR. L. M.

1 When Je - sus Christ was here below, He taught his peo - ple what to do.
And if we would his pre - cepts keep, We must de-scend to wash - ing feet.

295 L. M.

2 For in that night he was betrayed,
He for us all a pattern laid;
Before his supper he did eat,
He rose and washed his brethren's feet.

3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Arose, and laid his garments by,
And washed their feet, to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.

4 He washed them all to make them clean,
But Judas still was full of sin:
May none of us, like Judas, sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.

6 Ye call me Lord and Master too,
Then do as I have done to you;
All my commands and counsels keep,
And show your love by washing feet.

5 Peter said, Lord, it shall not be,
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me.
O that no Christian here may say,
I'm too unworthy to obey.

7 Ye shall be happy if ye know,
And do these things by faith below;
And I'll protect you till you die,
And then remove you up on high.

I WILL TRUST IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB. C. M.

1 For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side;
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - ior died.

CHORUS.

I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb;

I WILL TRUST IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB—concluded.

I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.
 I will trust, I will trust, I will trust,

296

C. M.

2 My dying Savior, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean
 Cho.—I will trust, &c.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
 Cho.—I will trust, &c.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.
 Cho.—I will trust, &c.

297

C. M.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
 Appears each grace divine;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy;
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
 A friend and servant found;

He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
 And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood;
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
 He labored for their good.

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
 His image may we bear!
 O may we tread his holy steps,
 His joy and glory share.

298

C. M.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 Oh, let the humblest of thy flock
 Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
 To thine amazing love;
 Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
 And nobler bliss above.

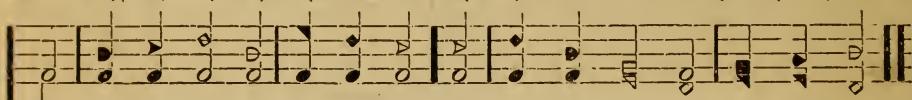
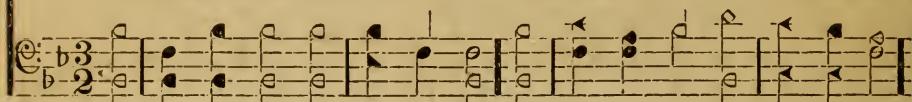
3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
 With sin and grief oppressed;
 Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
 And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
 No evil shall I fear;
 Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
 And praise thee better there.

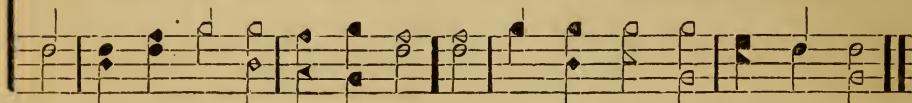
HEBRON. L. M.



1 The Church of God be-lieves it right, To think and do as Je-sus bade,



When on that dark and dole-ful night He gave his law, and plain-ly said:—



299

L. M.

2 Mark the example which I give:
Keep it, and show your mutual love;
My precepts do, and you shall live,
In bliss below, and heaven above.

3 Then, do we love our brethren now?
And are we bound in union sweet?
If so, like Jesus, let us bow,
And let us wash each other's feet.

4 Let no one be ashamed of this,—
Or, Peter-like, turn, and say, no;
But as we aim for heavenly bliss,
We'll in our Master's footsteps go.

5 Now, Lord, we'll wash thy people's feet,
And here enjoy their fond embrace;
Each with a kiss of friendship greet,
And hope in love to see thy face

6 And then we'll feast on heavenly love,
And find our joys to be complete;
Yes, then we'll sing thy praise above,
And bow, with angels, at thy feet.

300

L. M.

1 MAKE up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious spotless church below;
The fellowship of saints make known,
And oh my God, might I be one.

2 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus witnessess,
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples' feet.

3 To wait upon his saints below,
On gospel errands for them go,
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

PEORIA. C. M.

Ye foll' - wers of the Prince of Peace, Who round his ta - ble draw,
Re - mem - ber what his spir - it was, What his pe - cul - iar law.

301

C. M.

1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfill;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honored name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

302

C. M.

1 IN mem'ry of the Savior's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart,
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Here let our ransomed powers unite
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

3 One fold, one faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

4 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate, by faith,
The heavenly feast above.

THE SALUTATION.

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree—
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 The kiss of peace to each we give—
A pledge of Christian love;
In love, while here on earth, we'll live,
In love we'll dwell above.

6 Love is the golden chain that binds
Believers all in one;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

RETREAT. L. M.

1 How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In sweet com-mun-ion kin-dred minds!

How swift the heavenly course they run, And strive the crown of life to win.

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What watchful love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 They're one in life and one in death—
One in their joy, their trust, their faith;
One in their hope of rest above,
One in each other's faithful love.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
In heaven it will the brighter burn,
Since there the graces are matured.

WINDSOR. C. M.

1 Je - sus! thy love shall we for - get: And nev - er bring to mind
 The grace that paid our hope - less debt, And bade us par - don find?

305

C. M.

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
 Thy fasting and thy prayer?
 Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
 To save us from dispair.

3 Gethsemane, can we forget—
 Thy struggling agony—
 When night lay dark on Olivet,
 And none to watch with thee.

4 Can we the crown of thorns forget—
 The buffeting and shame;
 When hell thy sinking soul beset,
 And earth reviled thy name?

5 The nails, the spear can we forget,
 The agonizing cry:—
 "My God! my Father! wilt thou let
 Thy Son forsaken die?"

6 Life's highest joys we may forget—
 Our kindred cease to love;
 But he who paid our hopeless debt,
 Our constancy shall prove.

306

C. M.

1 LET vain pursuits and vain desire.
 Be banished from the heart,
 The Savior's love fill every breast,
 And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
 Our souls how apt to stray;
 How much we need his gracious help
 To keep us in the way.

3 These faithful pledges of his love
 His mercy did ordain,
 To bring refreshment to our souls,
 And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
 Let us with hearts sincere,
 Obedient to his holy will,
 To this dear feast draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
 The suffering of our Lord,
 May we receive new grace and power
 To keep his holy word.

LUTHER. S. M.

1 A part-ing hymn we sing, A-round thy ta-ble, Lord; A - gain our
grate-ful trib-ute bring, Our solemn vows re-cord, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.

307

S. M.

1 A PARTING hymn we sing,
 Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
 Our solemn vows record.

2 Here we have seen thy face,
 And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
 In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
 By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
 May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
 Be Christian union shown,
Until we join the Church above,
 And know as we are known.

308 (C. M. WILDER. Page 173.

1 LO! the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land:
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
 By his avenging hand.

2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,
 Nor poured the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
 And blessed the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
 To break the Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
 And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
 With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
 This guilty soul of mine.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

309 L. M.

3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was thy own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Fine.

310 ENDOR. P. M.

Think on us who think on thee, And eve-ry strug-ling soul re-lease,
By thy pas-sion on the tree, Let all our griefs and trou-bles cease;

311 L. M. (WINDHAM. Page 168.)

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin:
Receive and eat the living food;"

Then took the cup and blest the wine:
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend:
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



1 From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread,



May our souls re - fresh-ment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head.



312

8s & 7s.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

BARBY. C. M.

313

C. M.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmur-ing word.
3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

314

8s, 7s, & 4s.

2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Savior's flesh and blood.
It is finished!
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name—
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

KILBURN. L. M.

1 When I sur - vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

315

L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord:
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice to Jesus' blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far to small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HAMBURG. L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;
 So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all di - vine.

No. 4. L. M. (*Selected.*)

1 SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Savior, God;
 When his salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope.—
 The bright appearance of the Lord:
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

No. 5. L. M. (*Selected.*)

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
 To thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

No. 6. L. M. (*Selected.*)

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
 Enter in Jesus' precious name;
 We welcome thee with one accord,
 And trust the Savior does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
 We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
 Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
 Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
 We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
 We'll share each others hopes and fears,
 And count a brother's care our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
 Receive assurance of our love;
 Oh! may we all together meet,
 Around the throne of God above.

LENA. S. M.

1 Let par - ty names no more The Chris - tian world o'erspread;
 2 A - mong the saints on earth, Let mu - tual love be found;

Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ their head.
 Heirs of the same in - her - it - ance, With mu - tual blessings crowned.

316

S. M.

3 Let envy and ill-will
 Be banished far away:
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell
 Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

MEAR. C. M.

1 Je - sus, great Shep - herd of the sheep, To thee for help we fly,
 Thy lit - tle flock in safe - ty keep, For O! the wolf is nigh.

317

C. M.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay:
He seizes every struggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us one of mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die:
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

318

C. M.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love from Christ the
Descend to every soul, [spring,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aarons rev'rend head:
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That falls on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

319

C. M.

1 THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord, in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
Then when the world is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

320

C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

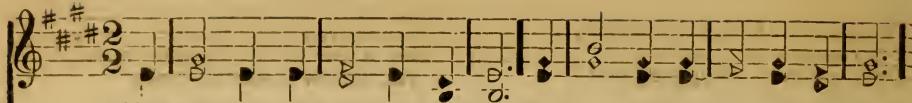
3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, the living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

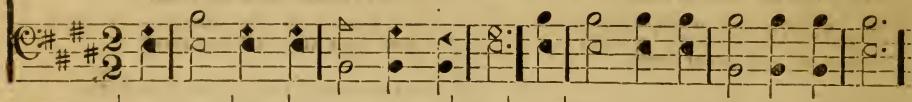
6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

MADISON. 88. (double.)



1 Say whence does this un - ion a - rise, Where hatred is conquered by love?

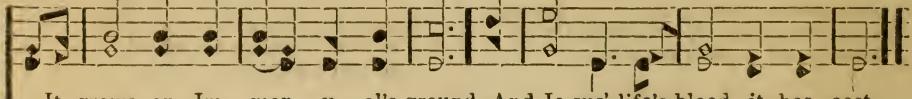
2 My friends are endeared un - to me, Our souls so u - ni - ted in love;



It fast - ens our souls with such ties, That dis - tance nor time can re - move. Where Je - sus is gone we shall be, In yon - der blest man-sions a - bove.



It can not in E - den be found, Nor yet in a Par - a - dise lost; Why then so un - wil - ling to part, Since there we shall soon meet a - gain,



It grows on Im - man - u - al's ground, And Je-sus' life's blood it has cost. En- graved 'on Im - man - u - el's heart, At dis - tance we can - not re - main.



3 And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' kind love.

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see;
Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
Amen! Even so let it be!

BREMEN. C. P. M.

322

C. M.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
Shall there before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

THE ANOINTING.

323 L. M. (REST. Page 172.)

1 WHEN struggling on the bed of pain,
And earth and all its joys are vain,
How sweet, my God, to know thy power
Sustains me in this trying hour.

2 I would thy holy word obey
E'en while upon my bed I lie:
I call the elders here, O Lord,
To do according to thy word.

3 And while the oil's by faith applied,
O may my soul be sanctified
By the blest unction from above,
And then be filled with heavenly love.

4 Then shall my cheerful, grateful tongue,
In rapt'rous strains thy praise prolong;
My ransomed soul adore thy grace,
And swifter run the heavenly race.

5 Or, should my days be near their end,
And I through death my steps must wend,
Then, O my Lord, receive me home,
To mingle with the blood-washed throng

324 8s. (MADISON. Page 164.)

1 O THOU whose compassionate care,
Does all of thy creatures sustain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand' of a Father that smites!

3 A tender Physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O, let this affliction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design,
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

5 And bless this anointing with oil,
And save me from every sin,
That when I am taken from earth,
In heaven with thee may I live.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 O, bow thine ear, e - ter - nal One; On thee our heart a - dor - ing calls;
 To thee the fol - low'rs of thy Son Have raised, and now de - vote these walls.

325

L. M.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
 And be this place to worship given,
 Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
 As incense, let thy children's prayer,
 From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
 Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
 Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
 As when, of old, thy Spirit hung
 On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
 Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
 On others may devotion's flame
 Be kindled here and purely burn.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1 O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
 2 Lord, from thine in - most glo - ry send, With - in these courts to bide,

DUNDEE—concluded.



Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands, Have raised to wor - ship thee!
The peace that dwel - leth with - out end, Se - rene - ly by thy side!

326

C. M.

3 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way.
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallow'd walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

INVITATION AND WARNING.

327

C. M.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day:
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that can not rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in woe and darkness dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe!

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

328 L. M. (WINDHAM. Pag 168)

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
. And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

WINDHAM. L. M.

I long to see the sea-son come, When sin-ners shall come flocking home,
 To taste the heaven of Je - sus' love, And seek the joys that are a - bove.

329

L. M.

1 I LONG to see the season come
 When sinners shall come flocking home,
 To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
 And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! 'tis the glorious gospel sound,
 Inviting sinners all around;
 Behold! the loving Savior stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 He now is knocking at your heart,
 Waiting Salvation to impart;
 To wash you in atoning blood,
 And seal you heirs and sons of God.

4 Take your companions by the hand,
 And all your children in a band,
 And give them up at Jesus' call,
 To pardon, bless and save them all.

5 And when the day of Christ shall come,
 And he collects his jewels home;
 On Zion's mount you all shall stand,
 And join the bright angelic band.

330

L. M.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest.
 For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Since our dear Lord to you doth call,
 Come all the world, come sinner, thou,
 The invitation is to all;
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls, by sin oppressed,
 Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
 Ye restless wand'lers after rest!
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message from the Lord receive,
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Ye all may come to Christ and live,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 His love is mighty for to heal,
 Yield to his love's redeeming power,
 His conqu'ring love consent to feel:
 And strive against your God no more.

ZEBULON. 8s & 6s.

1 Ye dying sons of men, Immersed in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend, Which Jesus sent to you; Ye
perishing and guilty, come, In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

331

8s & 6s

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immersed in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sent to you;
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready; sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HAMDEN. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 Sin - ners, will you scorn the mes - sage Sent in mer - cy from a - bove?
 Ev' - ry sen - tence—O how ten - der! Ev' - ry line is full of love;
 List - en to it, Ev' - ry line is full of love.

332

8s, 7s, & 4s.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim,
 To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,"
 Free forgiveness in his name!"

How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor:
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,

And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears;
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings they afford;
 We entreat you,
 Take the warnings they afford.

VERNON. 12s & 8s.

1 When the har - vest is past, and the sum - mer is gone,

VERNON—concluded.

And ser - mons and prayers shall be o'er; When the beams cease to
 break of the blest Sab - bath morn, And Je - sus in - vites thee no more.

333

12s & 8s.

2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
 The gospel no message declare—
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing of woe,
 How suffer the night of despair!

3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
 To dwell in the mansions above;
 When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
 Their song to the Savior of love—

4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?

334 H. M. (LENOX. Page 89.)

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb;

Redemption by his blood
 Through all the lands proclaim:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Come take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Savior's face:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest:
 Ye mournful souls, be glad!
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HORTON. 7s.

1 Hast-en, sin-ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
 2 Hast-en, mer- cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
 Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Har-der is it to be won.
 Lest thy sea-son should be o'er Ere this even-ing's stage be run.

335

7s.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest the Lamp should fail to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 Ere the morrow is begun.

REST. L. M.

1 While life pro-longs its pre-cious light, Mer- cy is found, and peace is given;
 But soon, ah soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out eve-ry hope of heaven.

336

L. M.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

4 Silence, and solitude and gloom
In those forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.
5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

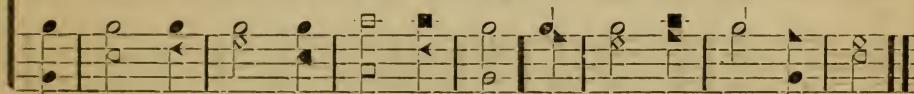
WILDER. C. M.



1 Let eve - ry mor - tal ear at - tend And, eve - ry heart re - joice;
2 Ho all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls, That feed up - on the wind,



The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice.
And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind.



337 C. M.

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day.
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

2 O, far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light. Yon setting sun
Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path—no refuge near.

4 O yes, a shelter you may gain—
A covert from the wind and rain—
A hiding place, a rest, a home—
A refuge from the wrath to come.

338 L. M.

1 HASTE, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

5 Then linger not in all the plain—
Flee for thy life—the mountain gain;
Look not behind—make no delay—
O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

339 L. M. (REST. Page 172.)

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;

When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "come to me."

4 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me."

5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

HOME, SWEET HOME. 11s.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
mer - ey is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
Spir - it says, come, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet,sweet,home, Pre - pare me, dear Sav - ior, for heav - en, my home.

340

11s.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away:
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
And, trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
O, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Fine.

341

8s, 7s, & 4s.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Savior's rising beam.

On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all,
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Savior prostrate lies!

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.



1 Come ye dis-con so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come, at the mer-cy-seat fer-vent-ly kneel:



1st time Soprano & Alto.



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heaven cannot heal.



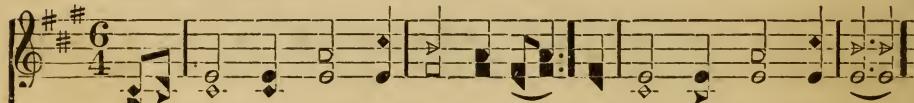
342

11s & 10s.

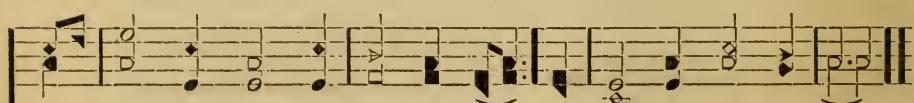
2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure—
Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God boundless in love;
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



1 Ye hum-ble sin-ners, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;



Come, with your guilt and fear op-prest, And make this last re-solve.



343

C. M.

1 YE humble sinners, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray;
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try.
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

LAMSON. S. M.

1 O where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

344

S. M.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

1 Be - hold a stran - ger at the door! He gent-ly knocks—has knocked before;
 Has wait - ed long — is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

CHORUS.

O, let the dear Sav - ior come in, come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; from sin;
 O, keep him no more, out at the door; But let the dear Savior come in, come in.

345 L. M.

2 O! lovely attitude—he stands
 With melting heart and open hands;
 O! matchless kindness—and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will—the very friend you need;
 The friend of sinners—yes 'tis he,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine,
 That soul-destroying monster, sin—
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.
 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
 His feet departed, ne'er return;
 Admit him—or the hour's at hand,
 You'll at his door rejected stand.

WELLS. L. M.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time 'tinsure the great re-ward,
 And while the Lamp holds out to burn, O hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn!

346

L. M.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given,
 To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,
 The day of grace, when mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
 Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
 Then have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue:
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
 In the cold grave to which we haste,
 O may we all receive thy grace,
 And see with joy thy smiling face.

347

L. M.

1 COME, take my yoke, the Savior said,
 To follow me, be not afraid;
 For I in heart am lowly, meek,
 And offer you the rest you seek.

2 The yoke of pleasure may allure,
 And promise bliss that will endure;
 But when it has thy youth despoiled,
 'Twill cast thee off as garments soiled.

3 Take not on thee the yoke of wealth,
 'Twill eat thy soul, destroy thy health,
 And make thee feel how cheap the cost,
 If worlds could buy the peace it lost.

4 Ambition, too, its yoke displays,
 And hangs out its perennial bays;
 Be not, poor soul, by it misled;
 I offer thee a crown instead.

5 Then take my yoke—'tis soft and light,
 'Twill ne'er disturb thy rest at night;
 But guide thee to that world above,
 Where no restraint is known but love.

348

L. M.

1 WHY will you lavish out your years,
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
 While, in the various range of thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
 And famish an immortal mind;
 While angels with regret look down,
 To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
 And Jesus pleads his dying love,
 Awakened conscience gives you pain.
 And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
 Those objects which ye now pursue;
 Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
 When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God! thine aid impart,
 To fix conviction on the heart;
 Thy power can clear the darkest eyes,
 And make the haughtiest scorers wise.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

1 Hark! the ju - bi - lee is sound - ing, O the joy - ful news is come! Free sal - va - tion is pro - claim - ing, In and through God's own dear Son. D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

Now we have an in - vi-ta-tion, To the meek and low-ly Lamb;
Now we have To the meek

349 8s & 7s.

2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time!
Now the Savior is beginning
To revive his work again;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore;
May his boundless love constrain us,
His great mercy to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

WILLOW WAY. C. M.

1 Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear; Re - pent, thy end is nigh; Death at the far -ghest cant be far; O, think be - fore thou die

350

C. M.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call the hence,
To heaven or to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile so e'er he be,
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All given entirely free.

THATCHER. S. M.

1 De - struc - tion's dan - gerous road, What mul - ti - tudes pur - sue!
2 Be - liev - ers en - ter in By Christ the liv - ing door;

While that which leads the soul to God, Is known or sought by few.
But they, who will not leave their sin, Must per - ish ev - er - more.

352

S. M.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Uncompassed by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They think so many can't be wrong
And miss a happy end.

351

C. M.

1 THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 O! where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost!

4 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, repent!
And harden not you heart."

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were saved in Noah's ark,
For many millions drowned.

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ remains still small,
And none are safe but they.

353 S. M. (THATCHER. Page 181.)

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my longing soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in
Their efficacy prove.

3 But I do still remain—
I feel the very same;

As full of guilt, and fear, and shame,
As when at first I came.

4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I?

5 But whither shall I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
Who make a sinner whole.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1 O sin - ner, bring not tears a - lone, Or out - ward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known That pen - i - tence is there.

354

C. M.

1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

RICHFORD. L. M.

1 A bro - ken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring;
 2 My soul is hum-bled in the dust, And owns thy dread-ful sen-tence just!

The God of grace will ne'er de - spise A bro - ken heart for sac - ri - fice.
 Look down, O Lord, with pity - ing eye, And save the soul condemned to die,

355

L. M.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
 I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
 Salvation shall be all my song;
 And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

356

L. M.

1 O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
 My sins, which have thy body torn!
 Give me with broken heart to see,
 Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's hight,
 And gaze upon that bleeding sight!
 O that with Salem's daughters, I
 Could stand and see my Savior die!

3 I'd smite my breast and weep and mourn.
 And never from the cross return:
 I'd weep o'er the expiring Lord,
 And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.

4 I'd hang around his cross and cry,
 Lord, save a soul condemned to die!
 O let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

357

C. M.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel! here we stand,
 Waiting to feel thy touch;
 To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
 Blessed Savior, we are such.

2 Remember him who once applied,
 With trembling, for relief;
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
 "O help my unbelief?"

3 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
 To touch thee, if we may;
 O! send us not despairing home,
 Send none unhealed away.

WARE. L. M.

1 O Lord! show pit-y and for-give, Let a re-pen-ting sin-ner live;
 Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

358

L. M.

1 O LORD! show pity and forgive,
 Let a repenting sinner live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God! thy nature hath no bound;
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O! wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean,
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, [word,
 Whose hopes still hov'ring round thy
 Would light on thy sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

359

L. M.

1 OH for a glance of heavenly day,
 To take this stubborn stone away,
 And thaw with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
 Of feeling all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!
 Apply to me the Savior's blood,
 'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
 Can move and melt this heart of stone.

360

L. M.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find,
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am holy lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my Lord,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood;
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Savior, come away!

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

1 I would, but can - not sing, I would but can - not pray:
For Sa - tan meets me when I try, And frights my soul a - way.

361

S. M.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest,
In God's most holy will,
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would but cannot—Lord, believe;
My help must come from thee!

PLEYEL. 7s.

1 Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
 2 I have long with - stood his grace; Long pro - voked him to his face;
 Can my God his wrath for - bear, And the chief of sin - ners spare?
 Would not hear his gra - cious calls, Grieved him by a thou - sand falls.

362

7s.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament,
 Deeply my revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

MELMORE. L. M.

1 Stay! thou in - sult - ed Spir - it, stay! Though I have done thee such de-spite;
 Cast not the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev - er - last - ing flight.

363

L. M.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace received—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieve'd.

3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare!
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Yet if thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes,
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand:
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

364

L. M.

1 O THOU, who hears't when sinners cry;
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

365

C. M.

3 I'd say, how flesh and sense rebel,
What inward foes combine
With this vain world and powers of hell,
To vex this heart of mine.

4 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Savior's blood.

5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones.
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

6 Arise my soul from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

366

C. M.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from second death?

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldest retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour!

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it, dies.

367 S. M. (GOLDEN HILL. Page 185.)

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow.

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God is strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

BALERMA. C. M.

1 The winds are howl - ing o'er the deep; Each wave a water - y hill;
 The Sav - ior wak - ened from his sleep: He spake, and all was still.

368

C. M.

2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair;
Woe to the traveler who strayed,
With heedless footsteps, there.

3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child

4 O, madder than a raving man!
O, dearer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me!

5 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

HINGHAM. L. M.

1 To thine eternal arms, O God, Take us, thine erring children, in; From dang'rous paths too
 boldly trod, From dang'rous paths too, boldly trod, From wand'ring thoughts and dreams of sin.

369

L. M.

1 TO thine eternal arms, O God!
 Take us, thine erring children, in;
 From dang'rous paths too boldly trod, [sin.
 From wand'ring thoughts and dreams of

370

L. M.

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree—
 The Publican and Pharisee;
 One doth his righteousness proclaim,
 The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
 A guard through helpless years to be;
 O leave not our maturer days,
 We still are helpless without thee.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
 And cries for grace with lifted hands;
 That boldly rises near the throne,
 And talks of duties he has done.

3 We trusted hope and pride and strength;
 Our strength proved false, our pride was
 Our dreams had faded all at length, [vain,
 We come to thee, O Lord, again.

3 The Lord their different language knows,
 And different answers he bestows:
 The humble soul with grace he crowns,
 Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
 Give us of thine eternal powers!
 So shall our paths all lead to thee,
 And life smile on like childhood's hours.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
 Joined with the boasting Pharisee;
 I have no merit of my own,
 But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

AVON. C. M.

1 Be - hold the wretch, whose lust and wine Have wast- ed his es - tate;
He begs a share a - mong the swine To taste the husks they eat.

371

C. M.

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face:
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hastened to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kissed his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 "A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

372

C. M.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears,
C ontrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tears,
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See! low before the throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return!"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail—
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate the way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine:
And let thy healing voice impart,
A taste of joys divine.

373

C. M.

1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretense;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
4 So on a tree, divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food,
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

FLORENCE. L. M.

1 Let the wild leap-ards of the wood Put off the spots that na-ture gives;
Then may the wick-ed turn to God, And change their tem-pers and their lives.

374

L. M.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin:
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As sinners save themselves from sin.
3 Where vice has held its empire long.
'T will not endure the least control:
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.
4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandal poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

375

L. M.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming' eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not feel.

5 But feebler my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

THE GOSPEL—

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our Father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good;

We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruined frame,
Our broken powers restore;
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

REST. L. M.

1 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, See Ad-am's race in ru - in lie,
Sin spreads its tro-phies o'er the ground, And scatters slaughter'd heaps a-round.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That mighty God to thee is known,
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain:
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice:

5 So when the trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1 There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-ma-nu-els veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

378

C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with b'ood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That Fountain in his day:
 And may I there, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme.
 And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save.

379

C. M.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin how deep it stains!
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word;
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
 And runs to his relief;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 O, help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate Lord, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul,
 From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

THE GOSPEL—

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CORONATION. C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget.
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

DAVIS. L. M.

1 Grace, 'tis a most de-light-ful theme; 'T is grace that rescues guilty man,
 'T is grace di-vine, all conquering, free, Or it had nev-er res-cued me.

382

L. M.

2 'T was grace that quicken'd me when dead,
 And grace my soul to Jesus led:
 Grace brought me pardon for my sin,
 And grace subdues my lust within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
 And grace supports in ev'ry loss;
 In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
 Grace is my shield, and grace my song.

4 'T is grace defends when dangers near,
 By grace alone I persevere:
 'T is grace constrains my soul to love,
 And grace will bear me safe above.

383

C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and, (O amazing love!)
 He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled!
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,

And all harmonious human tongues
 The Savior's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes
 His love can ne'er be told.

384

C. M.

1 WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul
 Lies bleeding and unbound,
 One only hand, a pierced hand,
 Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
 And tears of anguish flow,
 One only heart, a broken heart,
 Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
 Over some foul dark spot,
 One only stream, a strain of blood,
 Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
 This hand that brings relief,
 This heart that's touched with all our joys;
 And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
 Unseal that cleansing tide;
 We have no shelter from our sin
 But in thy wounded side.

JUDAH L. M.

1 Like morning—when her early breeze Breaks up the sur - face of the seas,
 That, in their fur - rows dark with night, Her hand may sow the seeds of light.

385

L. M.

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
 The spirit dark and lost before;
 And, freshening all its depths, prepare
 For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
 In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
 But when he swept its chords along,
 Then angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
 Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord:
 Till wak'd by thee, its breath shall rise
 In music worthy of the skies.

386

L. M.

1 LORD, what is man! Extremes how wide
 In this mysterious nature join!
 The flesh to worms and dust allied,
 The soul immortal and divine.

2 Divine at first, a holy flame
 Kindled by heaven's inspiring breath;
 Till sin, with power prevailing came;
 Then follow'd darkness, shame, and death.

3 But Jesus, O amazing grace!
 Assumed our nature as his own,
 Obeyed and suffered in our place,
 Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
 The virtue of a Savior's blood!
 Again a life divine he feels,
 Despises earth and walks with God.

5 And what, in yonder realms above,
 Is ransomed man ordained to be!
 With honor, holiness, and love,
 No scrapp more adorned than he.

6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
 Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
 While wondering angels round him throng
 And swell the chorus of his praise.

387

L. M.

1 O LOVE, beyond conception great,
 That formed the vast, stupendous plan,
 Where all divine perfections meet
 To reconcile rebellious man.

2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
 And justice all her right maintains—
 Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
 While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes mercy reigns, and justice too;
 In Christ they both harmonious meet;
 He paid to justice all her due;
 And now he fills the mercy-seat.

THE PROMISE.

397

HADDAM. H. M.

1 The promises I sing, Which sov'reign love hath spoke;
 Nor will th' e-ter-nal King [Omit.....] His words of grace revoke;
 They stand secure and steadfast still; Not Zi - on's hill a - bides so sure.

388

H. M.

1 THE promises I sing,
 Which sov'reign love hath spoke;
 Nor will th' eternal King
 His words of grace revoke;
 They stand secure
 And steadfast still,
 Not Zion's hill
 Abides so sure.

Of that dread scene,
 I stand serene,
 Thy word my rock.

389 8s & 7s. (NETTLETON. Page 175.

2 The mountains melt away
 When once the Judge appears,
 And sun and moon decay,
 That measure mortal years;
 But still the same,
 In radiant lines,
 The promise shines
 Through all the flame.

1 ALWAYS with us, always with us—
 Words of cheer and words of love;
 Thus the risen Savior whispers
 From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
 Sowing much and reaping none,
 Telling us that in the future
 Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
 O'er our pathway dark and drear;
 Waking hope within our bosoms,
 Stilling every anxious fear;

4 With us in the lonely valley,
 When we cross the chilling stream,
 Lighting up the steps to glory
 With salvation's radiant beam.

3 Their harmony shall sound
 Through my attentive ears,
 When thunders cleave the ground,
 And dissipate the spheres;
 'Midst all the shock

1 Blest are the hum-ble souls that see Their emp-ty-ness and pov-er-ty;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n, And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

390

L. M.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows—
 A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
 They shall be well supplied, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

5 Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
 Glory and joy are their reward.

HUGER. 11s.

1 How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word!
 D.S. You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?

HUGER—concluded.

D. S.

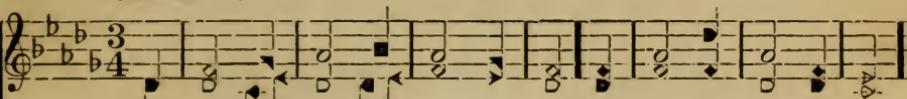
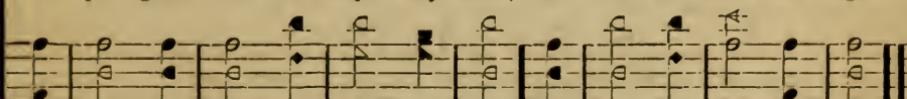
What more can he say than to you he hath said—

391

11s.

2 In every condition—in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.3 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.4 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!

WORSHIP. C. M.

1 Our path-way oft is wet with tears, Our skies with clouds o'er-cast.
2 Not to the last! God's word hath said, Could we but read a-right;And world-ly cares and world-ly fears Go with us to the last;
O pil-grim! lift in hope thy head, At eve it shall be light!

392 C. M.

5 Tho' earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and praise
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
Token that storms shall cease.6 If we but trust in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.6 Then keep we on with hope unchilled
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfilled—
At eve there shall be light!

LEONARD. 7s.

1 Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord; To his gra - cious prom - ise flee,
 2 If the sor - rows of thy case Seem pe - cu - liar still to thee,
 Lay - ing hold up - on his word, "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
 God has prom - ised need - ful grace: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

393

7s.

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see;
 This is still thy sweet relief,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure
 With thy promise full and free,
 Faithful, positive, and sure—
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1 What cheer - ing words are these! Their sweet - ness who can tell?
 2 In eve - ry state se - cure, Kept by Je - ho - vah's eye,
 In time, and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the right-eous well.
 'Tis well with them while life en - dures, And well when called to die

394

S. M.

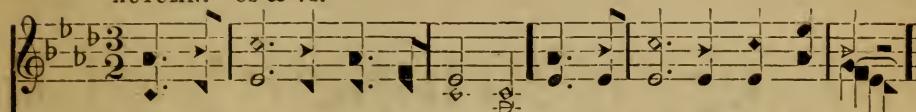
3 'T is well when joys arise,
 'T is well when sorrows flow;
 'T is well when darkness vails the skies,
 And strong temptations blow.

4 'T is well when on the mount
 They feast on dying love;
 And 't is as well, in God's account,
 When they the furnace prove.

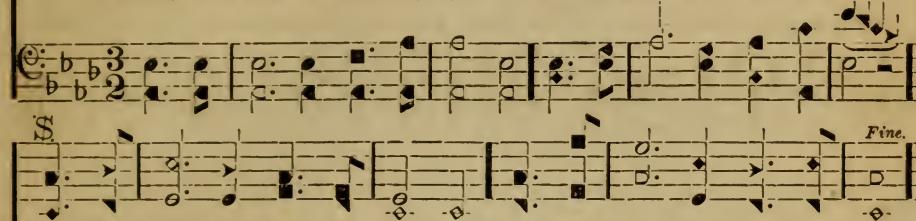
5 'T is well when, at his throne,
 They wrestle, weep and pray;
 'T is well when at his feet they groan,
 Yet bring their wants away.

6 'T is well when Jesus calls;
 "From earth and sin arise;
 Join with the host of virgin souls
 Made to salvation wise."

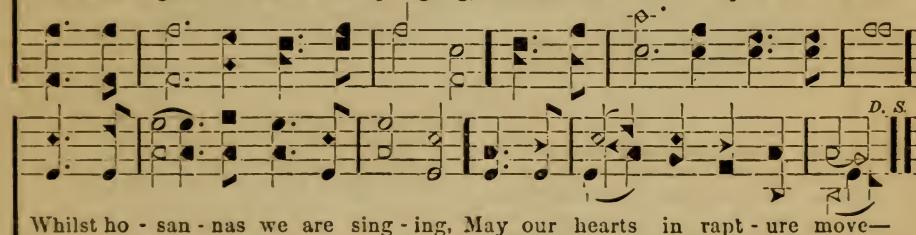
AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.



1 Come, de-scend, O heavenly Spir - it! Fan each spark in - to a flame;



Bless-ings let us now in - her - it, Bless-ings that we can - not name;
 D.S. Feel new grace in them still spring-ing, Breathe the air of pur - est love.



Whilst ho - san - nas we are sing - ing, May our hearts in rapt - ure move -

395

8s & 7s.

2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea,
 Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free:
 On thy heavenly manna feeding,
 Screened from every envious foe:
 Love, O love, for sinners bleeding,
 All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to thee,
 Sinking in the sweetest union
 Of that heart-felt mystery.
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms;
 Free from sin and all confusion,
 Circle us within thine arms.

SWAIN. L. M.

1 Great was the day, the joy was great, When the di - vine dis - ci - ples met,
 While on their heads the Spir - it came, And sat like tongues of clo - ven flame.

396

L. M.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met,
 While on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles, he gave!
 And power to kill, and power to save!
 Furnished their tongues with wondrous
 words
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
 From east to west, from south to north;
 Go, and assert your Savior's cause,
 Go, spread the mystery of his cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are,
 To make our stubborn passions bow.
 And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the victories of his word.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above; ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love In these cold hearts of ours.

397

C. M.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.
 3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
 In vain we strive to risc;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor, dying rate—
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

398

C. M.

1 NO track is on the sunny sky,
 No footprints on the air:
 Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
 Is desolate and bare.
 2 That upper room is heaven on earth;
 Within its precincts lie
 All that earth has of faith, or hope,
 Of heaven-born charity.
 3 One moment—and the silentness
 Was breathless as the grave;
 The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
 The troubled trees to wave.
 4 He comes! he comes! that mighty Breath
 From heaven's eternal shores;

His uncreated freshness fills
 His Bride, as she adores.

5 Earth quakes before the rushing blast,
 Heaven echoes back the sound,
 And mightily the tempest wheels
 The upper room around.
 6 One moment—and the Spirit hung
 O'er all with dread desire;
 Then broke upon the heads of all
 In cloven tongues of fire.

399

C. M.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, e'er he breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
 With us on earth to dwell.
 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
 To teach, convince, subdue;
 All-powerful as the wind he came,
 And all as viewless, too.
 3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing Guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to fix his rest.
 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
 That checks each fault, that calms each
 And whispers us of heaven.
 5 And every virtue we possess,
 And every virtue won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Are his, and his alone.

1 Through thee, O Lord, we own A new and heav'n - ly birth,
 Kin - dred to spir - its round thy throne, Though so - journ - ers of earth.

400

S. M.

1 THROUGH thee, O Lord, we own
 A new and heav'nly birth,
 Kindred to spirits round thy throne,
 Though sojourners of earth.

2 How glorious is the hour
 When first our souls awake,
 And, thro' thy Spirit's quick'ning power,
 Of the new life partake!

3 With richer beauty glows,
 The world, before so fair;
 Her holy light Religion throws,
 Reflected every where.

4 Amid repentant tears
 We feel sweet peace within;
 We know the God of mercy hears,
 And pardons every sin.

5 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
 Thy Spirit may we share;
 Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
 And place thine image there

401

S. M.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father hath bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made;
 But when we see our Savior here,
 We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure;
 May purify our souls from sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry
 And thou the kindred own.

OTTO. 8s & 7s.

Fine.

1 Dark and thor - ny is the des - ret, Thro' which pilgrims make their way, }
 Yet be - yond this vale of sor - row, Lie the fields of end - less day, }
 D. C. And the fie - ry darts of Sa - tan Oft - en bring their cour-age low.

Fiends, loud howling thro' the des - ret, Make them trem - ble as they go:

402

8s & 7s.

2 O young pilgrims, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way?
 Does your strength begin to fail you,
 And your vigor to decay?
 Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
 He will lead you to his throne;
 He who dyed his garments for you,
 And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll,
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose scepter sways the whole;
 Round him are ten thousand angels
 Ready to obey command,
 They are always hov'ring round you,
 Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest:
 Love and joy and peace for ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast:
 Who can paint the scenes of glory
 Where the ransomed dwell on high?
 There, on golden harps for ever,
 Sound redemption through the the sky.

5 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle,
 Such as monarchs never wore,
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their Shepherd there.

Hail, ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear,
 Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

403 7s & 6s. (WEBB. Page 220.)

1 THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,
 And loud the billows roar;
 Full swiftly are we going
 To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
 The storms that round us swell,
 Are aiding to restore us
 To all we lov'd so well.

3 So sorrow often presses
 Life's mariner along;
 Afflictions and distresses
 Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
 The storm of life we meet,
 The sooner and the nearer
 Is heavens eternal seat.

5 Come, then, afflictions dreary,
 Sharp sickness pierce my breast—
 You only bear the weary
 More quickly home to rest.

1 O tell me, thou life and de - light of my soul, Where the
flocks of thy pas - tures are feed - ing; I seek thy pro - tec - tion, I
need thy con - trol, I would go where my Shep - herd is lead - ing.

404

11s & 10s.

2 O, tell me the place where thy flocks are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing?
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 O, why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving—
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions and woes,
And temptation their ruin are proving!

4 O, when shall my foes and my wandering cease?
And the follies that fill me with weeping!
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where the footprints are lying—
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
One fair one, now homeward be flying!

PHUVAH. C. M.

1 My God, thy ser - vice well de-mands The rem - tant of my days:
 Why was this fleet - ing breath re - newed, But to re - new thy praise?

405

C. M.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days:
 Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
 But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
 Didst chase the fears of hell,
 And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
 Thy matchless grace to tell.

4 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
 On thy dear faithful breast;
 Pleased to obey my Father's call
 To his eternal rest.

5 Into thy hands, my Savior God,
 Did I my soul resign,
 In firm dependence on that truth
 Which made salvation mine.

6 Back from the borders of the grave,
 At thy command I come;
 Nor will I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home.

No 7. C. M. (Selected.)

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain;
 How sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain.

2 'T is not that murmur'ring thoughts arise
 And dread a Father's will;
 'T is not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
 The faith that leads to light;
 And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
 And lose herself in sight.

4 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight,
 From earth born woe and care,
 And soon above these clouds of night,
 My Savior's bliss to share.

406 8s & 7s. (OTTO. Page 205)

1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suff'ring Son of Man, be near me,
All my suff'ring to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish,
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By the most severe temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour,
By thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travel of thy Spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me!
By thy pangs of crucifixion,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient in affliction,
Keep me faithful to the end.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

1 Af - flic - tion is a storm - y deep, Where wave re-sounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the bil - lows roll, We know the Lord can save.

407 C. M.

1 AFFLICION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our guide.

3 Perhaps before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 Here we will rest, here build our hopes,—
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more to us than all the world—
Our Health, our Life, our God.

408

11s & 10s.

1 We will not weep, for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us;
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

2 We will not faint, if heavy burdens bend us.
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past despair.

3 O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us more when death is past.

4 Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their Friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

409

C. M.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

3 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before my eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

4 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I became his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay!

5 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

6 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

410 C. M.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from the bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue,
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God,
Their only hope and fear.

5 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

411 C. M.

1 O THERE'S a better world on high;
Hope on, thou pious breast,
Faint not, thou trav'ler; on the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.

2 Anguish may rend each vital part;
Poor man, thy strength how frail! [heart,
Yet heav'n's own strength shall shield thy
When flesh and heart shall fail.

3 Thro' death's dark vale, the deepest shade
Thy feet must surely go,
Yet there, e'en there, walk undismayed;
'T is thy last scene of woe.

4 Thy God—and with the tend'rest hand—
Shall guard the trav'ler through; [land!
"Hail!" shalt thou cry: "hail! promised
And, wilderness, adieu!"

5 O Father, make our souls thy care,
And bring us safe to thee;
Where'er thou art—we ask not where—
But there 't is heaven to be.

VARINA. C. M. D.

1 Fa - ther, when o'er our trembling hearts Doubt's shadows gath'ring brood,
 When faith in thee al - most de - parts, And gloom - iest fears in - trude,
 For - sake us not, O God of grace, But send those fears re - lief;
 Grant us a - gain to see thy face; Lord, help our un - be - lief.

412

C. M. D.

2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
 And fondest hopes lie dead,
 And blessings, long esteemed our own,
 Are now forever fled—
 When the bright promise of our spring
 Is but a withered leaf—
 Lord, to thy truth still let us cling;
 Help thou our unbelief.

3 And when the powers of nature fail
 Upon the couch of pain,
 Nor love nor friendship can avail
 The spirit to detain—
 Then, Father, be our closing eyes
 Undimmed by tears of grief;
 And if a trembling doubt arise,
 Help thou our unbelief.

413 L. M. (WELTON. Page 212.)

1 THROUGH this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

2 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her fairest hopes and projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

4 'T is even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'T is thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

KYGER. C. M.

1 The souls that would to Je - sus press, Must fix this firm and sure,
That trib - u - la - tion, more or less, They must and shall en - dure.

414 C. M.

1 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more, or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'T is God's own wise decree,
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow;
Till sad desertion makes us drop:
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart,
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

1 O Lord, thou know'st my soul's desires, And thou canst give me per-fect ease,
 Thou art the God my heart ad-mires, There's noth-ing but thy love can please.

415

L. M.

2 Give me, O Lord, the happiness
 To sit and hear thy gracious voice;
 Come, Savior come, my soul possess,
 And make my mourning heart rejoice.

3 Teach me to do thy holy will,
 Unite my heart to fear thy name;
 O lead me to thy heavenly hill,
 Where stands the New Jerusalem.

4 Were not the Lord of hosts my strength,
 I should have sunk in deep despair;
 But now I trust I shall at length
 Arrive at Canaan's harbor fair.

5 There shall I rest forevermore,
 Fearless of storms and raging seas;
 And sit upon the heavenly shore,
 And dwell at everlasting ease.

416

C. M.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord!
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word.

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain;
 How small a portion of thy grace,
 My mem'ry can retain.

3 My dear Almighty and my God!
 How little art thou known,
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne.

4 How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hopes of joys above!
 How few affections there!

5 Great God! thy sov'reign power impart,
 To give the word success;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.

6 Show my forgetful feet the way,
 That leads to joys on high:
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

417

L. M.

1 O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitt'rest tear,
On thee we cast each earthborn care,
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whisp'ring, thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

4 On thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

418

L. M.

1 DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep:
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
And earnest of serener years.

3 O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

WILLOW WAY. C. M.

1 O thou who dry'st the mourn-er's tear, How dark this world would be,
2 The friends, who in our sun shine live, When win - ter comes, are flown;

If, when by sor - rows wound - ed here, We could not fly to thee!
And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a - lone.

419

C. M.

3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wings of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

420 8s & 7s. (GREENVILLE. Page 19.)

1 I AM weary, I am weary
Of the cares and toils of life;
I am weary of its sorrows,
I am weary of its strife;
I am weary of its flowers,
That do bloom so soon to die;
And th' immortal spirit pineth
For its home beyond the sky.

2 I am weary of the trifles
That do occupy my days;
I am weary of the longing
For weak human love and praise;

I am weary of the thoughts that
Turn so constantly to earth;
Fain would my poor spirit rise
Above its idle joy and mirth.

3 I have seen the flowers wither;
I have seen the loved ones die;
I have seen the clouds of sorrow
Overcast youth's summer sky;
I am pining, I am pining
For my home among the blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

ASPIRATIONS.

MEYERSDALE. 6s. (double.)

1 My spir - it longs for thee To dwell within my breast Unworthy though I be, Of so di - vine a Guest !

Of so di - vine a Guest — Un-wor-thy though I be, Yet hath my heart no rest Un - til I come to thee!

421

6s.

1 MY spirit longs for thee
To dwell within my breast;
Unworthy though I be,
Of so divine a Guest!
Of so divine a Guest,—
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to thee!

2 Until it come to thee;
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found!
No rest is to be found
But in thy bleeding love;
O, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

HATHAWAY. L. M.

1 O for a sweet, in - spir - ing ray, To an - i - mate our fee-ble strains,
 From the bright realms of end - less day, The bliss-ful realms, where Je-sus reigns.

422

L. M.

2 There low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall;
 And, with delightful worship, own [all].
 His smile, their bliss, their heav'n their

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
 While tuneful Hallelujahs rise,
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread
 Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
 To boundless rapture while they gaze;
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the ransomed of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
 Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith, our warm desire!

6 Dear Savior! let the Spirit seal
 Our interest in thy blissful place;
 Till death remove this mortal veil,
 And we behold thy lovely face.

423 C. M. (BROWN. Page 216.)

1 O, LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
 When will the moment come
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
 This world's a wilderness of woe;
 This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
 Where foes in fury roam,
 But ah! my passport was not sealed—
 I could not yet go home.

5 Weary of wand'ring round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

BROWN. C. M.

1 Re - lig - ion is the chief con - cern Of mor - tals here be - low;
 2 More need - ful this than glitt' - ring wealth, Or aught the world be - stows;

May I its great im - por - tance learn, Its sov' - reign vir - tue know.
 Not rep - u - ta - tion, food or health, Can give us such re - pose.

424

C. M.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amidst our youthful bloom;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.

4 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
 Be my Redeemer's throne,
 And be my stubborn will subdued,
 His government to own,

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
 Be joined with godly fear;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

6 Let liveliy hope my soul inspire;
 Let warm affections rise;
 And may I wait with strong desire
 To mount above the skies.

425 L. M. (HATHAWAY. Page 215.)

1 FAR from my thot's, vain world, be gone,
 Let my religious hour alone;
 Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
 I wait a visit, Lord from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire:
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
 And spread the table of thy grace;
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

4 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thy entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.



1 Oh tell me no more of this world's vain store: The time for such trifles with me now is o'er:



A country I've found, where true joys abound; To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.



426

10s & 11s.

1 OH tell me no more of this world's vain store:
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er:
A country I've found, where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live:
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away:
Rise, follow the Savior, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow—
What light, aid and comfort—go after him, go:
Lo, onward I move, to a city above; [prove.
None guesses how won'drous my journey will

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin:
'Midst outward afflictions I feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus has loved me—I can not tell why.

5 But this I do find—we two are so joined.
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running, through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

427 8s. (MADISON. Page 164.)

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine:
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on the crucified Lord:
The love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'T is there, with the lambs of the flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'T is there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thine heart.

AZMON. C. M.

1 O for a heart to love my God A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that al-ways feels the blood, So free-ly shed for me.

428

C. M.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And filled with love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord! of thine.
 5 Thy holy nature, Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above,
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new best name of love.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

1 Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
 Rise, from tran-si-to-ry things, Toward heav'n thy na-tive place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth re-move;

AMSTERDAM—concluded.

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove!

429 7s & 6s

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Savior will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

GALILEE. L. M.

1 While oth-ers pray for grace to die, O Lord, I pray for grace to live!
2 I do not dread the hour of death—If I am thine, no fears re - main,—

For ev' - ry hour a fresh sup - ply—O see my need, and free - ly give.
I know that with my par - ting breath I leave for ev - er mor-tal pain.

430 L. M.

3 And if it should be then thy will
A cloud should on the future be,
The bow of promise spans it still,
I will believe—I need not see!
4 Even if the darkness should appear
Too deep for faith as well as sight;
If I am thine, thou wilt be near,
And take me to thy heavenly light.

5 But oh, my Lord! in life's highway
I crave the sunshine of thy face!
And every moment of the day
I need thy strong supporting grace.

6 My weary spirit can not drink
At springs which rise from earth alone!
When I can do no more, I think
Of living waters from thy throne.

431

7s & 6s.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu:
And you my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request:
He'll give you grace to conquer
And take you home to rest.

BALERMA. C. M.

432

C. M.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

433 L. M. (GALILEE. Page 219.)

1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood!
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts and let them be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breast, and let us wear
The pledge of love forever there.

3 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First born of many brethren, thou,
To thee both heaven and earth must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give—
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

434

6s & 4s.

2 Though like the wanderer—
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone:
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me,
 Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be—
 Nearer, my God, to thee
 Nearer to thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

435

C. M.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise,
 Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word.
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin, have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul has gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip:
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

436 L. M. (WARD. Page 224.)

1 O THAT I could forever dwell
With Mary at my Savior's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heav'n brought in with all its bliss;
O, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of pure and filial love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live, till nature fail
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

SILOAM. C. M.

1 A - las my God, that thou shouldst be, To me so much unknown:
2 Thou know'st my soul doth dear - ly love The place of thine a - bode:-

I long to walk and talk with thee, And dwell be - fore thy throne.
No mu - sic gives so sweet a sound As these two words—my God.

437 C. M.

3 I long not for the fruit that grows
Within these gardens here:
I find no sweetness in the rose,
When Jesus is not near.

4 Thy gracious presence, O my Christ,
Can make a paradise,
Ah, what are all the goodly pearls
Unto this pearl of price?

5 Give me that sweet communion, Lord!
Thy people have with thee,
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me.

6 Like Enoch, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the heavenly guards,
Upon the King's highway.

438 C. M.

1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed,
I hear a voice I know full well—
“T is I; be not afraid.”

2 When black the threat'ning skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear—
“T is I; be not afraid.”

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Savior be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed—
“T is I; be not afraid.”

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail—
“T is I; be not afraid.”

WARD. L. M.

1 I know that my Re deem - er lives! What comfort this sweet sentence gives
 2 He lives, to bless me with his love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove;
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead, He lives—my ev - er - liv - ing Head.
 He lives, my hung - ry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.

439

L. M.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare—
 He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives—all glory to his name!
 He lives—my Jesus, still the same!
 O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

1 Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in eve - ry sta - tion Something still to do or bear.

440

8s & 7s.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

2 Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?

3 God will give thee grace and glory;
Fight thy way, and get thy crown;
Canaan's land lies just before thee—
There you'll lay your armor down.

4 Soon you'll close your earthly mission,
Soon you'll pass your pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

STEPHENS. C. M.

1 My God, the cov' - nant of thy love A - bides for - ev - er sure;
2 Since thou, the ev - er - last - ing God, My Fa - ther art be - come -

And in its bound-less grace I feel My hap - pi - ness se - cure.
My Sav - ior, my al - might - y Friend, And heaven my fi - nal home.

441

C. M.

3 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love:
And when thy way, great God, is dark,
I wait thy light above.

4 Thy cov'nant in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumb'r of the ground.

3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads
The barren tree to spare:
"Let justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.

4 Perhaps some means of grace untried
May search the stony heart;
The soft'ning dews of heav'nly grace
May life anew impart.

5 But if these means should prove in vain,
No fruits thy efforts crown
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down."

442

C. M.

1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossoms bears,
Though planted by his hands.

VICOL. L. M.

443

L. M.

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord!
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Savior's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone.

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved.

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

444 8s & 7s. (BARTIMEUS. Page 224.)

1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourished
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirit nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a draught has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see!
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall see no more below;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,—
Scaree a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Savior, hasten hither:
Thou canst make them bloom again:
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s, & 8s.

1 Je-sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe-ter, I
D. S. Turn and look up on me, Lord,

Fine.

D. S.

Would fain like Peter weep; Let me be by grace restored, On me be all its freeness shown.
 And break my heart of stone.

445

7s, 6s, & 8s.

1 Jesus let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep;
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Savior, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;
 Give, what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy love unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Savior, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

446

L. M.

1 THERE'S not a hope with comfort fraught,
 Triumphant over death and time,
 But Jesus mingles in the thought,
 Fore-runner of our course sublime.

2 His image meets me in the hour
 Of joy, and brightens every smile;
 I see him, when the tempests lower,
 Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

3 I see him, in the daily round
 Of social duty, mild and meek;
 With him I tread the hallowed ground,
 Communion with my God to speak.

4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
 When lonely want appeals for aid;
 I hear him in the frequent sigh {made.
 That mourns the waste which sin has

5 I meet him at the lowly tomb;
 I weep where Jesus wept before;
 And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
 I see him rise, and weep no more.

AVON. C. M.

1 Talk with us, Lord, thy - self re - veal, While here o'er earth we rove:
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kind - ling of thy' love.

447

C. M.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
 All time, and toil, and care:
 Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice;
 My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
 And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
 'T is all I wish to seek;
 To attend the whispers of thy grace,
 And hear thee only speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
 Till I thy glory see;
 Enter into my Master's joy
 And find my heaven in thee.

448

C. M.

1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
 And from this earthly clod,
 Arise my soul, and strive to gain
 Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Not life or all the toys of art,
 Nor pleasure's flowery road,
 Can to my soul such bliss impart,
 As fellowship with God.

3 When I am made in love to bear
 Affliction's needful rod,
 Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
 Through fellowship with God.

4 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
 Or dark desertion's road,
 I'm happy if I can but taste,
 Some fellowship with God.

5 So when the icy hand of death
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
 In fellowship with God.

6 When I at last to heaven ascend,
 And gain my blest abode,
 There an eternity I'll spend
 In fellowship with God.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

1 A - bide with us, the ev'-ning shades Be-gin al - read - y to pre - vail,
 And as the ev' - ning twi-light fades, Dark clouds around th'hor - i - zon sail.

449 L. M.

2 Abide with us, and still unfold
 Thy sacred though prophetic lore;
 What wondrous things of Jesus told—
 Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

3 O stay with us, and still converse
 Of him that late on Calv'ry died—
 Of him the prophecies rehearse—
 It is our friend they crucified.

4 Our souls are faint, our hearts are cold,
 We thought that Israel he'd restore;
 But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
 And Stranger, we complain no more.

5 Thus while they prayed, at their request,
 The Stranger bows with smile divine;
 Then round the board the Unknown Guest,
 And weary travelers recline.

6 Abide with us, amazed they cried,
 As suddenly, while breaking bread,
 Their own lost Jesus met their eyes,
 With radiant glories round his head!

7 Abide with us, thou heavenly Friend,
 Leave not thy followers alone.
 The sweet communion here must end—
 The heavenly Visitant is gone.

450 S. M. (LENA. Page 256.)

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near;
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
 He pardons every day;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guard our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
 What various stores of good,
 Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
 And purchased with his blood.

4 Jesus, our living Head,
 We bless thy faithful care;
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
 Here wait, my warmest love!
 Till the communion be complete,
 In nobler scenes above.

451 L. M. (ALL SAINTS. Page 229.)

1 IF on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some soft'ning gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What light would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

DOWNS. C. M.

1 How can I sink with such a prop As my e - ter - nal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pil - lars up, And spreads the heavens a - broad?

452

C. M.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hand resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

453 8s. (MADISON. Page 164.)

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of mine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping or waking resign.

2 If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

4 Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind

5 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

6 I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

454

C. M.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks,
To cheer the drooping saint;
My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 My grace its glories shall display,
And make our griefs remove;
Your weakness shall the triumph tell
Of boundless pow'r and love.

3 What though my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Savior's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Savior, and my Lord!
'T is good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform;
And smiling, triumph in thy name,
Amidst the raging storm.

455

C. M.

1 IF Paul in Cesar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea;
Secured from harm on every hand
By the divine decree.

2 Though neither sun nor stars were seen,
Paul knew the Lord was near,
And faith preserved his soul serene,
When others shook with fear.

3 Believers thus are tossed about
On life's tempestuous main,
But grace assures beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.

4 They must, they shall appear one day,
Before their Savior's throne;
The storms they meet with by the way
But make his power known.

5 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

6 Lord, though we are but feeble worms;
Yet since thy word is past,
We'll venture through a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

456 7s. (LEONARD. Page 200.)

1 SAVIOR, happy would I be,
If I could but trust in thee,
Trust thy wisdom me to guide,
Trust thy goodness to provide.

2 Trust thy saving love and power,
Trust thee every day and hour;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth.

3 Trust in joy, and trust in grief,
Trust thy promise for relief;
Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul,
Trust thy grace to make me whole.

4 Trust thee living, dying too,
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee; till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

5 Trust thee, ever blessed Lamb,
Till I wear the victor's palm:
Trust thee till my soul shall be
Wholly swallowed up in thee.

457 8s & 7s. (GREENVILLE. Page 19.)

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee—
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense.

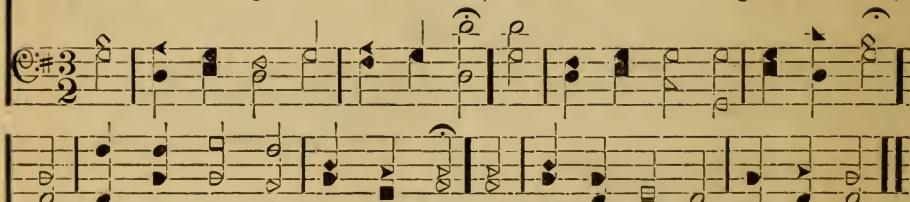
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

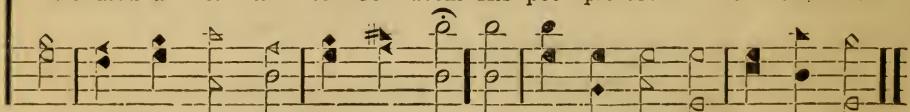
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



1 And we do hope to be with him, Who on the cross resigned his death,



Who died a vic - tim to re - deem His peo - ple from e - ter - nal death?



458

L. M.

2 Then should the question oft recur—
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to things below?
3 Where is the holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heavenly fruits
That show we're not what once we were?
4 Allied to him who bore the cross,
And called the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And little all it can afford,

459

L. M.

1 WHEN Jesus, our great Master, came,
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.
2 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior, God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

4 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rence, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

5 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

460

L. M.

1 REDEEMED ones, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
What children love and fools admire?

4 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by

5 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promised in the skies.

461

L. M.

1 NOW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accepts my souls desire
And give me strength to live thy praise.

L. M.

462

1 O LORD, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains no place nor time.
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place I seek, or place I shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Cou'd I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot:
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

463

L. M.

1 TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O, smile and heal the strife!

2 The Savior smiles—upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll!
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

3 Earth has a joy unkno in heaven,
The new born peace of sins forgiven.
Tears of such pure and rich delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

4 Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings;
Loud in your song: the heavenly plain
Is shaken by your choral strain.

5 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

HENDON. 7s.

1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav-i-or, hear his word; Je-sus speaks, and
 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound; And when wounded heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wand'ring,
 speaks to thee; "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me? "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me?
 set thee right, Turned thy darkness in - to light, Turned thy darkness in - to light.

464

7s.

3 "Can a women's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be;
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath—
 Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done:
 Partner of my throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint,
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 O for grace to love thee more!

465

7s.

1 DARE to think, though bigots frown;
 Dare in words your thoughts express
 Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
 Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

2 Dare from custom to depart;
 Dare the priceless pearl possess;
 Dare to wear it next your heart;
 Dare, when sinners curse, to bless.

3 Dare forsake what you deem wrong,
 Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
 Dare to give where gifts belong,
 Dare God's precepts to obey.

4 Do what conscience says is right;
 Do what reason says is best;
 Do with willing mind and heart;
 Do your duty and be blest.

468 L. M. (BELMORE. Page 236.)

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise.
Whose glory shines through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon:
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Savior slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HOWARD. C. M.

1 Straight is the way, the door is straight, That leads to joys on high;
 'Tis but a few that find the gate, While crowds mistake and die.

467 C. M.

1 STRAIGHT is the way, the door is straight,
That leads to joys on high;
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banished hence,
(That vile idolatry),
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must ail my works perform,
And give the free reward.

468 Ss & 7s. (BARTIMEUS Page 224.)

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its Head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hope deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its Head sublime.

BELMORE. L. M.

1 How shall I fol - low him I serve? How shall I cop - y him I love?
or from those bless-ed footsteps swerve, Which lead me to his seat a - bove?

469

L. M.

- 1 HOW shall I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above.

- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn—
Are these the consecrated road?

- 3 'Twas thus he suffered through a Son,
Foreknowing choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done—
And drank the bitter cup of gall.

- 4 Lord, should my path thro' suff'ring lie,
Forbid it I should c'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, rememb'ring thine.

470

L. M.

1 DEAR Lord, amid the throng that press'd
Around thee on the cursed tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, tho' crown'd with thorn;
Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
The cross with all its joy or scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon the cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'T will guide thee to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

471

L. M.

1 TAKE up thy cross! the Savior said,
If thou wouldest my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.

BALERMA. C. M.



1 O Lord, hadst thou been here! but when Is not the Sav - ior nigh?



His power and love were pres - ent then, Though Laz' - rus needs must die.

**472**

C. M.

2 And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,
His tarrying never is delay,
But well-timed, sure relief.

4 The house of mourning he prefers
With voice of love to cheer;
And sorrows are the harbingers
That say—the Lord is near.

3 He loves to come when others flee,
Or, coming, cannot aid;
To save in faith's extremity,
When hope's last glimmerings fade.

5 Lord, not in sorrow's hour alone,
We ask to feel thy grace;
The hearts that once thy love have known,
Would be thy dwelling-place.

473

C. M.

1 IN trouble and in grief, Oh God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

474

C. M.

1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark tho' they seem, 'twere hard to find
A frown of anger there.

2 Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.

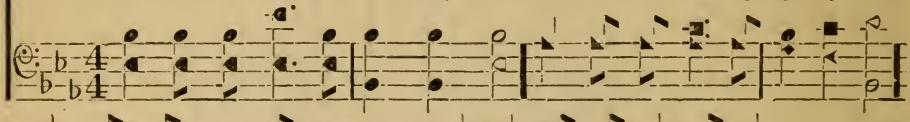
3 He was a man of sorrow's—he
Who loved and saved us thus;
And shall the world that frowned on him,
Wear only smiles for us.

4 No; we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Savior run;
We must not find a resting-place
Where he we love had none.

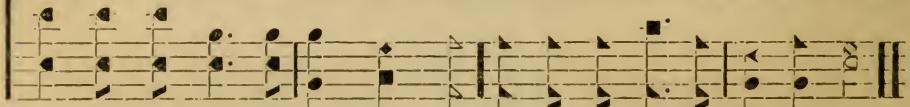
NUNDA. L. M.



1 "Per-fect thro' suff'ring," may it be, Sav - ior, made perfect, thus, for me!
2 "Per-fect thro' suff'ring," be thy cross The cru - ci - ble to purge my dross!



I bow, I bless, I kiss the rod, That brings me near-er to my God.
We-coming, for that, its pangs, its scorns, Its scourge, its nails, its crown of thorns.

**475**

L. M.

3 "Perfect through suff'ring," heap the fire,
And pile the sacrificial pyre,
But save each loved and loving one,
And let me feed the flames, alone.

4 "Perfect through suff'ring," urge the blast,
More free, more full, more fierce, more fast;
By grace the suff'ring path I'll tread
So the flame waft my soul to God!

476

L. M.

1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
For into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So, Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And cheered him on his toilsome road.

WARWICK. C. M.

1 Faith is the bright-est ev - i - dence Of things be - yond our sight;
It pier - ces through the vail of sense, And dwells in heav'n - ly light.

477

C. M.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heav'ns and earth shall fade
And be again restored.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way
That leads to joy on high.

478 L. M. (XUNDA. Page 238.)

1 AS body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith—a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

3 In true and heav'n-born faith we trace,
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

VANWERT. C. M.

1 O for an o - ver - com - ing faith, To cheer my dy - ing hours,
 To triu - mph o'er the mon-ster death, And all his fright - ful powers.

479

C. M.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is they boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

180

C. M.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast,
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.

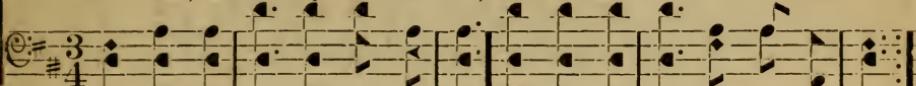
3 'T is faith that changes all the heart;
'T is faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power:
This is the grace that shall prevail,
In the decisive hour.

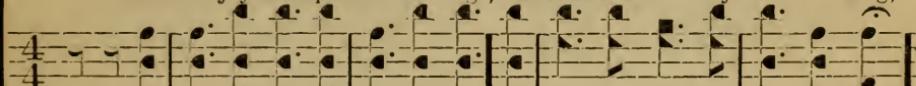
SONNET. 8s & 4s.



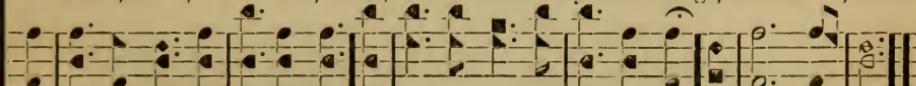
1 When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith, in live - ly ex - er - cise, Sees dis-tant fields of Ca - naan rise,



The soul for joy then spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly son - net sing,



Vain world, adieu, Vain world, adieu; And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world, adieu.



181

8s & 4s.

With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
Each land-mark on the distant shore,
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail—
And now for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

AVON. C. M.

1 When float-ing on life's troubled sea, By storms and tempests driv'n,
 Hope with her ra-diant fin-ger, points To bright-er scenes in heav'n.

482

C. M.

2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
 The troubled breast be calm;
 And in the wounded heart she pours
 Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
 Of sadness and of gloom;
 She guides us through this vale of tears,
 To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
 And life's last hour draws near,
 With still unwearied wing she hastens
 To wipe the falling tear.

5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice;
 Though earthly ties are riven,
 We still may hope to meet again
 In yonder peaceful heav'n.

483

C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall—
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

484

C. M.

1 O NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred:
But give me a diviner name;
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free;
O, not mine own! O, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to thee.

3 Thy servant—me thy servant choose,
Nought of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heav'n,
This is the name for me;
And be the same dear title given
Through all eternity.

HENDON. 7s.

1 Lord, for-ev-er at thy side Let my place and por-tion be; Strip me of the robe of pride; Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.

485

7s.

1 LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel, now and evermore
In the Lord, Jehovah, trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and powerful, and just.

JOY.

DUNDEE. G. M.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights
 The glo-ry of my bright-est days The com-fort of my nights.

486

C. M.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 And run with joy the shining way
 To meet my dearest Lord.

487

C. M.

1 BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
 Where sinners love to meet;
 Who fears to tread their wicked ways.
 And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
 Has placed his chief delight;
 By day he reads or hears the word,
 And meditates by night.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
 Shall his profession shine;
 While fruits of holiness appear
 Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust;
 What vain designs they form!
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,
 Or chaff before the storm.

5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
 Among the sons of grace,
 When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
 Appoints his saints a place.

6 His eye beholds the path they tread,
 His heart approves it well;
 But crooked ways of sinners lead
 Down to the gates of hell.

ROWLEY. P. M.

1 O how hap - py are they Who their Sav - ior o - bey And have laid up their
 2 This sweet comfort is mine, Since the fav - vor di - vine I have found in the
 treas - ures a - bove! Tongue can - not ex - press The sweet com - fort and peace
 blood of the Lamb! Since the truth I be - lieved What a joy I re - ceived,
 Of a soul in its ear - li - est love, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!
 What a heav - en in Je - sus' blest name, What a heav - en in Je - sus' blest name!

488

P. M.

3 'T is a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
 And the angels can do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
 O that all to his refuge may fly!
 He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and died
 To redeem such a rebel as I!

5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
 All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
 O why should I grieve, while on him I believe?
 O why should I sorrow again.

6 O the rapturous hight of that holy delight,
 Which I find in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
 Being filled with the fulness of God!

7 Now my remnant of days I will spend to his praise
 Who has died me from sin to redeem;
 Whether many or few, all my years are his due;
 They shall all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
 How unspeakably happy am I!
 Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
 With believers to live and to die!

ALIDA. C. M. D.

1 How happy ev'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-giv'n!
This earth, he cries, is not my place; I [Omit.....]
D. C. The land of rest, the saints de-light, The [Omit.....]

seek my place in heav'n. A country far from mortal sight; Yet, O, by faith I see
heav'n prepared for me.

489

C. M.

2 O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly pow'rs,
And antedate that day.

We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels filled.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

1 Lord, how se-cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!

Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

490

L. M.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

491

C. M.

1 HOW happy is the Christian's state,
His sins are all forgiven,
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in rapture shall ascend
To everlasting day.

492

C. M.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil:
All we can boast 'till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

493

L. M.

1 O, SWEETLY breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quiv'ring string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust—on thee rely:
Though we are feeble, thou art strong.
O, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright immortal throng.

494 II. M. (LENOX. Page 89.)

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up,
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' arch-angel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

JUSTIFICATION.

GALILEE. L. M.

1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn? 'T is God that jus - ti - fies their souls;
And mer - cy, like a might - y stream, O'er all their sins di - vine - ly rolls.

495 L. M.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ that suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

SILOAM. C. M.

1 Come, let us search our ways and see; Have they been just and right?
 2 What we would have our neigh - boro do, Have we still done the same?
 Is the great rule of e - qui - ty Our prac - tice and de - light?
 From oth - ers ne'er with - held the due Which we from oth - ers claim?

496

C. M.

3 Do we, in all we sell or buy,
 Integrity maintain?
 And, knowing God is always nigh,
 Renounce unrighteous gain?
 4 Then may we raise our modest prayer
 To God the just and kind;
 May humbly cast on him our care,
 And hope his grace to find.

497 8s & 7s. (JANESVILLE. Page 252.)

1 TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream:
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem
 2 Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul!

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end and way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.
 4 Lives of true men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;

5 Footprints which perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

498

C. M.

1 LORD, lead the way the Savior went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
 And let our treasures still be spent,
 Like his, upon the poor.
 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their gloomy loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.
 3 For thou hast placed us side by side
 In this wide world of ill;
 And, that thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.
 4 Small are the offerings we can make
 Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Savior's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

499 L. M. (GALILEE. Page 248.)

1 BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor:
Whose soul by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drouth, and pestilence, and death
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

500

S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And thy poor servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
A second death I'll die.

MARLOW. C. M.

501

C. M.

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God's own Son came down,
And labored for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove! from th' heavenly hill
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our soul shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

502 11s & 10s. (ST. MICHAELS. Page 217.

1 O HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken,
The holier worship which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost and heals the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

3 Follow with rev'rent steps, the great example,
Of him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a Psalm of gratitude.

4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

503

S. M.

1 LAB'RERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline.
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer your constant guest,
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

JANESVILLE. 8s & 7s.

1 On-ward, Chris-tian, though the re-gion Where thou art be drear and lone!
 God has set a guar-dian le-gion Ver-y near thee—press thou on!

504

8s & 7s.

2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
 Rolleth o'er thee—“God is love.”
 Write upon the red-cross banner,
 “Upward ever—heavens above.”

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
 Is the mount of vision won;
 Tread it without shrinking brother!
 Jesus trod it—press thou on.

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
 For thy life of pain and peace;
 While it needs thee, O, no longer,
 Pray thou for thy quick release.

505

8s & 7s.

1 WE are living, we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time—
 In an age on ages telling:
 To be living is sublime.

2 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
 Up! O, up! thou drowsy soldier;
 Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On! right onward for the right.

4 On! let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad;
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages—tell for God.

BAVA. L. M.

1 'Tis not the skill of hu - man art, Which gives me pow'r my God to know;
 2 Love is my teach-er; he can tell The won-ders that he learnt a-bove;

The sa - cred les - sons of the heart Come not from in - stru - ments be - low.
 No oth - er Mas - ter knows so well; 'Tis love a - lone can tell of love.

06 L. M.

3 Love is my Master: when it breaks,
 The morning light, with rising ray,
 To thee, O God my spirit wakes,
 And love instructs it all the day.

4 And when the gleams of day retire,
 And midnight spreads its dark control,
 Love's secret whispers still inspire
 Their holy lessons in the soul.

PEORIA. C. M.

1 Do I not love thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see;
 2 Is not thy name me - lo - dious still To mine at - ten - tive ear?

And turn the dear - est i - dol out, That dares to ri - val thee,
 Doth not each pulse with pleas - ure bound, My Sav - ior's voice to hear?

607 C. M
 Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed?
 Hast thou a fo before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honor of thy name?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp th' immortal flame!

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
 But O! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

508

L. M.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

1 The ransomed spirit to her home, The clime of cloudless beauty flies; No more on stormy seas to roam, She hails her ha - ven in the skies : But cheerless are those heav'ly fields that cloudless clime no pleasure yields There is no bliss in bow'r's above, If thou art absent, holy love!

509

L. M. D.

2 The cherub near the viewless throne
Smiteth the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel-band;
But tuneless is the quiv'ring string;
No melody can Gabriel bring;
Mute are his arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to love!

3 Earth, sea and sky, one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'T is heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease;
It whispers to the bosom peace;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

DORCAS. C. M.

510

C. M.

Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

511

C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

None who are truly born of God
Can live at enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Savior's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

512 7s. (WARNER. Page 257.)

1 SAVIOR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lessons cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

513

L. M.

1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting;
No jars his peaceful tent invade;

He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts—our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

OBEDIENCE.

514 C. M. (PEORIA. Page 253.)

1 TH' importance of a sacred rite
Depends upon the Lord;
For he's a being infinite,
And awful is his word.

2 If he a trifle shall command
His creatures to fulfill,
'T is not a trifle to withstand
Or counteract his will.

3 Adam might think the thing but small,
And ventured to transgress;
But it produced a dreadful fall,
To all the human race.

4 These may appear but little things
To do, or not to do;
But see what grievous evil springs
When not attended to.

5 Our business is to learn to know
Our great Redeemer's will,
And with alacrity to go
His pleasure to fulfill.

6 Whether the thing be great or small,
It matters not to us;
He is the Potter, and we all
Are vessels for his use.

LENA. S. M.

1 Love is the fount - ain whence All true o - be - dience flows;
2 He treads the heaven - ly road, And nei - ther faints nor tires;
The Chris - tian serves the God he loves, And loves the God he knows.
That gen' - rous love which warms his breast, With for - ti - tude in - spires.

515 S. M.

3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.

4 May love—that shining grace,
O'er all my powers preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide!

WARNER. 7s.

1 When we can - not see our way, Let us trust and still o - bey;
 2 Though the sea be deep and wide, Though a pas - sage seem de - nied;

He who bids us for - ward go, Can - not fail the way to show
 Fear - less let us still pro - ceed, Since the Lord vouch-safes to lead.

16 7s.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
 Though we see no ray of light;
 Since the Lord himself is there,
 'T is not meet that we should fear

4 Night with him is never night,
 Where he is there all is light;
 When he calls us, why delay?
 They are happy who obey.

WARE. L. M.

1 Patience! O, what a grace di - vine! Sent from the pow'r of God and love.
 Sub - mis - sive to his Fa - ther's hand, As through the wilds of life we rove.

17 L. M.

2 By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state,
 And wait contented our discharge,
 Nor think our glory comes too late.
 3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
 The weight, the wound, our God ordains,
 We smile amid our heaviest woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O, for this grace! to aid us on,
 And arm with fortitude the breast,
 Till life's tumultuous voyage o'er--
 We reach the shores of endless rest!
 5 Faith into vision shall resign;
 Hope shall in full fruition die;
 And patience in possession end
 In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

AINCOURT. L. M.

1 When groves by moonlight silence keep, And winds the vex-ed waves re-lease,
 2 When in - fan - cy at ev'-ning tries, By turns to climb each parent's knees,

 And fields are hushed, and cit - ies sleep—Lord, is not that the hour of peace?
 And gaz - ing, meets their raptured eyes; Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

518 L. M.

3 In golden pomp, when autumn smiles,
 And hill and dale, its rich increase
 By man's full barns, exulting piles;
 Lord, is not that the hour of peace?
 4 When mercy points where Jesus pleads,
 And faith beholds thine anger cease,
 And hope to black despair succeeds:
 This, Father, this alone is peace!

519 C. M.

1 THE world can neither give nor take,
 Nor can they comprehend,
 The peace of God, which Christ has bought,
 The peace which knows no end.
 2 The burning bush was not consumed
 While God remained there;
 The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
 Found fire as soft as air.
 3 God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
 But Zion's God sits by,
 As the refiner views his gold,
 With an observant eye.
 4 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
 His wounds a cure intend;
 And though he does not always smile,
 He loves unto the end.

520 L. M.

1 HAD I a throne above the rest,
 Where angels and archangels dwell;

One sin, unslain, within my breast,
 Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
 2 The pris'ner sent to breathe fresh air,
 And blessed with liberty again,
 Would mourn were he condemned to wear
 One link of all his former chain.
 3 But O! no foe invades the bliss
 When glory crowns the Christian's head;
 One view of Jesus as he is,
 Will strike all sin for ever dead.

521 L. M.

1 GREAT author of th' immortal mind!
 For noblest tho'ts and views designed,
 Make me ambitious to express
 The image of thy holiness.
 2 While I thy boundless love admire,
 Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
 Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
 And for thy child thou wilt me own.
 3 Father, I see thy sun arise
 To cheer thy friends and enimies;
 And, when thy rain from heav'n descends,
 Thy bounty both alike befriends.
 4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine
 My moral powers by grace refine:
 So shall I feel another's woe,
 And cheerful feed an hungry foe.
 5 I hope for pardon through thy Son,
 For all the crimes which I have done;
 O may the grace that pardons me,
 Constrain me to forgive like thee.

EVAN. C. M.

522

C. M.

For this, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And every name, and every thing,
Compared with thee, but dross.
Engrave this deeply on my heart
With an eternal pen:
That I may, in some small degree,
Return thy love again.

523

C. M.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!
Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.
See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home.
There, on the green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.
Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

524

C. M.

- 1 WHAT poor, despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way
Along the rugged maze.
- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And, lo! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes, unseen,
The world is not apprised.
- 4 But some of them seem poor distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
O! they're of boundless wealth possessed,
With hidden manna fed?
- 5 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun that pleasant-path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the way to death;
The open road to hell.
- 7 What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

PRAYER.

HEBRON. L. M.

1 And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?" Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt, And freed from sin's polluting power.

525

L. M.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength,
O be thy boundless love revealed
In all its hight, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 Yea more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.

5 "Lord, why is this," I trembling cried—
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"T is in this way" the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith "

6 "These inward trials I employ,
From self, and pride, to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

526

L. M.

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 I hoped that in some favored hour
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven

CALM. 8s & 4s.

1 My God! is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve-ning star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet, The hour of prayer? The hour of prayer?

527

8s & 4s.

1 MY God! is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet,
 The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest the hour of solemn eve,
 When on the wings of prayer upborn,
 The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed,
 Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
 Then dost thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
 There from my every want I find;
 What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
 What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay:
 And c'en the penitential tear
 Is wiped away

528 C. M. (PEORIA. Page 262.)

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say—"Behold, he prays."

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gate of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

PEORIA. C. M.

1 To thee, my God, whose pres-ence fills The earth, and seas, and skies,
 2 Troub - les in long suc - ces - sion roll; Wave rush - es up - on wave;

To thee, whose name, whose heart is love, With all my pow'rs I rise.
 Pit - y, O pit - y my dis - tress! The child, thy sup - pliant, save!

529

C. M.

3 O bid the roaring tempest cease;
 Or give me strength to bear
 Whate'er thy holy will appoints,
 And save me from despair!

4 To thee, my God, alone I look,
 On thee alone confide;
 Thou never hast deceived the soul
 That on thy grace relied.

5 Though oft thy ways are wrapt in clouds
 Mysterious and unknown,
 Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand
 The pillars of thy throne.

6 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name;
 In joy and sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

RETREAT. L. M.

1 From eve - ry storm-y wind that blows, From eve ry swell-ing tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure re - treat—'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.

530

L. M.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?
5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 I want a heart to pray, To pray and nev - er cease;
Nev - er to mur - mur at thy stay, Or wish my suff - rings less.

531

S. M.

2 This blessing more than all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
3 I want a true regard.
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward—
To thee and thy great name.
4 A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
5 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.
6 I want I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me.

532

C. M.

1 LORD, teach thy servants how to pray,
With rev'rence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must to thee draw near.
2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee!
Give broken, contrite hearts,
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
3 Give deep humility—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.
4 Give faith in that one Sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ—On Christ alone.
5 Give patience still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay—
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

BACA. L. M.

1 What various hind'rances we meet In com-ing to a mer-cy-seat; Yet who that
 2 Pray'r makes the darkn'd clouds withdraw Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exer-
 knows the worth of pray'r, But wishes to be oft-en there, But wish-es to be oft - en there.
 cise to faith and love—Gives every blessing from a-bove, Gives eve-ry bless-ing from a-bove.

533

L. M.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,
 'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'

534

L. M.

1 FATHER of faithful Abrah'm, hear
 Our earnest suit for Abrah'm's seed;
 Justly they claim the tenderest prayer
 From us, adopted in their stead.

2 Outcast from thee, and scattered wide
 Through every nation under heaven,
 Blaspheming whom they crucified,
 Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
 For ever cast thine own away?
 Wilt thou not bid the murd'ers look
 On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray.

4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come;
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
 O bring thine ancient people home,
 And let them know thy dying love.

535

C. M.

1 THOU great First Cause? least understood,
 In every clime adored;
 We all know this—that thou art good,
 The universal Lord!

2 If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.

3 Save me alike from foolish pride
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

4 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

HEBER. C. M.

1 When A brah'm, full of sa - cred awe, Be - fore Je - ho - vah stood,
 And, with an hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, For guil - ty Sod - om sued.—

536

C. M.

1 WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
 For guilty Sodom sued—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace
 Was his petition crowned!
 The Lord would spare, if in that place
 Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
 So rich a boon obtain?
 Great God, and shall a nation cry,
 And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
 Now, as in ancient times?
 Or does this sinful land exceed
 Gomorrah in her crimes?

5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
 Here yet is thine abode;
 Long has thy presence blessed our land;
 Forsake us not, O God!

537

L. M.

1 GREAT Lord, of ail thy churches, hear
 Thy minister's and people's prayer;
 Perfumed by thee, O may it rise,
 Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
 Forgive our sins, and grant us peace;
 Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
 With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

3 May young and old thy word receive,
 Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
 The wounded conscience healing find,
 And joy refresh each drooping mind.

4 May aged saints, matured with grace,
 Abound in fruits of holiness;
 And when translated to the skies,
 May younger in their stead arise.

5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
 And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,
 In humble hope that thou wilt hear
 The minister's and the people's prayer.

1 Sav - ior, vis - it thy plan-ta-tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain;
All will come to des - o - la-tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us! All our help must come from thee!

538 8s, 7s, & 4s.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!
3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;

Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!
4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

LUTHER. S. M.

1 O Lord! thy work re-vive In Zi - on's gloomy hour; And let our dy - ing
2 O, let thy cho - sen few Awake to earnest prayer; Their solemn vows a -
gra - cies live By thy re - stor - ing power, By thy re - stor - ing power.
gain re - new And walk in fil - ial fear, And walk in fil - ial fear.

539

S. M.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

AVON. C. M.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry:
O, come and bring salvation near!
Our souls on thee rely.

1 Prayer is the breath of God in man, Re - turn - ing whence it came;
2 It gives the bur-dened spir - it ease, And soothes the troubled breast,

Love is the sa - cred fire with - in, And prayer the ris - ing flame.
Yields com - fort to the mourn - er here, And to the wea - ry rest.

540

C. M.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

541

C. M.

1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth to live.
2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord the more.
3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
4 If strangers to thy fold we call,
Imploring at thy feet
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
'T is all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this:
The crumbs that from thy table fall
Are light and life and bliss.

542

C. M.

1 O LORD, to us, assembled here,
Reveal thy smiling face;
While we, by faith, with love and fear,
Approach a throne of grace.
2 Thy house is called a house of prayer,
A solemn, sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at the throne of grace.
3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race;
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the throne of grace.
4 Thy tender pity and thy love
Our every fear can chase;
And all our help, we then shall prove,
Comes from the throne of grace.
5 We bless thee for thy word and laws,
We bless thee for thy peace;
And O, we bless thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

543

C. M.

- 1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs
That arm upholds the sky;

That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

- 4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach
That list'ning ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world
To bring salvation down!

NUREMBURG. 7s.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
He him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.

544

7s.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin.
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

545

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'ly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye:—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

LINGHAM. C. M.

1 Rise, O my soul, pur - sue the path By an - cient wor - thies trod;
 By an - cient wor - thies trod; As - pir - ing, view those ho - ly men
 Who lived and walked with God, Who lived and walked with God, Who lived and walked with God
 Who lived and walked with God.

546

C. M.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear
 And in example live;
 Their faith, and hopes, and mighty deeds,
 Still fresh instructions give.
 3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
 They conquered ev'ry foe;
 To his almighty power and grace
 Their crowns of life they owe.
 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast given,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 That led them safe to heaven.

547 L. M. (ROCKINGHAM. Page 270)

1 WOULDST thou an erring soul redeem,
 And lead a lost one back to God;
 Wouldst thou guardian angel seem
 To one who long in guilt hath trod?
 2 Go kindly to him—take his hand,
 With gentlest words, within thine own:
 And by his side a brother stand
 Till thou the demon, sin, dethrone.
 3 Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
 With him in kindest, gentlest mood,

And back the lost one thou mayest lead
 To God, humanity and good!

4 Thou art thyself but man, and thou
 Art weak, perchance to fall as he;
 Their mercy to the fallen show,
 That mercy may be shown to thee!

548 C. M.

1 SPEAK gently to the erring ones:—
 Ye know not all the power
 With which the dark temptation came
 In some unguarded hour.
 2 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of weakness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.
 3 Speak gently to the erring one:—
 O do not thou forget,
 However darkly stained by sin.
 He is thy brother yet.
 4 Heir of the self-same heritage,
 Child of the self-same God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 Thou fell in weakness trod.
 5 Speak gently to the erring ones:—
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace are gone,
 Without our censure rough?

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXAMPLE
SAFETY.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

549

L. M.

2 Released from guilt, he feels no fear,
Redemption is his shield and tower;
He sees his Savior always near,
To help in every trying hour.

3 Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries;
When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abashed the wolf before me flies.

4 His love possessing, I am blest,
Secure whatever change may come
Whether I go to east or west,
With him I still shall be at home.

5 If placed beneath the northern pole,
Tho' winter reigns with rigor there,
His gracious beams will cheer my soul
And make a spring throughout the year.

6 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

SELF EXAMINATION.

550

L. M.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear;
How few, alas, approved and clear!

2 And what am I? My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, in word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secret of my soul reveal;
My fears remove, let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.

5 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear!

551 S. M. (THATCHER. Page 272.)

1 Teach me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake,
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

552

L. M.

1 THE Christian knows his God aright,
And worships him with strong delight;
He's taught of God and truly wise—
Still sets the Lord before his eyes.

2 The Christian hates his every sin—
Evils external or within;
And with a humble, contrite heart,
From all that's sinful doth depart.

3 The Christian has a faith divine,
And doth to faith obedience join;
Believes the truth, the truth obeys,
And always walks in holy ways.

4 The Christian is a man of God—
He takes the pure, the heavenly road;
All his affections rise above,
And all his heart is full of love.

5 To thee, O Lord, my soul aspires,
And kindles with seraphic fires;
The real Christian I would be,
And live conformed to heaven and thee.

SUBMISSION.

553 C. M. (WEST. Page 272)

1 WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply.

2 Though from the field; with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

554

L. M.

1 DEAR Lord! though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 Mix it with thy unchanging love;
Let not a drop of wrath be there!
The saints forever blest above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 For Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WEST. C. M.

1 One prayer I have—all prayers in one—When I am ho - ly thine;
 2 All - wise, al - might - y, and all - good, In thee I firm - ly trust;

Thy will, my God, thy will be done, And let that will be mine.
 Thy ways un-known, or un - der - stood, Are mer - ei - ful and just.

555 C. M.

3 May I remember that to thee
 Whate'er I have I owe;
 And baek, in gratitude, from me
 May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will?
 No; let me bless thy name, and say,
 "The Lord is gracieous still.

WATCHFULNESS.

556 C. M.

1 THUS I resolved before the Lord,
 "Now I will watch my tongue,
 Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 Or do my neighbor wrong "

2 And if I'm e'er constrained to stay
 With men of lives profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll searcce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should th' oecasion take
 To moek my holy zeal.

4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overawed,
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That I can speak of God.

THATCHER. S. M.

1 Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,

THATCHER—concluded.

Ob - serv - ant of his heav - enly word, And watch - ful at his gate.

557 S. M.

2 Let all your Lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch; 't is your Lord's command.
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst th' angelic band.

THE WARFARE.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

1 Je-sus, my king proclaims the war; "Awake! the powers of hell are near; To arms! to arms!" I
hear him cry; "Tis yours to con - quer or to die!" "Tis yours to con - quer or to die!"

558 L. M.

2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
I haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield;
The word of God the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt;
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus armed I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight,
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

OVERTON. 7s & 6s.

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies, Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of vic - to - ry. Seize your ar - mor—gird it on; Now the bat - tle
 will be won; See! the strife will soon be done; Then strug - gle man - ful - ly.

559

7s & 6s.

2 Jesus conquered when he fell—
 Met and vanquished earth and hell;
 Now he leads you on, to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 God, our strength and shield, is near;
 We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye norts of God!
 Jesus points the victor's rod—
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain;
 Rise to join the glorious train,
 Who shout the Savior's praise.

560

C. M.

1 NAY, tell us not of dangers dire
 That lie in duty's path;
 A warrior of the cross can feel
 No fear of human wrath.

2 Where'er the prince of darkness holds
 His earthly reign abhorred,
 Sword of the Spirit, thee we draw,
 A battle for the Lord.

3 We go! we go, to break the chains
 That bind the erring mind,
 And give the freedom that we feel
 To all of human kind.

4 But, O, we wear no burnished steel,
 And seek no gory field;
 Our weapon is the word of God,
 His promise is our shield.

5 And still serene and fixed in faith,
 We fear no earthly harm;
 We know it is our Father's work,
 We rest upon his arm.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross? A fol - lower of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own his cause Or blush to speak his name?

561

C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign?
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

No. 8. C. M. (*Selected.*)

1 Oh could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live,
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death
My soul shall love thee more.

1 E - quip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight:
 My sim - ple, up - right heart pre - pare, And guide my words a - right.

562

S. M.

2 Control my every thought;
 My whole of sin remove;
 Let all my works in thee be wrought;
 Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
 And let my knowing zeal be joined
 With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
 Let me enforce thy call;
 And vindicate thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee—
 In all thy footsteps tread;
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing thou hast made.

563

S. M.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

564

L. M.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
 Who knows "The Savior died for me,"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
 True riches and Immortal praise—
 Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
 And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.

HAMBURG. L. M.

1 Awake, my zeal, a-wake my love, To serve my Savior here below,
In works which perfect saints above [Omit] And holy an-gels can-not do.

665 L. M.
 Awake, my charity and feed
 The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
 In heaven are found no sons of need;
 There all these duties are no more.
 Subdue thy passions, O my soul;
 Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;
 Daily thy rising sins control,
 And be thy vict'ries ever new.
 The land of triumph lies on high;
 There are no foes t' encounter there:
 Lord, I would conquer till I die,
 And finish all the glorious war.
 Let every flying hour confess
 I gain thy gospel fresh renown,
 And when my life and labors cease
 May I possess the promised crown.

566 L. M.
 1 O FOR the flame of living fire,
 Which shone so bright in saints of old;
 Which bade their souls to heaven aspire—
 Calm in distress, in danger bold.
 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
 In Abrah'm's breast and seal'd him thine?
 Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
 And glow with energy divine?
 3 That Spirit, which from age to age
 Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways?
 Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
 And breathed in David's hallowed lays?
 4 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
 Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
 And while to thee our hearts we raise,
 On us thy holy Spirit pour.

567 DEPARTURE. 6s & 8s.

1 Friend af-ter friend departs, Who hath not lost a friend? There is no un-ion here of hearts
 2 Beyond the flight of time, Beyond the vale of death, There surely is some blessed clime
 3 There is a world a-bove, Where parting is unknown; A whole e-ter-ni-ty of love,
 4 Thus star by star declines, Till all are passed a-way, As morning high and higher shines,

That finds not here an end; Were this frail world our on-ly rest, Living or dy-ing, none were blest.
 Whence life is not a breath, Nor life's affections transient fire, Whose sparks fly upward to ex-pire.
 Formed for the good a-lone; And faith beholds the dy-ing here Translated to that happier sphere.
 To pure and perfect day; Nor sink those stars in empty night— They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MALVERN. L. M.

1 So fades the lovely, bloom-ing flower, Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
 2 Is there no kind, no heal - ing art, To soothe the an-guish of the heart?
 So soon our transient com-forts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.
 Di-vine Re-deem-er, be thou nigh: Thy com-forts were not made to die.

568 L. M.

3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
 And dying hope revives again;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky.

569 L. M.

1 WHY weep for those, frail child of woe,
 Who've fled and left thee mourning here
 Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
 They glory in a brighter sphere.
 2 Weep not for them; beside thee now
 Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
 And witness tears that idly flow
 O'er those who bliss of angels share.

3 Or round their Father's throne above
 With raptured voice, his praise they sing,
 Or on his messages of love
 They journey with unwearied wing.

4 Space cannot check, tho't cannot bound,
 The high exulting souls, whom he
 Who formed these million worlds around,
 Takes to his own eternity.

5 Then weep no more—their voices raise
 The song of triumph high to God,
 And wouldst thou join their song of praise,
 Walk humbly in the path they trod.

SUBMISSION. 6s & 5s.

1 Savior, now receive him To thy bo-som mild; For with thee we leave him, Blessed, blessed child.
 2 Tho' his eye hath brighten'd 3 Now let thonght behold him 4 Yield we what was given, 5 Still 'mid heavy mourning,
 Oft our weary way, In his angel rest, At thy holy call; Look thee now to God,
 And his clear laugh lighten'd Where those arms enfold him The beautiful to heaven, There, thy spirit turning,
 Halt our heart's dismay; To a Savior's breast. Thou who gavest all. Kneel beside the sod.

570 6s & 7s.

WARD. L. M.

571

L. M.

2 As 'mid the ever -rolling sea,
Th' eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain:

3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age.

4 So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

572

L. M.

1 WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joy to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die.

2 When scarce is seized some borrow'd prize,
And duties press; and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful, then, it is to die.

3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then, how easy 't is to die.

4 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'T is nature's precious boon to die.

5 When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'T is joy, 't is triumph, then, to die.

573

L. M.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears.
Where light and shade alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

DEATH.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here."
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost a saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

DENNIS. S. M.

1 It is not death to die, To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high, To be at home with God.

1 IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road.
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1 Far from these nar-row scenes of night, Un-bound-ed glo-ries rise, And
 realms of in - fi - nite de-light, Un-known to mor-tal eyes, Unknown to mortal eyes.

576

C. M.

2 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.

3 No clouds those blissful regions know,
 Forever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

4 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

5 O may the heavenly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above!

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

577

C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 For all the pious dead; [claims
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From suffering and from sin released,
 And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

578

S. M.

1 GO to thy rest, fair child!
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 While yet so gentle, undefiled,
 With blessings on thy head.

2 Before my heart had learned
 In waywardness to stray;
 Before my feet had ever turned
 That dark and downward way;

3 E'er sin had seared the breast,
 Or sorrow woke the tear;
 Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
 In yon celestial sphere!

4 Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lip and eye so bright,
 Because thy loving cradle care
 Was such a dear delight.

5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
 Thy upward wing detain?
 No! gentle angel, seek thy place
 Amid the cherub train.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1 As the sweet flow'r that scents the morn, But withers in the ris - ing day,
 Thus love - ly was this in-fant's dawn, Thus swiftly fled its life a - way.

579

L. M.

1 AS the sweet flow'r that scents the morn,
 But withers in the rising day,
 Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
 Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
 Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
 Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
 Perhaps has spared a heavier doom—
 Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
 Or from the pangs of ill to come.

4 He died to sin; he died to care:
 But for a moment felt the rod;
 Then, rising on the viewless air,
 Spread his light wings and soared to God.

580

L. M.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are,
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away,
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

581 C. M. (FOUNTAIN. Page 281)

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Me-thinks I see a thousand charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these tender Lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames thy pow'r shall raise,
And mold with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Savior, all we have and are,
Shall be for ever thine.

MEMORIA. 8s & 7s.

1 Pas - tor, thou art from us ta - ken In the glo - ry of thy years,
As the oak, by tem - pests sha - ken, Falls ere time its ver - dure sears.

582 8s & 7s.

2 Here where oft thy lip hath taught us
Of the Lamb who died to save—
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
To the deep baptismal wave.

3 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing,
Fall unheeded on thine ear.

4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

5 May the conq'ring faith that cheer'd thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

1 My span of life will soon be done. The pass-ing mo-ments say,
 As length'ning shad-ows o'er the mead, Pro-claim the close of day.
 And learn that wis-dom from a-bove, Whence true con-tent-ment springs!
 O that my heart might dwell a-loof, From all cre-a-ted things,

583

C. M. D.

2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
 In every trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there.
 The sighing ones that humbly seek,
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
 Of sublunary care,
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious breast ensnare.
 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
 Deliverance soon will come,
 A thousand ways has Providence,
 To bring believers home.

4 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
 From nature's prison free,
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,
 Were written, Lord, for me.

But thou, my Shepherd, Friend and Guide,
 Hast led me kindly on,
 Taught me to rest my fainting head
 On Christ the corner stone.

584 L. M. (SECURITY. Page 286.)

1 FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
 Escaped the prison of his clay,
 The new inhabitant of bliss
 To heaven directs his upward way.

2 Ye fields! that witnessed once his tears,
 Ye winds! that wafted oft his sighs,
 Ye mountains! where he breath'd his pray'rs—
 When sorrow's shadow vailed his eyes—

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
 No more affliction wrings his heart;
 Th'unfettered soul to God returns—
 Forever he and anguish part!

4 Receive, O earth, his faded form
 In thy cold bosom let it lie;
 Safe let it rest from every storm—
 Soon must it rise, no more to die.

WINDSOR. C. M.

585 C. M.

3 Tho' your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons,
Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope,
A rising race can give,
In endless honor and delight,
My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see, [hearts
And bless those wounds which through our
Prepare a way for thee.

586 C. M.

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead!
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How we should scorn those clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load;
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

587 C. M.

1 IF I must die, O let me die
With hope in Jesus blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

SECURITY. L. M.

1 How sweet the hour of clos - ing day, When all is peace-ful and se-rene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mel - low lus - ter o'er the scene!

588

L. M.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
 Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene'

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
 So peacefully he sinks to rest;
 When faith, endu'd from heav'n with pow'r
 Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
 That smile upon his wasted cheek:
 They tell us of his glory nigh,
 In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
 And angels are attending near,
 To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
 Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
 To sink into that soft repose,
 Then wake to perfect happiness?

589

L. M.

1 FAREWELL, bright soul, a short farewell,
 Till we shall meet again above;
 In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
 And trees of life bear fruits of love.

2 There glory sits on every face,
 There friendship smiles in every eye;
 There shall our tongues relate the grace
 That led us homeward to the sky.

3 O'er all the names of Christ, our King,
 Shall our harmonious voices rove;
 Our harps shall sound from every string
 The wonders of his bleeding love.

4 Come, sov'reign Lord! dear Savior, come!
 Remove these separating days;
 Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home,
 That golden hour, how long it stays?

5 How long must we lie lingering here,
 While saints around us take their flight,
 Smiling they quit this dusky sphere,
 And mount the hills of heavenly light.

6 Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
 Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
 Till we, from bands of clay released,
 Spring out and climb the shining road.

ENON. 10s.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime, In full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and power;
 A Christian's al-ways ready for his time; The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour!

590

10s.

1 GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power;
 A Christian's always ready for his time;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
 Rest in thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done,
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for there thy Savior lay
 In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
 And all the ransomed by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave;—no; take thy seat above;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love.
 And open vision for the written word.

591 C. M. (GOSPEL FEAST. Page 289.)

1 WAKE up, my muse, condole the loss
 Of those who mourn this day;
 Let tears run down on every face,
 And every mourner pray.

2 The tyrant, death, came rushing in
 And here his power to show,
 With icy hand he touched this child,
 And laid its visage low.

3 No more the pleasant child is seen,
 To please the parent's eye;
 The tender plant, so fresh and green,
 Is in eternity.

4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
 The pitcher burst in twain;
 The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
 The pleasant child is slain.

5 The winding sheet unfolds its limbs,
 The coffin holds it fast;
 To-day 't is seen by all its friends,
 But this must be the last—

6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
 The nation great and small;
 When you and I the test shall stand,
 Or at his presence fall.

HEBRON. L. M.

1 Yes, she is gone—yet do not thou The goodness of the Lord dis-trust;
 2 The form is there—but seek not there The spir - it born from light and love;
 But meek-ly to his wis - dom bow, Who lays thy loved one in the dust.
 Look upward—free from sin and care, It rests in joy with God a - bove.

592

L. M.

3 Through many checkered scenes of life
 Ye, hand in hand have journeyed on;
 For her the labor and the strife
 Are o'er—the peaceful goal is won.
 4 Which oft hath sooth'd thy harass'd mind,
 The pleasant voice and cheering smile,
 Are gone but for a little while,
 She hath not left thee far behind.
 5 Then mourn not that an heir of grace,
 Has reached the goal of hope and faith,
 Press onward in the Christian race;
 Brief is your parting now by death;
 6 Soon thou too wilt be called to leave
 This earth, where sadly thou dost roam;
 Soon joyfully wilt thou receive,
 In heaven her gentle "Welcome Home."

593

L. M.

1 IN this lone hour of deep distress,
 When heavy sorrows round me press,
 Encouraged by thy gracious word,
 I trust thee as a widow's God.
 2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
 The grave is now his resting place;
 O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
 Reveal thyself the widow's God.
 3 Assauge my grief, remove my fears,
 Suppress my murmuring, dry my tears;
 Help me to own thee as my Lord,
 And bless thee as the widows God.

4 Be thou my counselor and stay,
 Protect by night, and guide by day;
 Then, as I travel life's rough road,
 I'll praise thee as a widow's God.

594

C. M.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
 It melts in deep'ning gloom;
 So calmly Christians sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.
 2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree;
 So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.
 3 How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed!
 'T is like the peace the Christian gives
 To mourners round his bed.
 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast!
 So sweet the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.
 5 And lo, above the dews of night
 The vesper star appears;
 So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
 Whose eyes are dim with tears.
 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
 Its glories shall restore;
 And thus the eyes that sleep in death
 Shall wake to close no more.

595

L. M.

1 SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shores?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er;
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost, but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour,
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

4 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost—but gone before.

GOSPEL FEAST. C. M.

1 Be - beneath our feet, and o'er our head Is e - qual warning given;
Be - beneath us lie the count - less dead, A - bove us is the heaven.

596

C. M.

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze;
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

597

C. M.

1 O, MOST delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe.

2 Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

3 My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.

4 So speaks the Christian, firm possessed
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

REST. L. M.

598

L. M.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

599 C. M. (DUNDEE. Page 203.)

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say—"Thy will be done!"

SCOTLAND. 12s.

1 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee, Though
 sorrows and darkness en - compass the tomb; The Sav - ior hath
 passed through its por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy
 guide through the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

600

12s.

1 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
 The sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
 The Savior hath passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansions forsaking
 What though thy weak spirit in fear lingered long:
 The sunshine of paradise beamed on thy waking, [song.
 And the sound which thou heard'st, wastheseraphim's

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
 For God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
 And death hath no sting, for the Savior hath died.

601

L. M.

1 GO, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,

But living to the Savior's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footstep press,
To share thy blest eternity.

MEAR. C. M.

1 Hark! from the tomb a dole-ful sound; Mine ears at - tend the cry:
Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground, Where you must short - ly lie."

602

C. M.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'r's!
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save,
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

603

C. M.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

COWPER. L. M.

1 AH! why should bit-ter tears be shed In sor - row o'er the mounded sod,
 When ver - i - ly there are no dead Of all the chil - dren of our God?

604

L. M.

1 AH! why should bitter tears be shed
 In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
 When verily there are no dead
 Of all the children of our God?

2 They who are lost to outward sense,
 Have but flung off their robes of clay,
 And clothed in heavenly radiance,
 Attend us on our lowly way.

3 And oft their spirits breathe in ours
 The hope and strength and love of theirs,
 Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
 In breath of summer's viewless airs.

4 And silent aspirations start,
 In promptings of their purer thought,
 Which gently lead the troubled heart
 To joys not even hope had wrought.

5 While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet
 Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
 Too much our darkened souls forget
 The lessons of enduring trust.

6 Let living faith serenely pour
 Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
 And death can have no terrors more;
 But holy Joy shall walk with him.

605 8s. (MADISON. Page 164.)

1 HOW solemn the signal I hear!
 The summons that calls me away,
 In regions unknown to appear,
 How shall I the summons obey?
 What scenes in that world shall arise,
 When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
 And darkness hath sealed up mine eyes,
 And deep in the dust I am laid?

2 No longer the world can I view,
 The scenes which so long I have known,
 My friends, I must bid you adieu,
 For here I must travel alone:
 Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
 His hallowed footsteps I know;
 I'll trust for defense to his rod,
 And lean on his staff as I go.

3 Dear Shepherd of Israel, lead on,
 My soul follows hard after thee;
 The phantoms of death are all down,
 When Jesus my Shepherd I see.
 Dear brethren and sisters, I go
 To wait your arrival above;
 Be faithful, and soon you shall know
 The triumphs and joys of his love.

606

C. M.

1 THE dead are like the stars by day—
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love.
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;

4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of love on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

RETREAT. L. M.

1 Fare-well, vain world, I'm going home, My Sav-ior smiles and bids me come;

Bright an-gels beck-on me a-way, To sing God's praise in end-less day.

607

L. M.

2 I'm glad that I was born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

3 And when to that bright world I fly.
And join the anthems in the sky,
O then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who once did join with me in prayer;
Our mourning time shall then be o'er,
And we shall live to die no more.

5 There shall I see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode;
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory to my Jesus be.

608 C. M.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
'Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay,
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly father's call.

3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven:
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

CHINA. C. M.

609

C. M. D.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliverer come.
And wipe away his servant's tears
And take his exile home.

3 O, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divinely see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

610

C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble, to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed,
Where shall the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose; ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the sky.

MEMORIA. 8s & 7s.

1 Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,
 2 Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber,—Peace - ful in the grave so low:

Pleasant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.

611

8s & 7s.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel;
 But 't is God that hath bereft us:
 He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled,
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

612 C. M. (CHINA. Page 295.)

1 BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall
 Shall meet to part no more, [meet,
 And with celestial welcome greet,
 On an immortal shore.

2 The parent finds the long-lost child;
 Brothers on brothers gaze;
 The tear of resignation mild
 Is changed to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie dissolved with pain,
 With endless bliss is crowned;
 All that was dead revives again;
 All that was lost is found.

4 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange;
 Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
 On wings of love to range.

5 Their Father marks their generous flame,
 And looks complacent down;
 The smile that owns their filial claim,
 Is their immortal crown.

613 L. M. (MALVERN. Page 278.)

1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room,
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds; nor mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
 Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless' the bed;
 Rest here, blest saint, till, from this throne,
 The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne illustrious morn!
 Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word!
 Restore thy trust: a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 Serv - ant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy;
 The bat - tle fought, the vict' - ry won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy.

614

S. M.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
 Rest from thy loved employ.
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
 He fell, but felt no more.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God, prepare!"
 He woke—and caught his Captian's eye;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,

6 The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

615

8s & 7s.

1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Savior stands above;
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggling through the latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest;

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear thy transitory pain;
 Die, to live a life of glory;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

SILOAM. C. M.

616

C. M.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

4 The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

617

C. M.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint,
The moment after death—
The glories that surround a saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
One effort—and he's gone!
And lo! the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 We strive, but all our efforts fail
To trace that upward flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Yet, though we see them not, we know
Saints are supremely blest;
And freed from sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Savior rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His face they always view;
And if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

618

C. M.

1 THE broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before the mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream;

2 And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite these broken ties,
Around us each dissevered chain,
In sparkling ruin lies.

3 O, who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain.
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?

4 That hope the sov'reign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies:
Hope that unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's endearing ties.

5 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.

6 And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust the holier ties.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to lan-guiish O'er the graves of those you love; }
 Pain and death, and night and an-guish, En - ter not the world a-bove. }
 D. C. Glo - ries' brightest beams are play - ing Round the hap-py Christian's head.

619

8s & 7s. D.

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,
 O'er the graves of those you love;
 Pain and death, and night and anguish,
 Enter not the world above,
 While our silent steps are straying
 Lonely through night's deep'ning shade,
 Glories' brightest beams are playing
 Round the happy Christian's head.

2 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.
 Endless pleasure; pain excluding,
 Sickness, there, no more can come;
 There, no fear of woe intruding,
 Sheds o'er heaven a moments gloom.

THE RESURRECTION.

620

C. M.

1 THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
 Amid the deep'ning gloom,

We, followers of our suffering Lord,
 Are marching to the the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more.
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains in solitude
 Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
 The storms of earth shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
 The vital spark shall lie;
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
 To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise and break
 The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays;
 And the long silent voice awake
 With shouts of endless praise.

621 S. M. (BOYLSTON. Page 297.)

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies,

Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every form and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

NUNDA. L. M.

1 Shall man, O God, of light and life! For ev - er mol - der in the grave?
Canst thou for - get thy glo - rious work, Thy promise, and thy power to save?

622

L. M.

2 In those dark silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
Death, the last foe, was captive led, [sprang,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumb'rs spring;
Thro' heav'n with joy, their myriads rise
And hail their Savior and their king.

623

C. M.

1 THE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The grave shall yield their aneient charge,
While earth's foundations shake.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

624

C. M.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the graves,
And trample on the tombs,
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God my Savior comes.

3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around!
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!

4 I hear the voice; "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

5 O! may my humble spirit stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

625

C. M.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing

DE FLEURY. 8s. D.



1 The an-gels who watched round the tomb Where low the Re-deem-er was laid,
When deep in mor-tal - i - ty's gloom, He hid for a sea-son his head!

D. C. Have witnessed his ris-ing, and swept The chords with the triumphs of joy.



That vailed their fair face while he slept, And ceased their sweet harps to em-ploy,



626

8s

2 Ye saints, who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast!
The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

3 O sweet is the season of rest,
While life's weary journey is done;
The blush that spreads over its west—
The last lingering ray of its sun!
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise from the shades of the tomb.

4 Then welcome the last rending sigh. [break;
When these aching heart-strings shall
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek:
No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave:

The sunbeam of life, as it sets,
Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

627

L. M.

- 1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 "He lived—he died," behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us the boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds!
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

VICOL. L. M.

1 O time! how few thy value weigh! How few will es - ti - mate a day!

Days, months and years are roll ing on, The soul neg - lect - ed and un-done.

628

L. M.

1 O TIME! how few thy value weigh!
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, in empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts designed
The frame of your immortal mind.

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashioned all the sons of time;
Then let us every day give heed,
That we his servants be indeed

629

L. M.

1 AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death;
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last;
There is a point no eyes can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

3 This is that moment—who shall tell,
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
Th' immortal soul we save or loose.

4 Time past and time to come are not—
Time present is our only lot;
O God! henceforth our hearts incline,
To seek no other love than thine.

MASON. S. M.

1 To-mor-row, Lord! is thine, Lodged in thy sov'reign hand; And if its sun a-
rise and shine; It shines by thy com-mand, It shines by thy com-mand.

630

S. M.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord! is thine,
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine;
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursued!
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

GIVE. C. M.

1 Our days, a - las! our mor-tal days Are short and wretched too;
"E - vil and few" the patriarch says, And well the patriarch knew.

631

C. M.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few" the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heaven allows to men:
And pains and sins run through the round
Of three score years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot flow too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

TIME IS WINGING. 7s & 6s.

1 Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home;
Life is but a win - ter's day - A jour - ney to the tomb.

Youth and vig - or soon will flee, Bloom - ing beau - ty loose its charms;

All that's mor - tal soon will be En - closed in death's cold arms.

632

7s & 6s.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty loose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home,
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

1 Lo! on a nar - row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
 Yet how in - sen - si - ble! A point of time, a mo - ment's space, Re-
 moves me to yon heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell, Or shuts me up in hell.

633

C. P. M.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtless heart
 Eternal things impress:
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late:
 Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

634

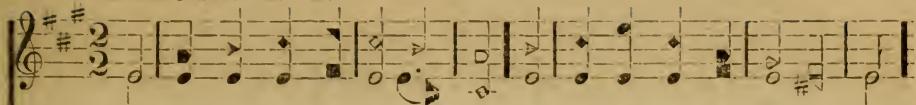
C. P. M.

1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
 Around the steady pole;
 Time, like a tide, its motion keeps,
 And I must launch through endless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

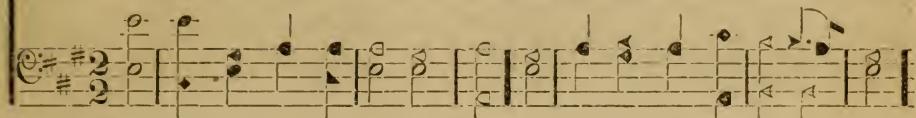
2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly:
 Unthinking man, remember this—
 Though fond of sublunary bliss—
 That thou must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call!
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight,
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 To sing above, as angels do,
 Or sink in gloomy night.

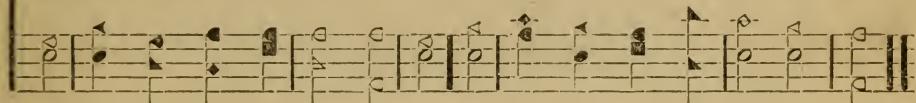
SHERBURNE. L. M.



1 How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient eve-ry earthly bliss!



How s�n-der all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this!



635

L. M.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this.

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

636 S. M. (MORNINGTON. Page 309.)

1 Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day,
'T is moldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea!
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

MONTGOMERY. C. M.

637

C. M.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

4 But 't is our God supports our frame
The God who formed us first;
Praise be to his almighty name,
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

638

C. M.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!

I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

639

C. M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light:
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight;

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creatures love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Savior! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food:
And grace command my heart away
For all created good.

640

C. M.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,

MORNINGTON. S. M.

1 How swift the tor - rent rolls That bears us to the sea:
The tide that hur - ries thoughtless souls To vast e - ter - ni - ty.

641

S. M.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase,
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or wretched wo,
Attend on every breath:
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

642 C. M. (MONTGOMERY. Page 308.)

1 KIND souls reflect awhile with me,
Upon our wretched state!
How frail our life, how short our time,
Our miseries, how great!

2 How short the pleasures earth affords!
How transient and how few,
Compared with heaven's eternal joys,
And pleasures ever new.

3 Come, let us leave the things of earth
(Whose pleasures poisons are),
And haste away to Canaan's land,
And try our interest there.

4 Make the extended skies your tomb,
Let heaven record your worth,
For know vain mortals all must die,
As natur's sickliest birth.

5 Would bounteous heav'n indulge my pray'r
A nobler choice I'd frame,
Than here to be esteemed great,
Or gain an earthly name:

6 But in thy book of life divine,
My God! inscribes my name:
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath the slaughtered Lamb.

HEAVEN.

FREDERICK. 11s.

1 I would not live always; I ask not to stay Where
storm af-ter storm ri-ses dark o'er the way; The few lu-cid morn-ings that
dawn on us here, Are fol-lowed by gloom or be-cloud-ed with fear.

643

11s.

2 I would not live always, if fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
And the rapture of pardon be mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live always away from his God,
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noon tide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

MY FATHERLAND. 9s & 8s.



1 There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasure are there!



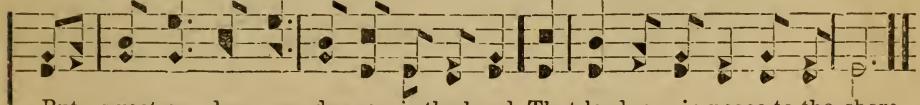
Where verdure and blos-soms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.



CHORUS.



That blissful place is my dear fa-ther-land: By faith its delights I ex - plore;



But sweet-er, dear-er, dear-er is the hand, That leads me in peace to the shore.



644

9s & 8s.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell—
A pure and a peaceful abode;

The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
For there is the palace of God.

Cho.—That blissful place, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone
Who suffered and worshiped with me;

Exhalted with Christ, high on his throne,

The King in his beauty they see.

Cho.—That blissful place, &c.

4 There is place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;

A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

Cho.—That blissful place, &c.

A HOME IN HEAVEN. 10s.

1 A home in heaven! what a joy-ful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea-ry lot!
 His heart oppressed, and with an-guish driven From his home be-low to his home in heaven.

CHORUS.

Trav'ling on so glad and free, To a home for you and me, Come and
 Trav'ling on so glad and free, To a home for you and me,
 join our hap-py band, Trav'ling to the prom-ised heavenly land.
 Come and join our hap-py band, Trav'ling to the prom-ised heavenly land.

645

10s.

2 A home in heaven! As the suff'r'er lies
 On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
 To that bright home, what a joy is given,
 With the blessed thought of his home in heaven!

CHO.—

3 A home in heaven! When our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven!

CHO.—

4 A home in heaven! When the faint heart bleeds
 By the Spirit's strokes for its evil deeds,
 O, then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
 Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!

CHO.—

5 A home in heaven! When our friends are fled
 To the cheerless gloom of the moldering dead,
 We wait in hope on the promise given—
 We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

CHO.—

HOWARD. C. M.

646

C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
It is not to behold
The glory of thy jasper-walls,
Thy streets of purest gold;

2 To see the twelve Apostles' names
Upon thy bulwark traced;
Thy gates—each one a solid pearl,
By each an angel placed;

3 The stream of life from 'neath the throne,
Nor yet that throne to see—
That I would pray, "O may my home
Be found at last in thee!"

4 No earthly eye I know hath seen
The glories that are thine;
No ear hath heard such strains as rise
From 'mid the host divine.

5 But O! than all thy streets can boast
My eager eyes would see

Jesus, the precious Lamb of God,
Who died to ransom me!

6 "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Name ever dear to me,
O may at last my name be found,"
With Christ, my Lord, in thee!

647 11s. (FREDERICK. Page 310.)

1 OH where can the soul find relief from its foes?
A shelter of safety, a home of repose?
Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
Give a refuge, nor sorrow, nor sin can assail?

2 Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be given,
And the soul find a home in the glory of heaven?

3 O! holy and sweet its rest shall be there!
Free forever from sin, and from sorrow and care;
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies.



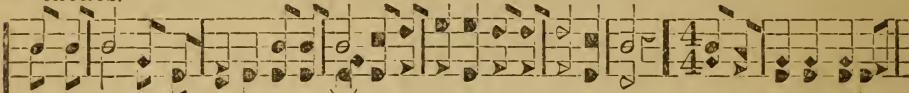
1 In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re-mains a land of rest,



There my Sav - ior's gone be - fore me! To ful - fill my soul's re - quest,



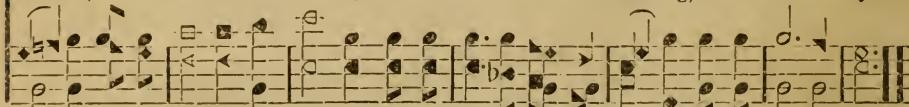
CHORUS.



There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you. On the other side of



Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.



648

8s & 7s.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished;
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find and entrance through.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

ROHR. C. M.

649

C. M.

2 Oft do your eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise.
And naught but sin our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck:
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste a wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

650 L. M. (SHERBURNE. Page 307.)

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm serene abode:

The wand'rer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

651

C. M.

1 LO! I behold the scat'ring shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads,
Its blushes round the spheres.

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!

3 I hear the voice—"Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And walking saints with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white,
The meanest place at his right hand,
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King,
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

HOME, SWEET HOME. 11s.

1 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion, and crea-ture com-plants, How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home; Pre - pare me, dear Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.

652

11s.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home,
Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

3 I sigh for this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

6 I long dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb.
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

1 Praise to the Lord, for they are past, They are gone safe be - fore;
 They've borne the wild - est tem - pest - blast, And heard the last storm's roar.

653

C. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, for they are past,
 They are gone safe before;
 They've borne the wildest tempest-blast,
 And heard the last storm's roar.

2 Mourners they were—they weep not now;
 Sick—now they know not pain:
 And glory shines on every brow
 Of that once feeble train.

3 O blest, and beautiful, and bright,
 How fair their white robes gleam!
 O to behold the glorious sight,
 Without a vail between!

4 Yet once like us with trembling fear,
 Their unknown path they viewed;
 Now, God has wiped away each tear,
 From all that multitude.

5 Shout! they have gained their rest at last,
 The port where they would be;
 Thro' adverse gales and tempest's blast,
 Their foll'wers still are we.

654

C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my glorious home!
 Name ever dear to me;
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 And pearly gates behold? [walls
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end?

4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom
 Nor sin nor sorrow know;
 Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain or woe?
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Savior stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

1 "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men ! so let it be;
 2 Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from him, I roam,
 Life from the dead is in that word - 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
 Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march nea - rer home.

655 S. M.

3 My Father's house on high—
 Home of my soul how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 The golden gates appear!
 4 "For ever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 't is thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfill.

5 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 In death shall I escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 6 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord."

VINCENT. 8s & 7s.

1 When we pass through yon - der riv - er, When we reach the far - ther shore,
 D. C. All our con - flict then shall cease, Fol - lowed by e - ter - nal peace.
 2 There's an end of war for - ev - er; We shall see our foes no more;

656

8s & 7s.

1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
 When we reach the farther shore,
 There's an end of war forever;
 We shall see our foes no more;
 All our conflict then shall cease,
 Followed by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
 O how sweet the prospect is!
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this:
 Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.

3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
 When we touch the heavenly shore—
 Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
 Can alarm or trouble more:
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O that hope! how bright, how glorious!
 'Tis his people's blest reward;
 In the Savior's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord:
 In his Kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

ARE WE ALMOST THERE? P. M.

1 Are we almost there! are we almost there? Says the weary saint as he sighs for home;
 Are those the verdant trees that rear! Their stately forms 'mid heaven's bright dome!

657

P. M.

2 Then he talks of the flowers, th' unsullied stream
 That flows through the paradise of God;
 And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,
 To walk those golden streets abroad.

3 He's weary and sick of this world's rude strife,
 And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;
 To glow with the vigor of endless life,
 And be compassed no more by the bounds of time.

4 His eye is fixed on the world to come,
 He walks by faith through this vale of care,
 And oft inquires, as he draws near home,
 With anxious heart—Are we almost there?

5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,
 At the boasted trophies man doth rear;
 To enter the giddy halls of mirth;
 But, ah! how vain do they all appear!

6 For he's had an earnest of those joys
 Which the righteous alone can ever share;
 He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
 And fervently asks—Are we almost there?

7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
 And to meet his Savior in the air!
 The day star dawns—soon, with joyous bound,
 He can say indeed—We are almost there.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;

And, oft are its glo - ries confessed, But what must it be to be there!

CHORUS.

Oh, what must it be to be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there;

With Je-sus our friend, All e - ter - ni - ty to spend. Oh, what must it be to be there.

658

8s.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold--
Its walls, decked with jewels so rare--
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to there?
Cto.—Oh, what must it be, &c.

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care--
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?
Cto.—Oh, what must it be, &c.

4 We speak of its service of love
The robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?
Cto.—Oh, what must it be, &c.

5 O Lord, amidst gladness or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.
Cto.— Oh, what must it be, &c.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

659

C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the vail and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate Lord,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

660

C. M.

1 WHAT, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave?—
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What, though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven!
Still, let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even;
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 The mourner sad, who, drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shalt be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee;
There are no tears in heaven.

6 There, from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is given;
There, there shall cease the painful strife;
There are no tears in heaven.

661

L. M.

1 It is not fanned by summer's gale:
 'T is not refreshed by vernal showers;
 It never needs the moon-beam pale—
 For there are known no evening hours.
 3 No: for that world is ever bright
 With purest radiance all its own:
 The streams of uncreated light
 Flow round it from th' eternal throne.
 4 It is all holy and serene,
 The land of glory and repose;
 No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
 There not a tear of sorrow flows.
 5 In vain the curious, searching eye
 May seek to view the fair abode,
 Or find it in the starry sky:
 It is the dwelling-place of God.

662 11s. (HOME SWEET HOME. Page 316.)

1 An alien from God and a stranger to grace,
 I wander through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
 In the pathway of sin I continue to roam,
 Unmindful, alas! that it leads me from home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet! home,
 O Savior, direct me to heaven, my home.
 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
 But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 The saints in those mansions are ever at home.
 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,
 The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at home!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home!
 4 Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu,
 While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;

I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
 The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O when shall I share the fruition of home.

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
 The time is approaching, when Jesus shall say,
 Well done faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
 And dwell in my presence for ever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.
 6 Affliction and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more,
 Their loud hal - lu - jahs fill heaven's high dome,
 They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.

663

L. M.

1 ON Zion's glorious summit stood
 A num'rous host redeemed by blood;
 They hymned their King in strains divine,
 I heard the song and strove to join.
 2 Here all who suffered sword or flame
 For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
 Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
 And bow before the great I AM.
 3 While everlasting ages roll,
 Eternal love shall feast their soul,
 And scenes of bliss for ever new
 Rise in succession to their view.
 4 O sweet employ to sing and trace
 Th' amazing hights and depths of grace;
 And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
 A blissful, vast eternity!
 5 O what a sweet exalted song,
 When every tribe and every tongue,
 Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
 And joined in one full chorus there!

BONAR. S. M.

1 A few more years shall roil, A few more sea - sons come;
 And we shall lie with them that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb.

CHORUS.

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
 O wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

664

S. M.

2 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime.
 Cho.—Then, O my Lord, &c.

3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
 Cho.—Then, O my Lord, &c.

4 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.
 Cho.—Then, O my Lord, &c.

5 A few more meetings here
 Shall cheer us on our way;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath day.
 Cho.—Then, O my Lord, &c.

665

L. M.

1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glit'-ring towers the sun out-shine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
Cho.—I'm going home, &c.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine' shall be.
Cho.—I'm going home, &c.

3 While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam.
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
Cho.—I'm going home, &c.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
Cho.—I'm going home, &c.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be—
This heavenly mansion stands for me.
Cho.—I'm going home, &c.

666

C. M.

1 O, WHAT a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in thee!

2 But thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day.

3 There shall thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy word was true.

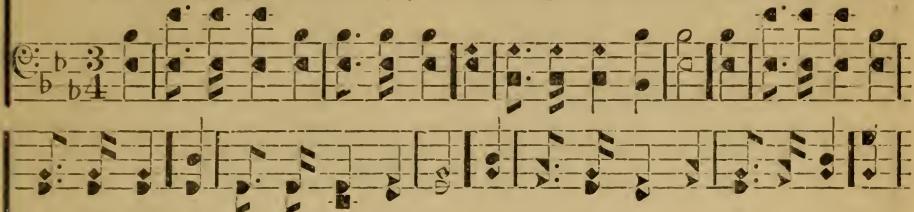
4 There Jesus on his heavenly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see;
While we the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.

5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

VARINA. C. M. D.



1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are
 2 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing—“Mortals, behold the



passed away, And the old rolling skies. From the third heav'n where God resides, That
 sa - cred seat Of our de-scend-ing King. “The God of glo - ry down to men Re-



ho - ly, hap - py place, The new Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned with shining grace,
 moves his blest abode! Men, the dear object of his grace, And he the lov - ing God.



667

C. M. D.

3 “His own kind hands shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye;
 And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
 And death itself shall die.”
 How long, dear Savior, O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

668

C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove—
 These gloomy doubts that rise—
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er— [flood,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
 Could fright us from the shore.

HERMON. C. M.

1 Ye wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den souls, Who are op - press - ed sore,
 Ye trav' - lers through the wil - der - ness, To Ca - naan's peace - ful shore.

669

C. M.

1 YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore;

2 Through chilling winds, and beating rain,
 And waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you,
 Take courage and be bold!

3 For Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on;
 A few more beating winds and rains,
 And winter will be gone.

4 Methinks I now begin to see
 The borders of that land;
 The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
 In beauteous order stand.

5 O what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes;
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies:

6 Bright angels whispering me away—
 "O come, my brother, come!"
 And I am willing to be gone.
 To my eternal home.

670

C. M. (VARINA. Page 325.)

1 ON Jordans stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh the transporting rapt'rous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son for ever reigns
 And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'rous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

671

C. M.

1 NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the regions peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found:
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

APPLETON. L. M.

1 Heaven is a place of rest from sin, But all who hope to en - ter there,
Must here that ho - ly course be - gin, Which shall their souls for rest pre - pare.

672

L.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew,
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven! O what is this!
The sum of all that faith believed,
Fullness of joy and depth of bliss,
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, princedoms,
powers,
And saints made perfect, triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word;
In those our Savior's steps we trace,
By this his living voice is heard.

6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love,
And we from grace to glory led,
From heaven below, to heaven above.

673 S. M. (OLMUTZ. Page 318.)

1 THIERE is no night in heaven:
In that blest world above,
Work never can bring weariness—
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven:
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no want in heaven:
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.

4 There is no sin in heaven:
Behold that blessed throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

5 There is no death in heaven:
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

6 There is no death in heaven:
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies.

GUIDE. 7s.

1 High in yon - der realms of light, Dwell the rap - tured saints a - bove, }
Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uels love. }
D.C. Gloom - y doubts dis - tress - ing fears, Tort' - ring pain and heav - y woe.

Pil - grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,

674

7s.

2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits, ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows!
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

675

8s & 7s.

1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.
Cno.—For now we stand, &c.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
Cno.—For now we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
Cno.—For now we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever, [home,
Our King says come, and there's our
For ever! O, for ever!
Cno.—For now we stand, &c.

PORTAGE. C. M.

1 Lord, I be - lieve a rest re-mains, To all thy peo-ple known,
 A rest where pure en - joy - ment reigns, And thou art loved a - lone.

676

C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known,
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above—
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe and enter in!
 Now, Savior, now thy power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove;
 To me the rest of faith impart—
 The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou knowest I would,
 And have thee all my own;
 Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
 I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
 This—only this be given—
 Nothing beside my God I want
 Nothing in earth or heaven.

677 L. M. (NUNDA. Page 333.)

1 O HAPPY saints, that dwell in light,
 And walk with Jesus clothed in white,
 Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
 Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sorrow, sin and strife,
 Death was the gate to endless life,
 And now they range the heavenly plains,
 And sing his love in melting strains.

3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
 And tell the wonders of his grace;
 Or, overwhelmed with raptures sweet,
 Sink down, adoring at his feet.

4 Ah, Lord! with faltering steps I creep,
 And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
 When shall I wake in heaven, to prove
 The hights and depths of Jesus' love?

678

C. M.

1 LORD, when together here me meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O, may thy special presence still
With every one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the chords of love;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.

679

C. M.

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain a while to part;
'T is by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare,
And bless the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O, may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast as minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wand'ring cease;
Then with our Father we shall dwell
A family of peace.

VERNON. 7s.

Fine.

1 When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain?
D. C. Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wea - ried love re - tire,

680

7s.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in faith's well-known domain,
Within the vail we'll meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

UNITY. 6s & 5s.

1 When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us for ever?

Our hearts will ne'er re-pose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes—Never—no, nev-er!

681

6s & 5s.

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill—
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never—no, never!

IOWA. S. M.

1 And are we yet a - live, And see each oth - er's face?

2 Pre - served by power di - vine To full sal - va - tion here,

Glo - ry and praise to Je - sus give, For his re - deem - ing grace:
A - gain in Je - sus' praise we join, And in his sight ap - pear.

682

S. M.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we passed!
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last;

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

NUNDA. L. M.

1 My dear-est friends, in bonds of love, Our hearts in sweetest un-ion prove,
Your friendship's like a draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand.

683

L. M.

1 MY dearest friends, in bonds of love,
Our hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your presence sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like chords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
When we have met to sing and pray,
How loath I've been to leave the place
When Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my struggling mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all in one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.

6 Dear fellow-youth in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies:
Fight on, you'll win the happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.

7 How oft I've seen the flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries;
O taste his grace, in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

AVON. C. M.

1 Now, breth-ren, to your homes re-pair; And as you pass a - long,
 Em - ploy your hearts in hum - ble prayer, And raise the cheer - ful song.

684

C. M.

2 Praise God for what your ears have heard,
 For what your eyes have seen;
 Praise him for what has here occurred—
 For all you feel within.

3 Improve the strength you here have gain'd,
 To do God's holy will;
 Improve the knowledge here attained,
 To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
 You've served your God for nought;
 But grow in grace, from day to day,
 As you have here been taught.

5 Farewell—and to your homes repair;
 And as you pass along,
 Employ your hearts in humble prayer,
 And raise to God a song.

685

C. M.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part:
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go,
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his beloved embrace,
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
 The same in mind and heart;
 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,
 Nor life nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
 Which shall our flesh restore;
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more.

686

C. M.

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one;
 Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
 To harmony divine.

2 It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given—
 The hope when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

- 3 What though the northern wintry blast
 Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
 Be cast our distant lot.
- 4 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
 From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
 May hope to meet again.
- 5 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
 From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.
- 6 No lingering look, nor parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
 And love immortal glows.

687

C. M.

- 1 NOW, pilgrims, let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove;
Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.
- 2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We're hastening to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.
- 3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove.

And join with heart and voice to sing
The wonders of his love.

4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land,
And tread the peaceful shore;
And there unite a glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.

688 S. M. (IOWA. Page 332.)

1 NOW brethren, though we part,
And to our homes repair—
May we be true, and joined in heart,
Like friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquest go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'lers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
With every day ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

5 When all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain,
We'll meet on that celestial shore,
And never part again.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Fine.

D. C.

1 Jesus, grant us all a blessing, Send it down, Lord, from above; } { Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 May we all go home a pray-ing, And rejoicing in thy love! } { Till we all shall meet a-(Omit...) bove,
 D. C. Farewell brethren, farewell sisters, Till we all shall meet above.

689

8s & 7s.

Jesus, pardon all our follies,
While together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

GRATITUDE. T. M.

1 O hap-py day when saints shall meet To part no more, the thought is sweet;
 No more to feel the rend - ing smart, Oft felt be - low when Chris-tian's part.

690

L. M.

2 O happy place, I still must say.
 Where all but love is done away;
 All cause of parting there is past;
 Their social feast will ever last.
 3 Such union here is sought in vain.
 As there in every heart will reign;
 There separations can't compel,
 The saints to bid the sad farewell.

4 On earth, when friends together meet,
 And find the passing moments sweet;
 Time's rapid motions soon compel,
 With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
 5 The happy season soon will come, [home;
 When saints shall meet in heaven, their
 Eternally with Christ to dwell,
 Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

ENDFIELD. C. M.

1 Now, Lord, tho' we must part a - while, Up - on the heav-enly road,
 2 And if on earth a - gain we meet, Lord, let us meet with thee;
 Yet let thy face up - on us smile, And keep us near our God.
 And let thy gra - cious pres - ence sweet, From bond-age set us free.

691

C. M.

3 This, only this, we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode,
That we with Christ and saints may have
Communion on the road.
4 For since our fellowship below
Affords such joy and love,
We long its full extent to know,
When we shall meet above.

692

L. M.

1 PILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart;
No length of days, no distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.
2 Parting with joy, we'll join and sing
The wonders of our bleeding King;
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing can divide our love.

3 In vain may earth and hell combine
To quench that love which is divine;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.
4 Now, joined in love in Jesus' name,
Let's part and fly to spread his fame,
That other souls may leave their woe,
And join with us in glory too.
5 A few more rolling days and years,
Shall bring a period to our tears,
Soon shall we reach the blissful shore,
Where parting shall be known no more.
6 There shall our souls adore the hand
That led us through this desert land,
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

THE FAMILY.

ROLLINS. S. M.

693

S. M.

2 Look up, beyond these clouds!
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.
3 Cast every weight aside!
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.
4 Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food;

Feed with and on him; he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.
5 Take thy first walk with God!
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still his company.
6 Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

WARWICK. C. M.

694

C. M.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temples shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

STATE STREET. S. M.

695

S. M.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Or on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

TRURO. L. M.

696

L. M.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear!
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And every secret thought surveys.

4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refreshed me while I slept,
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

697

C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee I will direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there,
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

698

S. M.

1 THE night is past and gone,
The evening shades are fled;
O may each morning bring to mind
Our rising from the dead!

2 We put our garments on,
Our labor to pursue;
So in the resurrection morn
Saints shall be clothed anew.

3 Lord, keep us safe this day,
Support us by thine arm;
May angels guard us on our way,
Secure from every harm.

4 Now may we all as one
The Christian course pursue;
And with new strength and courage run
To win the prize in view.

5 And when our nights are past,
And time bears us away,
May we possess a crown of life
In an eternal day.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

1 Come to the morn-ing prayer, Come let us kneel and pray;
 2 At noon be -neath the Rock Of a - ges rest and pray;
 Prayer is the Chris-tian pil-grim's staff To walk with God all day.
 Sweet is that shad-ow from the heat When smites the sun by day.

699

S. M.

3 At eve, shut to the door,
 Round the home alter pray,
 And finding there "the house of God,"
 At "heaven's gate" close the day.

4 When midnight seals our eyes,
 Let each in spirit say,
 "I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
 With thee to watch and pray.

HEBER. C. M.

1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes my wak - ing eyes;
 2 Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day re - news the sound,
 Once more my voice thy trib - ute pay, To him who rules the skies.
 Wide as the heaven on which he sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

700

C. M.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
Thy Justice might have crushed me dead
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

701

C. M.

1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously,
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

702 8s & 7s. (MEMORIA. Page 343.)

1 SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destructions walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards thee from surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

EVENING HYMNS.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

703

C. M.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free;
'T is sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pray this ev'ning sacrifice,
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope rely
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep:
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

HERR. L. M.

1 Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un - der thine own al - might - y wings.

704

L. M.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 Whatever ills this day I've done,
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep;
 Close to my bed, his vigils keep;
 Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
 Nor powers of darkness me molest.

EVAN. C. M.

1 Now from the al - tar of my heart, Let in - cense flames a - rise;
 As - sist me, Lord, to off - er up, My eve - ning sac - ri - fice

705

C. M.

2 This day was God my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide.
His tender care o'er me was shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favor, and new joys,
New songs of praise require;
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

5 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Thee shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

MEMORIA. 8s & 7s.

1 Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my low - ly door;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.

706

8s & 7s.

1 SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O! the shrouded and the lonely—
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

707

L. M.

1 NOW one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides;
If I have walked by faith, in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here.

2 I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep;
I've one day less to see within
Conflict, defeat, remorse, and sin.

3 And O, reflect, my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal,
Thou'rt art one stage nearer to the shore,
Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.

4 If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place
Where he will never hide his face.

BROWN. C. M.

708

C. M.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Savior's breast.

HEBRON. I. M.

709

L. M.

2 On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O, Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of angels round my bed;

3 Let not the spirits of the air,
While I slumber, me ensnare;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.

4 Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion.
O! dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!

5 Thus when the morn in crimson dressed,
Breaks through the windows of the East,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise
Like incense at morning sacrifice.

710

L. M.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home!
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things—
My God in safety makes me dwell,
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

711

C. M.

1 NOW, O my soul! the circling sun
Has all his beams withdrawn;
Once more his daily race is run,
And gloomy night comes on.

2 Thus, one day more of life is gone,
A doubtful few remain:
Come then, review what thou hast done
Eternal life to gain.

3 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away?
And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With every passing day?

4 This day, what conquest hast thou gained?
What sin is overcome?
What fresh degree of grace obtained,
To bring thee nearer home?

5 Thus let us still our course review,
Our real state to learn;
And with redoubled zeal, pursue
Our great and chief concern.

712

L. M.

1 SUN of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Savior's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die!

4 Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark,
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have thee.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear,
 O may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near.

713

S. M.

2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest.
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unweared sun;
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run!

5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom' rest—
 The bosom of thy love!

TABLE HYMNS.

714

L. M.

1 GOD from his cloudy cisterns pours
 On the parched earth enriching showers;
 The grove, the garden, and the field,
 A thousand joyful blessings yield.

2 O bless his name, ye nations, fed
 With nature's chief supporter—bread;
 While death your vital strength imparts,
 Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

715

L. M.

1 IF peace and plenty crown my days,
 Then help me, Lord, to sing thy praise!
 If bread of sorrow be my food,
 Those sorrows work my real good.

2 Be present at our table, Lord!
 Be here, and everywhere adored!
 Thy people bless, and grant that we
 May feast in paradise with thee.

716

S. M.

1 GOD is the fountain whence
 Ten thousand blessings flow;
 To him my life, my health and friends,
 And every good, I owe.

2 The comforts he affords
 Are neither few nor small;
 He is the source of fresh delights,
 My portion and my all.

717

S. M.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1 O ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The fount-ain of e - ter - nal love,
 Whose mer - cy firm through a - ges past Has stood, and shall for ev - er last.

718 L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love,
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast, but numberless!
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 A tribute equal to his praise!

719 L. M.

1 BLESSINGS to God, for ever blest—
 To God the Master of the feast—
 Who hath for us a table spread,
 And from his hands us creatures fed.

2 O, give us all a thankful heart;
 Help us from evil to depart;
 Our daily meat, Lord, let it be,
 Thy will to do, and follow thee.

PARENTAL HYMNS.

720 S. M.

1 IN all thy ways O God,
 I would acknowledge thee,
 And seek to keep my heart and house
 From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
 An altar will I raise;
 And thither my oblations bring,
 Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
 My household, Lord, should be
 Devoted to thyself alone—
 A nursery for thee.

721 C. M. (NAOMI. Page 349.)

1 THOU, who a tender parent art,
 Regard a parent's plea;
 My offspring, with an anxious heart,
 I now command to thee.

2 My children are my greatest care—
 A charge which thou hast given,
 In all thy graces let them share,
 And all thy joys of heaven.

3 On me thou hast bestowed thy grace,
 Be to my children kind;
 Among thy saints give them a place,
 And leave not one behind.

4 Happy we then shall live below,
 The remnant of our days;
 And when to brighter worlds we go,
 Shall all resound thy praise.

HENDON 7s.

1 God of mercy, hear our prayer For the children thou hast given; Let them all thy
 2 In the morning of their days, May their hearts be drawn to thee; Let them learn to
 blessings share, Grace on earth and bliss in heaven! Grace on earth and bliss in heaven!
 lisp thy praise In their ear-liest in - fan - cy, In their ear-liest in - fan - cy.

722

7s.

3 Cleanse their soul from every stain,
 Through the Savior's precious blood;
 Let them all be born again,
 And be reconciled to God.

4 For his mercy, Lord, we cry;
 Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
 While on thee our souls rely,
 Hear our prayer, in mercy hear!

LINDON. L. M.

1 If God suc-ceed not, all the cost And pains to build the house are lost;
 2 What if you rise be-fore the sun, And work and toil when day is done,
 If God the cit - y will not keep, The watchful guards as well may sleep.
 Care-ful and spar - ing eat your bread To shun that pov - er - ty you dread;

723

L. M.

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest;
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God our sov'reign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends;
 How sweet our daily comforts prove,
 When they are seasoned with his love!

NAOMI. C. M.

1 Hap - py the home, when God is there, And love fills eve - ry breast:
 2 Hap - py the home where Je - sus' name Is sweet to eve - ry ear;
 Where one their wish and one their prayer, And one their heavenly rest.
 Where chil - dren ear - ly lisp his fame And par - ents hold him dear.

724

C. M

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
 And praise is want to rise;
 Where parents love the sacred word,
 And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree,
 This blessed peace to gain;
 Unite our hearts in love to thee,
 And love to all will reign.

725

C. M.

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declared thy heavenly truth,
 And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 Before the rising age.
 And leave a savor of thy name,
 When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
 Attend my next remove;
 O may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love!

5 By long experience have I known
 Thy sov'reign power to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.

6 When I lie buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care;
 These withered limbs with thee I trust,
 To raise them strong and fair.

726 8s & 7s. (GREENVILLE. Page 335.)

1 PEACE be to this habitation;
 Peace to all that dwell therein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation;
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver.
 Peace to worldly mind unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts forever,
 Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

THE FAMILY BIBLE. 12s & 11s.

1 How pain-ful ly pleasing the fond re-col-lec-tion Of youthful e-mo-tions and in-no-cent joy,
D. C. And that richest of books which ex-cels every other, The fam-i-ly Bi-ble, which lay on the stand.

When blest with pa-ren-tal ad-vice and af-fec-tion, Sur round-ed with mercies, with peace from on high
 The old-fash-ioned Bi-ble, the dear, biess-ed Bi-ble The fam-i-ly Bi-ble that lay on the stand.

Fine.

D. C.

I still view the chairs of my sire and my moth-er; The seats of their off-spring, as ranged on each hand,

727

12s & 11s

1728

C. M

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, etc.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted,
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
 And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt my dear Savior's protection,
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
0, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
 And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand.
 The old-fashioned Bible, etc.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When free from every scorn and pride
Our wishes all above.
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

729 8s & 6s. (ARIEL. Page 306.)

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord;
But first obedient to his word,
I must myself appear;
By actions, words and temper show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my presence wait,
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain,
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A foll'wer of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use,
Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians live.

YOUTH.

HERTELL. C. M.

1 How happy are the young who hear Instruction's warning voice. And who ce-
les - tial wis - dom make Their ear-ly, on - ly choice, Their ear-ly, on - ly choice.

730 C. M.

1 HOW happy are the young who hear
Instruction's warning voice:
And who celestial wisdom make
Their early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

731

C. M.

- 1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose—
- 2 Deep in [my] thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be [my] thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved;
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of [my] thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all [my] thy ways;
- 4 Ere yet [my] thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret deplore
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give [me] thee rest;
O then improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

732

C. M.

- 1 THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed,
Then seize, O youth, the present hour;
Of that thou hast most need.
- 2 Do thy best always—do it now;
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.
- 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown,
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.
- 4 And soon the harvest of thy toil,
Rejoicing thou shalt reap,
Or o'er thy wild neglected soil,
Go forth in shame to weep.

HINTON. 11s.

1 Like mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea, So swift - ly the years of our pil-grim-age flee;

In the grave of our fa - thers how soon we shall lie! Dear chil-dren, to - day to a [dear] Sav - ior fly.

733

11s.

1 LIKE mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers how soon we shall lie!
Dear children, to-day to a [dear] Savior fly.

2 How sweet are the flow'rets of April and May!
But often the frost makes them wither away;
Like flowers you may fade!—are you ready to die?
While yet there is room to a [dear] Savior fly.

3 When Samuel was young he first knew the Lord—
He slept in his smile and rejoiced in his word;
So most of God's children are early brought nigh;
O, seek him in youth— to a [dear] Savior fly!

4 Do you ask me for pleasure? then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden and weary find rest:
In the valley of death you will triumphing cry—
If this be called dying, 'tis pleasant to die.

SILOAM. C. M.

734

C. M.

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O, thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

735

C. M.

1 HAPPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'T is easier work, if we begin,
To serve the Lord betimes:
While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are hardened by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our daily breath:
Thus we're prepared for future days,
Or fit for early death.

736

C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instructions find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road—
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

THE FAMILY.

737

C. M.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain"

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'T is here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

WEBB 7s & 6s.

1 Go thou in life's fair morning, Go, in thy bloom of youth,
And seek, for thine a-dorn-ing, [Omit.....] The precious pearl of truth ;
D. S. E'er cause it to de-part.

Se-ure the heavenly treasure, And bind it on thy heart; And let no earth-ly pleas-ure

738

7s & 6s.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while the heart is light,
Go, e'er thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast and buy it;
'T is worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and dimonds,
Scepters and crowns of kings!

3 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow;
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator;
Learn early to be wise;
Go place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice.

DEVOTION. C. M.

1 Be - stow, dear Lord, up - on our youth, The gift of sav - ing grace;
 And let the seed of sa - cred truth Fall in a fruit - ful place.

739

C. M.

2 Grace is a plant where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heavenly root;
 But fairest in the youngest shows,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sov'reign love;
 Your youth is stained with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made,
 O, join the public prayer;
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 O, shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's power to teach;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Jesus whom we preach.

740 8s & 7s. (DUNN. Page 356.)

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me!
 Bless a little child to-night;
 Through the darkness be thou near me,
 Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand shall lead me,
 And I thank thee for thy care;
 Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

741

C. M.

1 WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
 A place for calm repose?
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes.

2 What friend have I in heaven or earth,
 What friend to trust, but thee?
 My father's dead; my mother's dead;
 My God, remember me.

3 Thy gracious promise now fulfill,
 And bid my trouble cease;
 In thee the fatherless shall find
 Pure mercy, grace, and peace.

4 I've not a secret care or pain
 But he that secret knows;
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes.

DUNN. 8s & 7s.

742

8s & 7s.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions, too.
4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

743 C. M. (DEVOTION. Page 355.)

1 LORD of my life, whose word of power
Did first inspire my breath,
Thy hand has kept me to this hour,
From danger and from death.
2 Spared to commence another year,
The past I now review:
How numerous do my sins appear,
How great thy mercies, too!
3 I thank thee for thy tender care
Through all my earlier days,
And for each privilege I share,
That still thy love displays.
4 For Jesus' sake, my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace;
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.
5 How long or short my course may be,
'T is not for me to know;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favor grow.

MARRIAGE HYMNS.

744 L. M. (HEBRON. Page 288.)
1 IT is not good, Jehovah said,
For man new formed to be alone;
Then of his rib an help-mate made,
And man and wife pronounced but one.
2 From near his heart this rib he took,
To show the favor should be prized;
Not from his head, to overlook,
Not from his foot, to be despised.
3 Beneath his arm, to signify
Wives should authority disclaim,
And that protection and supply
Are from the husbands due to them.
4 Bless, Lord, this newly married pair,
And make the match a blessing prove;
Their interest one, their joys, their care,
Made happy in each other's love.
5 Jesus, we ask thy presence here;
O may thy face upon us shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than costliest food or richest wine.

745 7s & 6s. (WEBB. Page 354.)
1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The newborn earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed;
When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest:

2 No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good!
Yet in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known:
A want the heart distressing—
For Adam was alone!

3 O God of pure affection!
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board—
May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand disperse
Whom thou hast linked in one.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—FASTS.

746 C. M. (SILOAM. Page 353.)

1 LET the land mourn through all its coasts,
And humble all its state;

Princes and rulers at their posts,
Awhile sit desolate.

2 Let all the people, high and low,
Rich, poor, and great and small,
Invoke, in fellowship of woe,
The Maker of them all.

3 For God hath summoned from his place
Death in a direr form,
To waken, warn, and scourge our race,
Than earthquakes, fire or storm.

4 Let churches weep within their place,
And families apart;
Let each in secrecy bewail
The plague of his own heart.

5 So while the land bemoans its sin,
The pestilence may cease,
And mercy, temp'ring wrath, bring in
God's blessed health and peace.

ELLA. 8s & 7s.

747 8s & 7s.

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us and defend.

WARREN. L. M.

748

L. M.

2 The blessing from thy truth withdrawn,
Its quick'ning, saving influence gone—
Unwarn'd, unwaken'd, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

3 In dews unseen, or scanty showers,
Thy Spirit sheds its healing powers;
The thirsty ground is parched beneath,
And all is barrenness and death.

4 Yet still thy name be ever blessed,
On thee our hope shall safely rest:
Thy saints shall yet exult and sing
The matchless glories of their King.

749

L. M.

1 HOW long hath God bestowed his care
On this indulged, ungrateful land!
How oft in times of danger near,
Preserved us by his sov'reign hand.

2 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our mightiest foes have felt
That God hath made our cause his own.

3 But, ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We, whom like children he has reared,
For all his care unthankful prove.

4 See! he uplifts his chastening rod!
O, where are now the faithful few,

Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

5 Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet this day to weep and pray;
Our sinful land in mercy spare,
In mercy turn thy wrath away.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

750

C. M.

1 AND now, my soul, another year,
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run—
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

751

L. M.

1 OUR helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known,
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

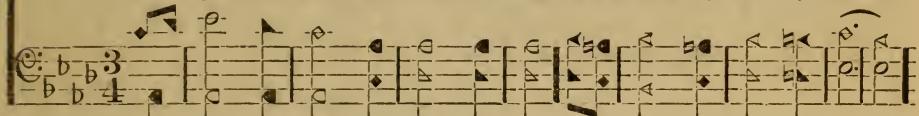
4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

THE NEW YEAR.

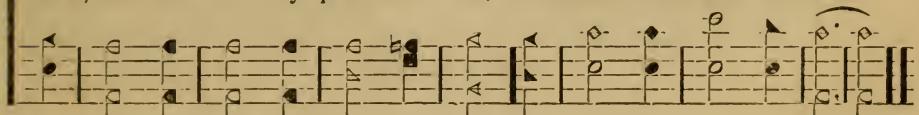
MANOAH. C. M.



1 Now, gra-cious Lord, thine arm re - veal, And make thy glo - ry known,



Now, let us all thy pres - ence feel, And soft - en hearts of stone.



752

C. M.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Savior's name,
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free,
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

LUCAS. 10, 5, 11, 12, 6, 12.

753

10, 5, 11, 12, 6, 12.

2 Our life is dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay
The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view—and eternity's near.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say;
I have fought my way through;
I have finished my work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may hear that glad word;
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

THE SEASONS.

754

C. M.

1 WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joys arise!
What prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;

And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear
That saw the Savior rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

YODER. C. M.

1 To praise the ev - er bount-eous Lord, My soul, wake all thy powers;
 He calls—and at his voice come forth The smil - ing har - vest hours.

755

C. M.

2 His covenant with earth he keeps;
 My tongue his goodness sing;
 Summer and winter know their time;
 His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased. the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop;
 With joy they bear the sheaves away
 And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness;
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
 The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then in the last great harvest, I
 Shall reap a glorious crop;
 The harvest shall by far exceed
 What I have sown in hope.

756 8s & 7s. (DUNN. Page 356)

1 SEE the leaves around us falling
 Dry and withered to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound—

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming
 Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you—
 Gay with health and many a grace;
 Let no cloudless skies deceive you;
 Summer gives the autumn place."

4 On the tree of life eternal
 Let our highest hopes be stayed:
 This alone for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

757

C. M.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round;
 How black, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray:
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.

4 O happy state! divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns,
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.

5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seat of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING. L. M.

1 Great God, as sea - sons dis - ap - pear, And changes mark the roll-ing year;
As time with rap - id pin - ion's flies, May eve - ry sea - son make us wise.

758

L. M.

2 Long has thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays,
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled;
No blasting winds our path assailed.
3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace;
Time of decision, awfoul hour!
Around it let no tempests lower.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

PRAISE. 7s.

1 Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of eve - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

759

7s.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vines exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scattered o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 5 These to thee, my God we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

760

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims, trod—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our father's steps did guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispel the shades of error's night,
And heav'nly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our Guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

761 C. M. (DEVOTION. Page 355.)

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The changing seasons as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
The plants in beauty grew; [thine;
Thou gav'st resplendent suns to shine,
And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above,
Matured the swelling grain.
A kindly harvest crowns thy love
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed time, nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

762

L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.
- 2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health and strength thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.
- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from the exhaustless store.
- 4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winters gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.
- 5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.
- 6 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the Majesty divine.

TEMPERANCE.

EUCLID. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thou-sands slain, The youth-ful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fa-tal reign, And the de-lu-ded throng.

763 S. M.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine—
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

WINDSOR. C. M.

1 In-temp'-rance, like a rag-ing flood, Is sweep-ing o'er the land;
Its dire ef-fects, in tears and blood, Are traced on eve-ry hand.

764

C. M.

1 INTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.
2 It still flows on and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom;
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?

765

C. M.

1 DESTRUCTIVE sword! how oft hast thou
Been bathed in human blood!
What cities, fields and seas have been
Stained with the crimson flood!
2 All-gracious God! permit our souls,
Impressed with human woe,
With thee to plead, how long, how long
Shall this mad deluge flow?
3 How long shall brethren's hands, imbrued
With blood, each other slay?
The field with gashly scenes bestrewed,
Of man to man a prey?

WAR.

3 Almighty God, no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.
4 Dry up the source from whence it flows;
Destroy its fountain head;
That dire intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

REPOSE. L. M.



1 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace, And mark the conquests of thy grace;



Complete the work thou hast begun, And let thy will on earth be done.



766

L. M.

1 THY footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.
2 O, show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Command the din of war to cease;
O, bid contending nations rest,
And love pervade each human breast.

3 Then peace shall lift her balmy wing,
Glad plenty laugh, the valleys sing;
Reviving commerce lift her head,
And want, and woe, and hate be fled.
4 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy word;
O soon let every nation prove
The perfect joy of Christian love.

1 You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale, Of the sil - ver-y streamlets and flowers of the vale; 3
 But the place most delightful this earth can af - ford, Is the place of de - vo - tion, the house of the Lord.
 The house of the Lord, the house of the Lord, Is the place of de - vo - tion, the house of the Lord.

767

12s.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
 Of the sky's softning graces when day is just gone;
 But there's no other season or time can compare
 With the hour of devotion, the season of pray'r.
 3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
 And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
 But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
 Are the friends of my Master, the children of God
 4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame or of wealth,
 And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
 But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
 Take away every other, and give me but this,
 5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord !
 I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
 I will walk to thine altar with those that I love,
 And rejoice in the prospects revealed from above.

768 P. M. (PENITENCE. Page 227.)

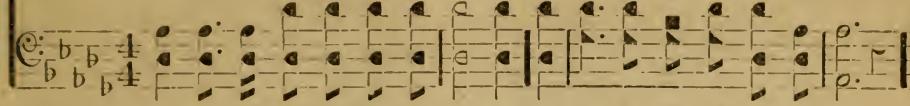
1 VAIN delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood:
 All thy pleasure I forego;
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
 'T is all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain—
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atonning Victim died;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
 3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
 4 O that I could all invite
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the hight,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

HUNTINGDON. 9s & 8s.



1 Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee,



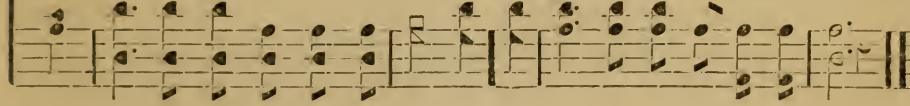
Tinged are the dis-tant skies with glo - ry, A bea - con light hung out for thee;



A - rise, a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee; Thy name is gra - ven on the throne;



Thy home is in the world of glo - ry, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone.



769

9s & 8s.

2 Tossed on time's rude relentless surges,
Calmly, composed, and dauntless stand ;
For lo ! beyond those scénes emerges
The hights that bound the promised land,
Behold ! behold ! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er ;
Hark ! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore !

3 Cheer up ! cheer up ! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray.
The star-gemméd crowns and realms of glory,
Invite thy happy soul away ;
Away ! away ! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne ;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

HEAVEN. C. M.

1 Weep for the lost! Thy Savior wept O'er Sa lem's helpless doom; He wept, to

think their day was past, And come their night of gloom, And come their night of gloom.

770

C. M.

2 Weep for the lost! The prophets wept
O'er Israel's gloomy fate,
When vengeance had unsheath'd her sword
Repentance came too late.

3 Weep for the lost! Apostles wept,
That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject,
And endless life refuse.

4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep,
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
And toil with ceaseless care,
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair.

HAMBURG. L. M.

1 Ab-surd and vain at- tempt! to bind With i-ron chains the free-born mind;
To force con-vic-tion, and re-claim The wandering, by de-struc-tive flame.

771

L. M.

2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heaven,
Dominion not to mortals given:
O'er conscience to usurp the throne
Accountable to God alone.
3 Jesus thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields,
No arm but what persuasion yields
4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It leads the willing mind along;
And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

772

C. M.

1 O TELL me where the dove is flown
To build her downy nest,
And I will search the world around,
To win her to my breast.
2 I sought her in the rosy bower
Where pleasure holds her reign;
Where fancy flies from flower to flower,
But there I sought in vain.
3 I sought her in the bower of love,
I knew her tender heart;
But she had flown—that peaceful dove
Had felt her traitor's dart.

FESSENDEN. L. P. M.

1 What must it be to dwell a-bove, At God's right hand where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains?
No heart can think, no tongue explain, What bliss it is with Christ to reign!

774

L. P. M.

2 When sin no more obscures the sight,
And sorrow pains the heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of light,
And all his works of grace explore?
What heights, what depths of love divine
Shall there through endless ages shine!

4 Upon ambition's craggy hill

I thought this bird might stray,
And there I sought, but vainly still;
She never flew that way.

5 Faith smiled and shed the tender tear,
To see me search around,
And whispered, 'I can tell thee where
The dove may yet be found.
6 In meek religion's humble cot,
She built her downy nest:
Go, seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast "
773 C. M. (HERTELL. Page 351.)

1 THESE mortal joys how soon they fade,
How swift they pass away;
The dying flower declines its head,
The beauty of a day.
2 Soon are these earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own.
Scarce the possessions can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.
3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

3 This is the heaven I long to know,
For this I would with patience wait;
Till weaned from earth and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat—

And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And with the elders cast it down.

FOUNTAIN C. M.

1 All men are e - qual in their birth, Heirs of the earth and skies; All
 men are equal when that earth Fades from their dying eyes, Fades from their dying eyes.

775

C. M.

2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
 In courts that hands have made,
 And hears the worshiper who bows
 Beneath the plantain shade.

3 'T is man alone who diff'rence sees,
 And speaks of high and low,
 And worships those, and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.

4 O, let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love;
 In power and wealth exult no more,
 In wisdom lowly move.

5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
 Ye lo, your shame and fear;
 Live, as ye worship, side by side;
 Your brotherhood revere.

2 How fleeting—vain—how transitory,
 This world with all its pomp and show;
 Its vain delights and short-lived pleasure—
 I'll gladly leave them all below.
 But love and grace shall be my story,
 While I in Christ such beauties see;
 While endless ages onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house must be dissolved,
 And mortal life shall soon be o'er;
 All earthly care and earthly sorrow
 Shall pain my eyes and heart no more;
 Religion pure will stand for ever,
 And my glad heart shall strengthen'd be,
 While endless ages onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion mine shall be.

776 9s & 8s. (HUNTINGDON. Page 267.)

1 RELIGION! 't is a glorious treasure,
 The purchase of a Savior's blood,
 It fills the soul with consolation,
 It lifts the thoughts to things above.
 It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
 It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea,
 'Tis mix'd with goodness, humble patience,
 This heavenly portion mine shall be.

4 While journ'ying here through tribulation
 In Christian love we'll march along;
 And while strife severs the ambitious—
 In Jesus Christ we'll all be one;
 Religion, pure, unites together
 In bonds of love and makes us free:
 While endless ages onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion mine shall be.

ROSEFIELD. 7s.

1 When we stand be - fore the throne, Dressed in beau - ty not our own,
When we see thee as thou art, Love thee with un - sin - ning heart—

Then, Lord, shall we ful - ly know — Not till then—how much we owe.

777

7s.

1 WHEN we stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not our own,
When we see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart—
Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe.

2 When the praise of heaven we hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe.

3 Ev'n on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
Ev'n on earth, Lord, make us know
Something of how much we owe.

778 L. M. (MEROE. Page 372.)

1 MY bark is on a troubled sea;
The winds and waves may adverse be;
But hope, my anchor's firmly cast
Within the vail, for ever fast.

2 How oft, when tempest-tossed at night,
I watch in vain for dawning light,
Yet think, when terrors would prevail,
My anchor is within the vail.

3 Within the vail—where Jesus stands,
And shows to God his blood-stained hands;
Within the vail—he went to bear
The name upon the breast-plate there.

4 My hope must have his righteousness,
For it can rest on nothing less;
Within the vail—is still my prayer,
O! may my anchor enter there.

5 Although the billows round me roll,
They never can o'erwhelm my soul;
Within the vail my anchor's cast,
Unshaken by the stormy blast.

6 Whene'er I quit this changing scene,
May I depart in hope serene;
And find, when heart and flesh shall fail,
My anchor cast within the vail.

MEROE. L. M.

1 Hon - or and hap - pi - ness u - nite To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light, That fills the rem - nant of his days!

779

L. M.

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows,
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.
3 Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.
4 Inferior honors he despairs,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expenses of his heavenly birth.
5 The noblest creatures seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!
6 My soul is ravished at the thought,
Methinks from earth I see him rise!

Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

780

L. M.

1 YE different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show us where the Christians live!
2 Your claim, alas! you cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst know,
For sure thou hast a church below.
3 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye;
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.
4 For this the pleading spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banished ones:
Love, greatest of thy gifts impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

WALKER. C. M.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

WALKER—concluded.

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in his train?

781

C. M.

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train!

3 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could look beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:

4 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel,
Who follows in their train?

5 They climbed the steep ascents of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!

782 P. M. (HUNTINGDON. Page 367)

1 COME, all who love my Lord and Master,
And like old David I will tell,
Though chief of sinners, I've found favor,
By grace redeem'd from death and hell;
Far as the east from west is parted,
So far my sins by dying love
From me by faith are separated,
Blest antepast of joys above.

2 I late estranged, from Jesus wandered,
And tho't each dang'rous poison good;
But he in mercy long pursued me,
With cries of his redeeming blood;
Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night concealed,
But Jesus' love removed my blindness,
And he his pard'ning grace revealed.

3 Now I will serve him while he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud:
Though hell oppose, and sinners mock me,
In rapt'rous songs, I'll praise my God;

By faith I view the heavenly concert,
They sing high strains of Jesus' Love;
O! with desire my soul is longing,
And faint would be with Christ above.

4 That blessed day is fast approaching,
When Christ in glorious clouds will come,
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels,
To call each faithful spirit home;
There's Abra'am, Isaac, holy prophets,
And all the saints at God's right hand;
There hosts of angels join in concert—
Shout as they reach the promised land.

783

L. M.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not,
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin:

4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

1 Our bondage here shall end, By and by—by and by; Our bondage here shall end,
by and by: From Egypt's yoke set free, Hail the glorious Jubilee, And to Canaan march a-
long, By and by — by and by; And to Ca-naan march a-long, by and by.

2 Our Deliv'rer he shall come, by and by, &c.

And our sorrows have an end,

With our three score years and ten,

And vast glory crown the day, by and by, &c.

3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on, &c.

Though our hearts dissolve with fear,

Lo! Sinai's God is near!

While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, &c.

4 Thro' Marah's bitter streams, we'll go on, &c.

Though Baç'a's vale be dry

And the land yield no supply;

To the land of corn and wine, we'll go on, &c.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come, &c.
Jehovah rules the tide—

And the waters he'll divide, [come, &c.

And the ransomed host shall shout, we are

6 Then friends shall meet again who have
loved, &c.

Our embraces shall be sweet,

At the dear Redeemer's feet;

When we meet to part no more, who have &c.

7 Then with that happy throng, we'll rejoice, &c.

Shouting praises to our King,

Till the vaults of heav'n ring;

And through all eternity, we'll rejoice, &c.

1 How tedious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see! {
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers Have all lost their sweet-ness to me: }
 D. C. But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.

The mid - sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay:

785

8s.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see! [flowers
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 Have all lost their sweet-ness to me:
 The mid summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay:
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I—
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of seasons or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear.
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

8s. No. 9. (*Selected.*)

1 I long to behold him arrayed,
 With glory and light from above,
 The King in his beauty displayed —
 His beauty of holiest love.

2 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus has fixed his abode ;
 Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountains of God?

3 With him, I, on Zion shall stand,
 For Jesus hath spoken the word;
 The breath of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord.

4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find—
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

HIGHER TH/ N. I. 11s.

1 In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll repair, When my heart is o'erwhelm'd with
 sor - row and care; From the end of the earth un - to thee will I cry,
 Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I — High - er than I —
 High - er than I — Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

11s.

2 When Satan, my foe, cometh in like a flood,
 To drive my poor soul from the fountain of God,
 I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
 And the service of Christ thy Redeemer to leave,
 I'll claim my relation to Jesus, on high—
 The Rock of Salvation that's higher than I.

4 O Savior of sinners, when faint and depressed,
 With manifold trials and sorrows oppressed,

I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry,
 "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

5 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
 In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear;
 In the swelling of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
 And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

6 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,
 And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise;
 With millions I'll join far above yonder sky,
 To praise the kind Rock that is higher than I.

787 C. M. (FOUNTAIN, Page 370)

1 DEAR friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine:

2 Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turn to wine.

3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,

When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

ATONEMENT. P. M.

1 Saw ye my Sav - ior, saw ye my Sav - ior Saw ye my Sav - ior and God ? O ! he
died on Cal - va - ry, To a - tone for you and me, And to purchase our par - don with blood.

788 P. M.

1 SAW ye my Savior, saw ye my Savior,
Saw ye my Savior and God?
O ! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
Here he bowed his head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine
When his Majesty Divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Hail mighty Savior! hail mighty Savior!
Prince, and the author of peace!
O ! he burst the bars of death,
And triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

5 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O, behold my hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

6 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

BRADFORD. C. M.

1 An-gels, where'er we go, at-tend Our steps what'er be-tide,
With watch-ful care their charge de-fend, And e-vil turn a-side.

789

C. M.

1 ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
Our steps whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Jehovah's charioteers surround;
The ministerial choir
Encamp, where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.

4 Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.

5 By thronging round, with busiest love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.

6 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there.

790

C. M.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thine house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

THEODORUS. 7s & 6s. D.

1 We seek the Gold-en Cit-y, The cit-y of our King,

And as we jour-ney thith-er, We joy-ful-ly will sing.

Its walls are built of Jas-per, Its streets are of pure gold,

And count-less are the glo-ries Which we shall there be-hold.

791

7s & 6s. D.

2 The pearly gates stand open,
For there they have no night,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle—
The Lamb, he is the light.
And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin,
For naught that worketh evil
Shall ever enter in.

3 And there life's crystal river,
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Close by its waters grow.
But through that Golden City
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Savior,
Our Prophet, Priest and King.

792 7s. (HENDON. Page 234.)

1 'T IS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

1 A sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, To-day I'm nearer to my home Than e'er I've been before

793 S. M.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
And nearer to the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where falls my burden down;
Nearer to where I leave my cross,
And where I gain my crown.

4 Savior, confirm my trust,
Complete my faith in thee;
And let me feel as if I stood
Close on eternity;
5 Feel as if now my feet
Were slipping o'er the brink;
For I may now be nearer home,
Much nearer than I think.

EMMA. C. M.

1 Dear re-fuge of my weary soul, On thee, when sorrows rise, On thee, when waves of

trou-ble roll, On thee, when waves of trou-ble roll, My faint-ing, hope re - lies.

794 C. M.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?

And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

WILCOX. L. M.

1 Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake, A heart - y wel-come here re-ceive;

May we to - geth - er now par - take The joys which on - ly he can give.

795 L. M.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus—as the moments pass away—
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten to that glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

796 S. M.

1 WRAP'T in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him, the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

2 Laid in a Christless tomb.
There, bound with felon-chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

3 O Christless shroud, how cold,
How dark, O Christless tomb!
O grief that never can grow old,
O what a dreadful doom!

4 O Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know?
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe!

5 To rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
The lost souls funeral!

6 O Christless soul, awake
Ere thy last sleep begin!
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
Burst thou the bands of sin!

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1 O, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my God;
 Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad.

S. no Fine.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing eve - ry day.

797

L. M.

2 O, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move —Cho.
3 'T is done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.—Cho.

4 Now rest my long divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.—

5 High Heav'n that hears the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.—Cho.

NEWKIRK. 10s.

A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Alto (C-clef) and the bottom staff is for the Soprano (F-clef). The piano part is on the left, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "Joyful Joyful onward I move, Bound to the land of bright spirits above; Angelic choristers, sing as I come—Joy-fully, joy-fully haste to thy home!"

NEWKIRK.—concluded.

Soon with my pilgrimage end-ed be-low, Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam: Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest-ing at home.

798

10s.

2 Friends fondly cherished, have passed on before;
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
 Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom;
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Singing with the harmony heaven's high dome—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low,
 Strike King of terrors! I fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

799 L. M. (NUnda. Page 333.)

- 1 AS when the weary traveler gains
 The hight of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the the much-loved spot,
 He slightst the space that lies between;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
 No more he grieves for troubles past,
 Nor any future trial fears
 So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode:
 Assured our home will make amends.
 For all our toil while on the road.

800 C. M. (PORTAGE 384.)

- 1 I SING the mighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
 That filled the earth with food:
 He formed the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
 But makes his glories known;
 And clouds arise and tempests blow
 By order from his throne.

PORTAGE. C. M.

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starv-ing, poor, Be-hold the roy-al feast,
Where mer-cy spreads her bounteous store, For eve-ry hum-ble guest.

801

C. M.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 O come and with his children taste,
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

5 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

802 L. M. (WARREN. Page 358.)

1 AS pilgrims in this vale of tears
We sigh to reach our heavenly home,
That we, released from all our fears,
May tune our harps and cease to roam.

2 O God, protect us by thy power,
And keep us safe within thy fold;
That we in each unguarded hour,
May never lose on thee our hold.

3 Oh, wipe the tears from sorrow's eye,
And let us all rejoice in thee;
Give joy for every rising sigh,
Make us from every fetter free.

4 Help us to view our dying Lord,
And gaze upon his bleeding side!
That we may faithful to his word,
Eternally in him abide.

5 Then when we quit this mortal frame,
Oh, may we soar away to thee;
Raise hallelujah's to thy name,
And our divine Redeemer see.

803 8s & 7s. (GREENVILLE. Page 335.)

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come, and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love, and Prince of peace,
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth:
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
That shall teach us all thy truth;
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love's our bond and Christ our center,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

HERTELL. C. M.

3 Hear the Prince of your salvation.
Saying, "Fear not, little flock,
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this rock:
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Near our Shepherd constant keep,
Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep."

4 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him we own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame!
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he, and he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good shepherd feeds his sheep.

1 Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true, "And dare to stand alone;" Strive for the
right, whate'er ye do, Though helpers there be none, Though helpers there be none.

804 C. M.

2 Nay—bend not to the swelling surge
Of fashion's sneer and wrong;
'T will bear thee on to ruin's verge,
With current wild and strong.

3 Stand for the right: though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer;
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.

4 Stand for the right, and with clean hands,
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'l find warm sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by.

5 Stand for the right: proclaim it loud,
Thou'l find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and then no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

805 S. M. SANDUSKY. Page 390.)

1 I AM, saith Christ, the way;
Now if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the truth;
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, said Christ, the life;
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceived, nor die.

AVON. C. M.

1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love,
 His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.

806

C. M.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly his,
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that Light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
 Peaceful, serene, and bright;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is Light.

807

C. M.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
 Jesus, my Lord! for thee?
 This is my joy, since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compared with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair!

4 Savior of souls! while I from thee
 A single smile obtain,
 Though destitute of all things else,
 I'll glory in my gain.

808 L. M. (NUNDA. Page 388.)

1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
 Teach me what thou wouldest have me do,
 Suggest whate'er I think or say,
 Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Assist and teach me how to pray;
 Incline my nature to obey:
 What thou abhor'st that let me flee,
 And only love what pleases thee.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND. P. M.

1 There is a happy land, Far, far, away—Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;

O, how they sweetly sing—Worthy is their Savior King! Loud let his praises ring For-ev-er more.

809

P. M.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be!
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

810

C. M.

1 IN the beginning was the word;
Athwart the chaos night
It gleamed with quick, creative power,
And there was life and light.
2 Thy word, O God! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.
3 And as that word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

4 O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on! and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace.

5 Till wail of woe, and clank of chain,
And bruit of battle stilled—
The world with thy great music's pulse,
O word of love! be thrilled.

6 Till selfish passion, strife and wrong,
Thy summons shall have heard,
And thy creation be complete,
O thou eternal word.

811

C. M.

1 MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose;
His angels watched me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.
2 Now for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I'll pay,
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.
3 In pressing dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

CHERWELL. C. M.



1 When lan - guor and dis - ease in - vade This trembling house of clay,
 2 Sweet to look in - ward, and at - tend The whis pers of his love:



'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way:
 Sweet to look up - ward, to the place Where Je - sus pleads a - bove.

812

C. M.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own:
 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on the cov'nant of his grace
 For all things to depend:

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.
 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be;
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
 O Lord, direct from thee!

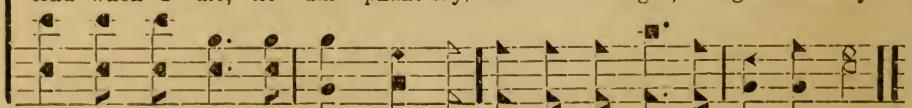
813 NUNDA. L. M.



1 The righteousness, th' a-ton - ing blood Of Je - sus is the way to God;
 2 The prophets and a - pos - tles too, Pursued this path while here below;
 3 With faith and love and ho - ly care, In this dear way I'll per - se-vere.



O may we then no lon - ger stray, But come to Christ, the good old way.
 We therefore will with - out dis - may, Thus walk in Christ, the good old way.
 And when I die, tri - um - phant say, This is the right, the good old way.

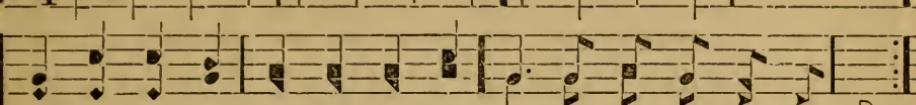
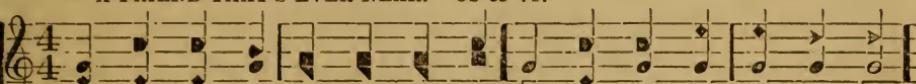


314

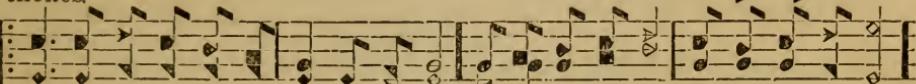
L. M.

HOW proud we are, how fond, to show 2 The tulip and the butterfly
 Our cloth's, and call them rich and new; Appear in gayer coats than I; 3 O, that my heart were set to find
 When the poor sheep and silk-worms Let me be dressed fine as I will. [still. Inward adornings of the mind!
 The very clothing long before, [wore Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me These are the robes of richest dress.

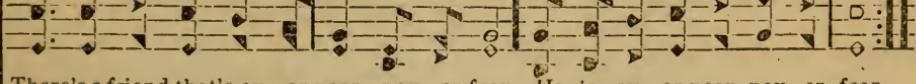
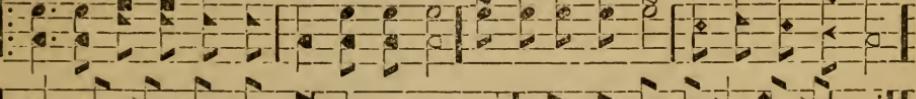
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2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
 When the shadow leaves the heart,
 And the steps of time beat lighter,
 When the gloomy clouds depart.
 Many days have dawned serenely,
 While the birds sang with delight,
 But the skies were dark and gloomy,
 Ere the sun had reached its height.—Cho.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
 On a blessed tranquil shore;
 Sighs will then give place to singing,
 Tears to bliss forever more.
 Thou shalt see a world of glory,
 And eternal joy and bliss;
 Let not then thy soul be mourning
 O'er the woes and cares of this.—Cho.

SANDUSKY. S. M.

1 To keep the lamp a - live With oil we fill the bowl;
'T is wa - ter makes the wil - low thrive, And grace that feeds the soul.

816

S. M

1 TO keep the lamp alive
With oil we fill the bowl;
'T is water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand,
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Beware of Peter's words,
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never *may*.

4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

817

C. P. M.

1 HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given
On which to place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the Corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ I all possess,
Wisdom, and strength and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

3 There is no path to heavenly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ th' appointed road;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

4 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Savior kind and true;
O may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.

COOK. C. P. M.

1 O love di-vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my wand'ring heart
 All tak - en up in thee! O may I dai - ly live to prove
 The sweet - ness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me.

818

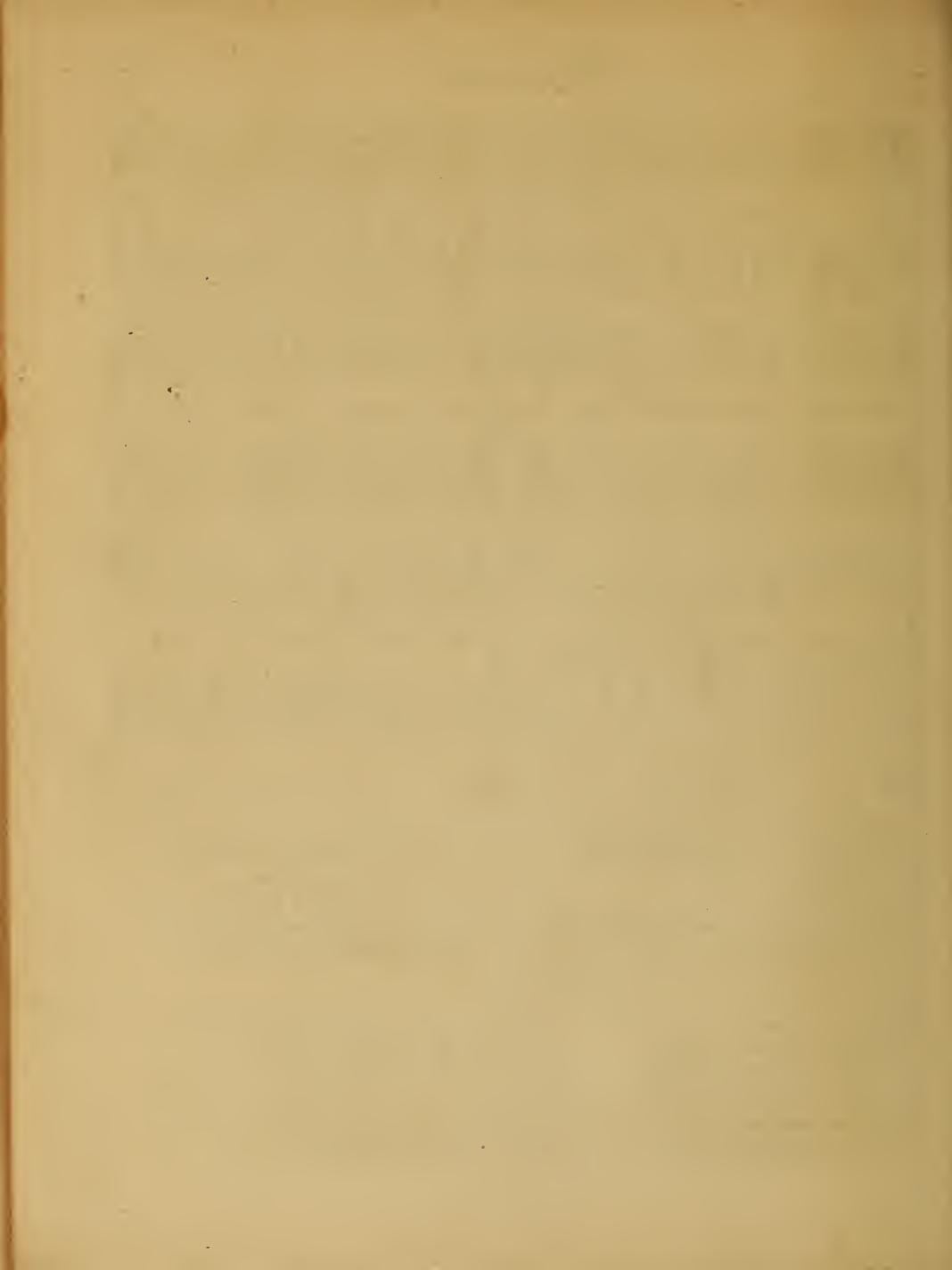
C. P. M.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my wand'ring heart
 All taken up in thee!
 O may I daily live to prove
 The sweetness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;
 O may it now be shed abroad
 To cheer my fainting heart!
 I want to feel that love divine;
 This heavenly portion, Lord, be mine—
 Be mine this better part.

3 O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I might, with happy John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The blest Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.



INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

The figures refer to the Number of the Hymns.

HYMN.	HYMN.
Abide with us, the evening shades.....	449
A broken heart, my God, my king.....	355
Absurd and vain attempt! to bind.....	771
A charge to keep I have.....	500
A few more years shall roll.....	664
Affliction is a stormy deep.....	497
Again the Lord of life and light.....	135
A home in heaven! What a joyful thought!.....	645
Ah! why should bitter tears.....	604
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	193
Alas! my God, that thou shouldst be.....	437
All hail! happy day.....	161
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	381
All men are equal in their birth.....	775
All praise to our Redeeming Lord.....	303
All you who have confessed.....	255
Almighty Sovereign of the skies.....	762
Always with us, always with us.....	389
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	561
A mother may forgetful be.....	235
An alien from God and a stranger to grace.....	662
And are we yet alive.....	682
And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?".....	525
And do we hope to be with him?.....	458
And is the gospel peace and love?.....	171
And let this feeble body fail.....	609
And must I be to judgment brought.....	255
And must I part with all I have?.....	807
And must this body die.....	621
And now, my soul, another year.....	750
Angels where'er we go, attend.....	789
Another day is pass'd along.....	138
A parting hymn we sing.....	307
Are we almost there, are we almost there?.....	657
Arise, my soul, arise.....	190
Arise, my tend'rest thoughts.....	375
As body when the soul has fled.....	478
Asleep in Jesus' blessed sleep.....	598
As pilgrims in this vale of tears.....	802
As the sweet flower that scents the morn.....	579
A sweetly solemn thought.....	793
As when the weary trav'ler gains.....	799
At every motion of our breath.....	629
Awake, and sing the song.....	68
Awake my soul, and with the sun.....	696
Awake my soul, in joyful lays.....	73
Awake my soul, stretch every nerve.....	545
Awake, my zeal, awake, my love.....	565
Away from ev'ry mortal care.....	61
Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true.....	804
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	89
Begin the day with God.....	693
Behold a stranger at the door.....	345
Behold how sinners disagree.....	370
Behold, the blind their sight receive.....	176
Behold the bright morning appears.....	205
Behold the glories of the Lamb.....	45
Behold the heathen wait to know.....	216
Behold the mountain of the Lord.....	219
Behold the Saviour of mankind.....	196
Behold the sure foundation stone.....	229
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine.....	371
Behold what wondrous grace.....	401
Behold, where in a mortal form.....	297
Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....	596
Beside the gospel pool.....	333
Be still! be still! for all around.....	39
Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth.....	739
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go.....	808
Bless'd are the humble souls that see.....	390
Blessed Bible, how I love it.....	147
Bless'd is the man who shuns the place.....	487
Bless'd with the joys of innocence.....	376
Blessings to God, forever blest—.....	719
Bless, O my soul, the living God.....	57
Blest be my God that I was born.....	53
Blest be the dear uniting love.....	685
Blest hour when mortal man retires.....	87
Blest hour when virtuous friends shall meet.....	612
Blest is the man whose bowels move.....	499
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	334
Bold in speech and bold in action.....	271
Broad is the road that leads to death.....	328
Buried beneath the yielding wave.....	286
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	734
Call Jehovah thy salvation.....	457
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish.....	619
Children of the heavenly King.....	72
Christians, the glorious hope ye know.....	264
Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee	769
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	199
Come all who love my Lord and Master.....	782
Come, descend, O heavenly Spirit.....	395
Come, every pious heart.....	74
Come, heavenly love, inspire my song.....	46
Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine.....	288
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	397
Come, let us all unite to praise.....	47
Come, let us anew our journey pursue.....	753
Come, let us search our ways and see.....	496
Come, let us strike our harps afresh.....	679
Come, let us use the grace divine.....	250
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	544
Come on, my partners in distress.....	322
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.....	330
Come, sound his praise abroad.....	102
Come, take my yoke, the Saviour said.....	347
Come, thou Fount of every blessing.....	49
Come, thou long-expected Jesus.....	158

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

HYMN.	HYMN.
Come to the house of prayer.....117	God moves in a mysterious way.....32
Come to the morning prayer.....699	God named love, whose fount thou art.....256
Come, worship at Emanuel's feet.....52	God of mercy, hear our prayer.....722
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish.....342	God of my childhood and my youth.....725
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....341	God of our salvation, hear us.....108
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord.....13	God's law demands one living faith.....153
Come, ye that love the Lord.....60	God with us! O glorious name.....156
Comfort, ye ministers of grace.....272	Go forth on wings of faith and prayer.....262
Converts to Christ's benignant sway.....245	Go, labor on! spend and be spent.....260
Dare to think, though bigots frown.....465	Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord.....266
Dark and thorny is the desert.....402	Go, spirit of the sainted dead.....601
Dear as thou wast, and justly dear.....616	Go thou, in life's fair morning.....738
Dear Friend, whose presence.....787	Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime.....590
Dear Lord, amid the throng that pressed.....470	Go to thy rest, fair child.....578
Dear Lord, how wondrous is thy love.....43	Go when the morning shineth.....126
Dear Lord, though bitter is the cup.....554	Go with thy servant, Lord.....263
Dear refuge of my weary soul.....794	Grace, 't is a most delightful theme.....382
Deem not that they are blest.....418	Great Author of the immortal mind.....521
Depth of mercy can there be.....362	Great God, as seasons disappear.....758
Destruction's dangerous road.....352	Great God, how infinite art thou.....4
Destructive sword! how oft hast thou.....765	Great God, indulge my humble claim.....40
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....172	Great God, I own thy sentence just.....624
Did our Immanuel die for us.....195	Great God, in vain man's narrow view.....14
Dismiss us from the house of prayer.....110	Great God of nations, now to thee.....760
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord.....111	Great Lord, of all thy churches, hear.....537
Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed.....224	Great Shepherd of thine Israel.....236
Does it not grieve and wonder move.....92	Great was the day, the joy was great.....396
Do not I love thee, O my Lord.....507	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....25
Dread Jehovah! God of nations.....747	
Early, my God, without delay.....694	Had I a throne above the rest.....520
Earth's transitory things decay.....571	Had I ten thousand gifts beside.....817
Equip me for the war.....562	Had I the tongue of Greeks and Jews.....508
Ere to the world again we go.....106	Hail sweetest, dearest tie that binds.....686
Eternal and Immortal King.....17	Hail the blest morn, when the great Mediator.....157
Eternal God, almighty Cause.....16	Hail to the Prince of life and peace.....66
Eternal power, whose high abode.....62	Happy is he whose early years.....735
Faith is the brightest evidence.....477	Happy soul, thy days are ended.....615
Far as thy name is known.....247	Happy the Church, thou sacred place.....239
Far down the ages now.....233	Happy the home, when God is there.....724
Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell.....589	Happy the man that finds the grace.....564
Farewell, vain world, I'm going home.....607	Happy the meek, whose gentle breast.....513
Far from my thoughts, vain world away.....425	Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound.....602
Far from these narrow scenes.....576	Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.....464
Father, how wide thy glories shines.....29	Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes.....160
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.....366	Hark! the jubilee is sounding.....349
Father of faithful Abra'm hear.....534	Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....314
Father of mercies, bow thine ear.....273	Hark! 'tis the prophet of the skies.....222
Father of mercies, in thy word.....142	Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....335
Father, when o'er our trembling hearts.....412	Haste, traveler, haste, the night comes on.....338
Fling out the banner! let it float.....275	Have we no tears to shed for him.....309
For ever here my rest shall be.....236	Heal us, Immanuel! here we stand.....357
For ever with the Lord.....655	Hear the royal proclamation.....274
For Zion's sake I will not rest.....221	Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims.....577
Fountain of mercy, God of love.....761	Heaven is a place of rest from sin.....672
Friend after friend departs.....567	He came not with his heavenly crown.....170
From all that's mortal, all that's vain.....448	He dies, the friend of sinners dies.....198
From all who dwell beneath the skies.....48	Here cares and angry passions cease.....85
From every stormy wind that blows.....530	High in yonder realms of light.....674
From Greenland's icy mountains.....265	Hither ye faithful, haste in songs of triumph.....162
From his low bed of mortal dust.....584	Holy and reverend is thy name.....6
From the table now retiring.....312	Honor and happiness unite.....779
Full of trembling expectation.....406	Hopeless and outcast once we lay.....237
Give me the wings of faith to rise.....659	How are thy servants blest, O Lord.....36
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....240	How beauteous are their feet.....258
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....704	How beauteous are the marks.....177
God from the cloudy clistern pours.....714	How blest the righteous when he dies.....573
God in his earthly temple lays.....252	How blest the sacred tie that binds.....304
God in the gospel of his son.....150	How can I sink with such a prop.....452
God is the fountain whence.....716	How condescending and how kind.....313
	How did my heart rejoice to hear.....41
	How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord.....391
	How great, how solemn is the work.....63
	How happy are they who their Saviour obey.....488

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

HYMN.	HYMN.
How happy are the young, who hear.....	730
How happy every child of grace.....	489
How happy is the Christian's state.....	491
How long hath God bestowed his care.....	749
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign.....	625
How long wilt thou conceal thy face.....	409
How lost was my condition.....	180
How lovely the emblems of faith.....	293
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection.....	727
How pleasant, how divinely fair.....	82
How proud we are, how fond to show.....	814
How sad our state by nature is.....	379
How shall I follow him I serve.....	469
How shall the young secure their hearts.....	736
How solemn the signal I hear.....	605
How sweetly flowed the gospel.....	173
How sweet the hour of closing day.....	588
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.....	728
How sweet the melting lay.....	695
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	167
How swift the torrent rolls.....	641
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....	785
How vain are all things here below.....	639
How vain is all beneath the skies.....	635
How welcome to the saints when pressed.....	131
I am, saith Christ, the way.....	805
I am weary, I am weary.....	420
I and my house will serve the Lord.....	729
I asked the Lord that I might grow.....	526
If glorious angels do rejoice.....	291
If God succeed not, all the cost.....	723
If I must die, O, let me die.....	537
If on our daily course our mind.....	454
If Paul in Caesar's court must stand.....	455
If peace and plenty crown my days.....	715
I know that my Redeemer lives.....	439
I long to see the season come.....	329
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	253
I love to see the Lord below.....	84
I love to steal awhile away.....	124
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	290
Imposture shrinks from light.....	145
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	285
In all my vast concerns with thee.....	10
In all my ways, O God.....	720
Indulgent God of love.....	23
In mein'ry of the Saviour's love.....	302
In mercy Lord, remember me.....	701
In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair.....	786
Inspiring and hearer of prayer.....	453
Intemperance, like a raging flood.....	764
In the beginning, was the word.....	810
In the Christian's home in glory.....	648
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	468
In this lone hour of deep distress.....	593
In thy great name, O Lord, we come.....	95
In trouble and in grief, O God.....	473
In vain our fancy strives to paint.....	617
I sing the mighty power of God.....	800
Is there a God? Yon rising sun.....	1
Is this the kind return?	367
It is a very pleasant thing.....	284
It is not death to die.....	575
It is not good, Jehovah said.....	744
It is the hour of prayer.....	120
I waited patient for the Lord.....	410
I want a heart to pray.....	531
I would but can not sing.....	361
I would not live alway; I ask not to stay.....	643
Jehovah's image brightly shone.....	26
Jehovah is a God of might.....	8
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!	646
Jerusalem, my glorious home.....	654
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	466
Jesus, grant us all a blessing	689
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep.....	317
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	445
Jesus, lover of my soul	181
Jesus, my all to heaven is gone.....	783
Jesus, my King, proclaims the war.....	558
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	211
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.....	740
Jesus, the name high over all.....	165
Jesus, the very thought is sweet.....	188
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend.....	189
Jesus, thou dear redeeming Lord	98
Jesus thy blood and righteousness.....	184
Jesus, thy love shall we forget.....	305
Jesus wept! those tears are over.....	169
Join all the glorious names.....	42
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move.....	798
Joy is a fruit that will not grow.....	492
Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....	159
Kind are the words that Jesus speaks.....	454
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake.....	795
Kind souls, reflect awhile with me.....	642
I know, my soul, thy full salvation.....	440
Laborers of Christ, arise.....	503
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love.....	310
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend.....	337
Let others boast how strong they be.....	637
Let party names no more.....	316
Let Pharisees of high esteem.....	510
Let plenteous grace descend on those.....	294
Let the land mourn through all its coasts.....	746
Let the seventh angel sound on high.....	209
Let the wild leopards of the woods.....	374
Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour.....	808
Let us the sheep by Jesus named.....	78
Let vain pursuits and vain desires.....	306
Let worldly men, from shore to shore.....	144
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	259
Life is the time to serve the Lord.....	346
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high.....	206
Like mist on the mountain, like ships, &c.....	733
Like morning, when her early breeze.....	388
Like Noah's weary dove.....	212
Like shadows gliding o'er the plain.....	627
Lo! he comes, with clouds descending.....	228
Lo! I behold the scattering shades.....	651
Long have I sat beneath the sound.....	416
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye.....	377
Look up, ye saints, with sweet surprise.....	215
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....	633
Lord, a little band and lowly.....	742
Lord, at this closing hour	104
Lord, at thy sacred feet.....	79
Lord, bless thy saints assembled here.....	249
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.....	114
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	80
Lord, how secure and blest are they.....	490
Lord, I believe a rest remains.....	676
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....	697
Lord, in these dark and dismal days.....	748
Lord, in thy presence here we meet.....	282
Lord, forever at thy side.....	485
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	498
Lord of my life, whose word of power.....	743
Lord of the harvest hear.....	281
Lord of the worlds above.....	86
Lord, teach thy servants how to pray	532
Lord, teach us how to pray.....	116

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

HYMN.	HYMN.
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray..... 703	O for a thousand tongues to sing..... 70
Lord, we come before thee now..... 91	O for that flame of living fire..... 566
Lord, what a feeble piece..... 636	Often the clouds of deepest woe..... 474
Lord, what a heaven of saving grace..... 38	O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn..... 356
Lord, what a wretched land is this..... 523	O God, by whom the seed is given..... 105
Lord, what is man ! extremes how wide..... 386	O God of Bethel, by whose hand..... 35
Lord, when together here we meet..... 678	O God, on thee we all depend..... 54
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee..... 59	O happy day that fixed my choice..... 797
Lo ! the destroying angel flies..... 308	O happy day ! when saintshall meet..... 690
Love is the fountain whence..... 515	O happy saints that dwell in light..... 677
Lo ! what a glorious sight appears..... 667	O hie us, Lord ! each hour of need..... 541
Lo ! what an entertaining sight..... 318	O he whom Jesus loved, has truly spoken..... 502
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned..... 178	O for a closer walk with God..... 432
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show..... 300	Oh for a glance of heavenly day..... 359
Mary to the Saviour's tomb..... 201	Oh where can the soul find relief..... 647
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour..... 107	O in the morn of life, when youth..... 731
Meekly in Jordan's stream..... 289	O it is joy in one to meet..... 119
'Mid sceptres of confusion and creature, &c..... 653	O land of rest, for thee I sigh..... 423
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven..... 480	O Lord, hadst thou been here, but when..... 472
Mourn for the thousands slain..... 763	O Lord, how full of sweet content..... 462
My bark is on troubled sea..... 778	O Lord, our languid souls inspire..... 96
My closet, my temple, my social retreat..... 129	O Lord, thou know'st my soul's desires..... 415
My days are gliding swiftly by..... 675	O Lord, to us assembled here..... 542
My days, my weeks, my months, my years..... 634	O Lord ! thy work revive..... 539
My dearest friends, in bonds of love..... 683	O Lord, show pity, and forgive..... 358
My dear Redeemer and my Lord..... 175	O love beyond conception great..... 387
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so..... 501	O love divine that stooped to share..... 417
My God ! my Father ! cheering name..... 25	O love divine, how sweet thou art..... 818
My God, my King, thy various praise..... 56	O most delightful hour by man..... 597
My God, my life, my love..... 22	Once more before we part..... 115
My God ! is any 'our so sweet..... 527	Once more my soul, the rising day..... 700
My God, the covenant of thy love..... 441	Once more we come before our God..... 81
My God, the spring of all my joys..... 486	Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished..... 444
My God, thy service well demands..... 405	One prayer I have—all prayer..... 555
My God was with me all the night..... 811	One there is above all others..... 183
My heavenly home is bright and fair..... 665	On Jordan's stormy banks I stand..... 670
My opening eyes with rapture see..... 134	O not to fill the mouth of fame..... 484
My Shepherd will supply my need..... 790	On the mountain tops appearing..... 218
My soul be on thy guard..... 563	Onward, Christian, though the region..... 504
My soul, come meditate the day..... 586	Onward, onward, men of heaven..... 269
My span of life will soon be done..... 583	On what has now been sown..... 109
My spirit longs for thee..... 421	On Zion's glorious summit stood..... 663
Nay, tell us not of dangers dire..... 560	O render thanks to God..... 718
Nearer, my God, to thee..... 434	O sacred head, now wounded..... 191
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard..... 671	O sinner, bring not tears alone..... 354
Nor King nor Prince on Judah's throne..... 223	O sweetly breathe the lyres above..... 493
Not all the blood of beast..... 187	O tell me no more of this world's vain store..... 426
No trace is on the sunny sky..... 398	O tell me thou life and delight..... 404
Not to the terrors of the Lord..... 241	O tell me where the dove is flown..... 772
Not unto us, almighty Lord..... 37	O that I could forever dwell..... 436
Now begin the heavenly theme..... 71	O that I knew the secret place..... 365
Now, brethren, though we part..... 688	O that my load of sin were gone..... 360
Now, brethren, to your homes..... 684	O that the Lord would guide my ways..... 435
Now, from the altar of my heart..... 705	O there's a better world on high..... 411
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm..... 752	O thou to whom in ancient time..... 83
Now I resolve with all my heart..... 461	O thou who driest the mourner's tear..... 419
Now, Lord, though we must part awhile..... 691	O thou, who hear'st when sinners cry..... 364
Now, O my soul ! the circling sun..... 711	O thou, who on thy chosen Son..... 280
Now one day's journey less divides..... 707	O thou, whose compassionate care..... 324
Now, pilgrims, let us go in peace..... 687	O thou, whose own vast temple..... 326
Now shall our hearts with pleasure raise..... 75	O thou, whose tender mercy..... 373
Now, while the gospel net is cast..... 100	O time ! how few thy value weigh..... 628
O bless the Lord, my soul !..... 50	O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die..... 340
O bless the Lord, my soul !..... 717	O turn ye, O turn ye, ere he breatheth..... 399
O bow thine ear, eternal One..... 323	Our bondage here shall end..... 784
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God..... 433	Our Country is Immanuel's..... 649
Of him who did salvation bring..... 77	Our country's voice is pleading..... 261
O for a heart to love my God..... 428	Our days, alas ! are mortal days..... 631
O for an overcoming faith..... 479	Our God is love, and all his saints..... 511
O for a sweet inspiring ray..... 422	Our God, our help in ages past..... 23
	Our heavenly Father calls..... 451
	Our helper, God, we bless thy name..... 751
	Our Lord hath reached his heavenly seat..... 23

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

HYMN.	HYMN.
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....200	Straight is the way, the door is straight.....467
Our pathway oft is wet with tears.....392	Stretch'd on the cross, the Saviour dies.....197
O what a lonely path were ours.....666	Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear.....712
O when shall I see Jesus.....431	Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!.....128
O when the tear is gushing.....125	Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!.....121
O where are kings and empires.....232	Sweet is the memory of thy grace.....18
O where is now that glowing love.....443	Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....130
O where shall rest be found.....344	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....194
O why despond in life's dark vale.....34	
O worship the King all glorious above.....88	
O Zion's King, we suppliant bow.....276	
Pastor, thou art from us taken.....582	Take up thy cross, the Saviour said.....471
Patience! O what a grace divine.....517	Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal.....447
Peace be to this habitation.....796	Teach me yet more of thy blest ways.....522
People of the living God.....246	Teach me, my God and King.....551
Perfect through suffering may it be.....475	Teach me the measure of my days.....638
Pilgrims, with pleasure let us past.....692	Tell me not in mournful numbers.....497
Planted in Christ, the living vine.....254	That awful day will surely come.....227
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....383	That man no guard or weapon needs.....549
Praise to God, immortal.....759	The angels who watch'd round the tomb.....626
Praise to the Lord, for they are past.....653	The broken ties of happier days.....618
Prayer is the breath of God in man.....540	The bud will soon become a flower.....732
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....528	The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire.....226
Precious Bible! what a treasure.....149	The Christian knows his God aright.....552
Raise your triumphant songs.....44	The church has waited long.....212
Redeemed ones, the heirs of God.....460	The church of God believes it right.....299
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....494	The day is past and gone.....713
Religion is the chief concern.....424	The dead are like the stars by day.....606
Religion, 'tis a glorious treasure.....776	Thee we adore, eternal name.....640
Return, my roving heart, return.....127	The festal morn, my God, is come.....64
Rise, crowned, with light, imperial Salem, rise.....220	The importance of a sacred rite.....514
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....429	The King of saints, how fair his face.....251
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path.....546	The law by Moses came.....168
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....185	The law commands and makes us known.....143
Salvation! O the joyful sound.....380	The light of Sabbath eve.....133
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....702	The Lord into his garden comes.....248
Saviour, happy would I be.....456	The Lord my Shepherd is.....21
Saviour, I do feel thy merit.....69	The Lord our God is clothed with light.....11
Saviour, now receive him.....570	The Lord our God, is Lord of all5
Saviour of men, we bless thy name.....76	The Lord will come! the earth shall quake.....210
Saviour, teach me, day by day.....512	The night is past and gone.....698
Saviour, visit thy plantation.....538	The night is far spent, and the day is at hand.....214
Say, whence does this union arise.....321	The offerings to thy throne which rise.....94
Say, who is she that looks abroad.....233	The promises I sing.....388
Say, why should friendship grieve for those.....595	The ransom'd spirit to her home.....509
Saw ye my Saviour.....788	There is a fountain fill'd with blood.....378
See how the willing converts trace.....292	There is a happy land.....809
See in the vineyard of the Lord.....442	There is a house not made with hands.....608
See the leaves around us falling.....756	There is a land mine eye hath seen.....650
Servant of God, well done.....614	There is a land of pure delight.....668
Shall Atheists dare insult the cross.....151	There is a name I love to hear.....67
Shall e'er the shadow of a change.....7	There is an eye that never sleeps.....543
Shall I for fear of feeble man.....267	There is a place where my homes are stay'd.....644
Shall man, O God of light and life.....622	There is a region lovelier far.....661
Silently the shades of evening.....706	There is a time we know not when.....351
Since all the varying scenes of time.....31	There is no night in heaven.....673
Since o'er thy footstool here.....27	There's not a hope with comfort fraught.....446
Sing praise! the tomb is void.....202	The righteousness, th' atoning blood.....813
Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts.....373	The saints appear to tread the courts.....97
Sinners, the voice of God regard.....327	The saints on earth and those above.....319
Sinners, will you scorn the message.....332	The Saviour, what a noble flame.....166
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.....611	The Saviour, when to heaven he rose.....257
Sleep! drowsy sleep! come close mine eyes.....709	These mortal joys how soon they fade.....773
So fades the lovely blooming flower.....568	The Son of God goes forth to war.....781
Soldiers of the cross, arise.....559	The souls that would to Jesus press.....414
Songs of praise the angels sang.....58	The spacious firmament on high.....28
Speak gently to the erring ones.....548	The time draws nigh when from the clouds.....623
Spirit Divine! attend our prayer.....122	The winds were howling o'er the deep.....368
Stay! thou insulted Spirit, stay.....363	The world can neither give nor take.....519
Stern winter throws his icy chains.....75	The worth of truth no tongue can tell.....148
	They who seek the throne of grace.....118
	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord136
	This God is the God we adore.....113
	This is the day the first ripe shear.....139
	Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not.....600

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

HYMN.	HYMN.
Thou art the way; to thee alone.....	174
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.....	65
Thou didst, O mighty God, exis.....	12
Though hard the winds are blowing.....	403
Though in the earthly church below.....	243
Though thy days are dark with troubl.....	815
Though troublies assaill and dangers affright.....	30
Thou great first Cause! least understood.....	535
Thou long disown'd, revil'd, oppressed.....	146
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine.....	427
Thou Sov'reign, let my evening song.....	708
Thou who a tender parent art.....	721
Through thee, O Lord, we own.....	400
Through this wide wilderness I roam.....	413
Through sorrow's night and danger's path.....	620
Thus far the Lord has lead me on.....	710
Thus I resolved before the Lord.....	556
Thus saith the high and lofty One.....	15
Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace.....	766
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord.....	581
Thy presence, gracious God, affords.....	101
Thy way, O God, is in the sea.....	33
Time is winging us away.....	632
'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....	476
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.....	192
'Tis not the skill of human art.....	506
'Tis religion that can give.....	792
To-day God bids the faithful rest.....	140
To keep the lamp alive.....	816
To leave my dear home and from kindred, &c	123
To-morrow, Lord, is thine.....	630
To praise the ever-bounteous Lord.....	755
To thee, my God, whose presence.....	529
To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord.....	298
To thee our wants are known.....	112
To the flowing stream of Jordan.....	287
To thine eternal arms, O God.....	369
To thy temple we repair.....	99
To us a child of hope is born.....	164
Trembling before thine awful throne.....	463
Try us, O God, and search the ground.....	320
'Twas by the order of the Lord.....	155
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night.....	311
Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	613
Upon the gospel's sacred page.....	154
Up to the Lord, who reigns on high.....	
Vain, delusive world, adieu.....	768
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.....	350
Vouchsafe, O Lord, thy presence now.....	277
Wait, my soul, upon the Lord.....	393
Wake up, my muse, condole the loss.....	591
Walk in the light! so shalt thou know.....	806
Watchman! tell us of the night.....	207
We are living, we are dwelling.....	505
We bless thee for this sacred day.....	132
Weep for the lost! Thy Saviour wept.....	770
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	137
Well may thy servants mourn, my God.....	244
We seek the Golden City.....	791
We speak of the realms of the blest.....	658
We've no abiding city here.....	574
We will not weep, for God is standing by us.....	408
What cheering words are these.....	394
What contradictions meet.....	279
What if our bark, o'er life's rough sea.....	660
What is our God, or what his name.....	2
What must it be to dwell above.....	774
What poor, despised company.....	524
What shall I render to my God.....	90
What strange perplexities arise.....	550
What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe ..	533
What various hinderances we meet.....	533
When Abrah'm, full of sacred awe.....	536
When all thy mercies, O my God.....	55
When blooming youth is snatched away.....	603
When brighter suns and milder skies.....	754
When floating on life's troubled sea.....	482
When for eternal worlds we steer.....	481
When God descends with men to dwell.....	208
When God fulfills his promised word.....	217
When groves by moonlight silence keep.....	518
When I can read my title clear.....	483
When Israel through the desert pass'd.....	152
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	315
When Jesus Christ was here below.....	295
When Jesus, our great Master, came.....	459
When languor and disease invade.....	812
When life as opening buds, is sweet.....	572
When marshaled on the nightly plain.....	179
When, O dear Jesus, when shall I.....	141
When on her Maker's bosom.....	745
When shall we all meet again.....	680
When shall we meet again.....	681
When struggling on the bed of pain.....	323
When the harvest is passed and the summer.....	333
When waves of trouble round me swell.....	438
When we cannot see our way.....	516
When we pass through yonder river.....	656
When we stand before the throne.....	777
When wounded sore the stricken soul.....	384
When two or three with sweet accord.....	103
Where shall the child of sorrow find.....	741
While life prolongs its precious light.....	336
While now thy throne of grace.....	93
While others pray for grace to die.....	430
While shepherds watched their flocks.....	163
While thee I seek, protecting power.....	51
Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but thee.....	24
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn.....	495
Why do we mourn departing friends.....	610
Why should our tears in sorrow flow.....	599
Why should we start and fear to die.....	580
Why weep for those, frail child of woe.....	589
Why will ye lavish out your years.....	384
With joy we meditate the grace.....	186
With joy we own thy servant, Lord.....	278
With tearful eyes I look around.....	339
Wouldst thou an erring soul redeem.....	547
Would you win a soul to God.....	268
Wrapt in a Christless shroud.....	796
Ye different sects, who all declare.....	780
Ye dying sons of men	331
Ye follow'rs of the Prince of Peace.....	301
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm.....	737
Ye humble saints proclaim abroad.....	9
Ye humble sinners, in whose breast.....	343
Ye humble souls, approach your God.....	19
Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord.....	203
Ye little flock, whom Jesus feeds.....	234
Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears	585
Ye servants of the Lord.....	557
Yes, for me, for me he careth.....	182
Yes, she is gone—yet do not thou.....	592
Yes, the Redeemer rose.....	204
Ye virgin souls, arise.....	213
Ye weary, heavy-laden sons.....	669
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor.....	801
Yon may sing of the beauty of mountian, &c	767
Yon messengers of Christ.....	270
Zion stands hills surrounded.....	230

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Avon, 42, 143, 190	228, 242, 267, 334	386 C. M.....	Hugh Wilson.	166, 203	244 C. M.....	Guil. Franc.	
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Soule.....	37	L. M.....	I. B. Woodbury.	Vincent.....	318	8s & 7s From "The Psaltery."	
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St. Michael's.....	217	10s & 11s.....	Geo. F. Handel.	Warren.....	358	L. M.....	J. C. Ewing.
St. Thomas.....	8	17 S. M.....	Aaron Williams.	Ward.....	224	279 L. M.....	Arr. by L. Mason.
State Street, 29, 34, 87, 338 S. M.....	114	I. B. Woodbury.		Ware.....	92	184, 257 L. M.....	George Kingsley.
Stephens.....	225	C. M.....	Wm. Jones.	Warner.....	257	7s.....	J. C. Ewing.
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Stowe.....	98	H. M.....	Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.	Waterford, No. 1,	58	L. M.....	J. McGlashan.
Submission.....	278	6s & 5s.....	Arr. by J. C. E.	"	2	70 L. M.....	J. W. Suffern.
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Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	52	L. M.....	Wm. B. Bradbury.	Webb, 84, 130, 220,	354	7s & 6s.....	George J. Webb.
Thanksgiving.....	362	L. M.....	N. Coe Stewart.	Welton.....	43	212 L. M. F'm "Carmina Sacra."	
Thatcher.....	181	272 S. M.....	G. F. Handel.	Wells.....	179	L. M.....	Israel Holdroyd.
The Angel's Song, 83 L. M.....	83	L. M.....	J. W. Suffern.	West.....	272	C. M.....	Dr. Thos. Hastings.
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The Stranger at the Door.....	178	L. M.....	T. C. O'Kane.	Wilmet.....	95	7s.....	C. M. von Weber.
The Choral Song, 108 C. M.....	108	C. M.....	J. Wm. Suffern.	Willow Way, 180,	213	C. M.....	J. Wm. Suffern.
The Wanderer.....	103	S. M. D.....	J. Wm. Suffern.	Wilder.....	173	C. M.....	J. H. Leslie.
There is a Happy Land.....	387	P. M.....	Old Popular Tune.	Windham, 40, 94,	168	L. M.....	Daniel Reed.
Theodorus.....	379	7s & 6s D.....	J. C. Ewing.	Windsor.....	93	155	
Time is Winging, 305 7s & 6s.....	305	7s & 6s.....	W. B. Bradbury.		283	364 C. M.....	G. Kirby.
Truro.....	339	L. M.....	Chas. Burney.	Wirth.....	116	C. M.....	Har. by J. C. E.
Unity.....	332	6s & 5s.....	Dr. Lowell Mason.	Woodland.....	18,	149 C. M.....	N. D. Gould.
Utica.....	148	8s.....	From "The Psaltery."	Woodstock.....	208	C. M.....	D. Dutton, Jr.

METRICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

L. M.	PAGE.	NAME.	PAGE.	NAME.	PAGE.
Aincourt	258	The Angel's Song	83	Montgomery	308
All Saints	229	The Stranger at the Door	178	Mt. Hope	60
Appleton	327	Turro	339	Naomi	5
Baca	14	Uxbridge	47	Ninety-fifth	9
Bava	115	Vicolo	225	Ortonville	83
Belmore	82	Warren	358	Oxford	114
Creation	38	Ward	224	Peoria	13
Cowper	293	Ware	92	Peterborough	2
Davis	195	Waterford, No. 1	58	Portage	330
Desire	21	Waterford, No. 2	70	Rest	119
Doyle	138	Welton	43	Review	69
Duke Street	10	Wells	179	Rochester	11
Federal Street	28	Wilcox	381	Rohr	315
Florence	191	Windham	40	Shelley	7
Galilee	1	Zephyr	3	Siloam	81
Gratitude	336			St. Martin's	187
Hamburg	17	L. M. D.		The Choral Song	108
Happy Day	382	Duane Street	254	Vanwert	4
Harmony Grove	68	C. M.		Walker	74
Healing Balm	2	Antioch	73	Warwick	239
Hebron	60	Arlington	64	West	272
Herr	342	Avon	42	Willow Way	180
Hope	80	Azmon	12	Wilder	173
Judah	196	Balerma	21	Windsor	93
Kilburn	22	Barby	159	Wirth	116
Lindom	322	Batavia	76	Woodland	18
Luton	32	Bradford	378	Woodstock	203
Malvern	132	Brown	16	Worship	36
Medway	128	China	295	Yoder	361
Missionary Chant	105	Chester	77	York	129
Melmore	186	Cherwell	388		
Meroe	372	Coronation	194	C. M. D.	
Mount Olivet	90	Cross and Crown	22	Alida	246
Motier	64	Doreas	255	Evening Light	284
My Heavenly Home	324	Downs	33	Howland	79
Nazareth	120	Dundee	28	Varina	210
Nunda	88	Elizabethtown	124		
Old Hundred	144	Elkhart	27	S. M.	
Oriel	15	Emma	131	Augusta	122
Poole	140	Evan	20	Badea	136
Portugal	246	Fountain	41	Bonar	323
Repose	365	Give	304	Boylston	80
Retreat	6	Gospel Feast	289	Compton	50
Rest	44	Haron	54	Converse	129
Richford	183	Heaven	368	Dennis	51
Rockingham	102	Heber	265	Dover	143
Rosedale	5	Hermon	326	Dwight	126
Rothwell	273	Hertell	351	Glen	204
Sabbath Eve	62	Howard	21	Golden Hill	185
Security	56	I Do Believe	321	Heavenly Portion	20
Seasons	86	Intercession	52	Houghton	119
Seymour	149	Kyger	211	Iowa	78
Shereburne	307	Lisle	110	Laban	24
Soule	37	Manoah	359	Lake Mills	61
Sterling	117	Marlow	1	Launson	177
Swain	206	Mear	25	Lena	162
Thanksgiving	36	Memphis	51	Luther	156
		Mendota	39	Mason	304

METRICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

NAME.	PAGE.	NAME.	PAGE.	NAME.	8s. & 6s.	PAGE.
Mornington.....	309	Balm.....	54	Zebulon.....	32
Olmutz.....	318	Missionary Hymn.....	133		8s. & 9s.	
Rollins.....	337	Overton.....	274	Proclamation.....	139
Sandusky.....	390	Sacred Crown.....	90		8s. 7s. & 4s.	
Shawmut.....	65	Theodorus.....	279	Hamden.....	170
Shirland.....	114	Time is Winging.....	305	Happy Zion.....	112
St. Thomas.....	8	Webb.....	84	Lavi.....	146
Silver Street.....	44		7s. 6s. & 8s.	Molucea.....	159
State Street.....	29			Nettleton.....	24
Thatcher.....	181	Penitence.....	227	Waynesville.....	7
			6s.	Zion.....	84
S. M. D.					9s. & 8s.	
The Wanderer.....	103	Meyersdale.....	59	Huntingdon.....	367
L. M. P.		Victory.....	96	My Fatherland.....	311
Fessenden.....	369		6s. & 4s.		10s.	
C. P. M.		Bethany.....	222	A Home in Heaven.....	312
Ariel.....	26		6s. & 5s.	Enon.....	287
Aurelius.....	123	Submission.....	278	New Kirk.....	382
Bremen.....	165	Unity.....	332	Savanah.....	108
Cook.....	391		6s. & 8s.		10s. 11s. & 12s.	
P. M.		Departure.....	277	The voice of Triumph.....	100
Are We Almost There?.....	319		8s.		10s. & 11s.	
Ann'e.....	74	Barrington.....	99	Lyons.....	11
Atonement.....	374	Berkley.....	48	Mendoso.....	38
Beachly.....	68	De Fleury.....	302	St. Michael's.....	217
Endor.....	157	Madison.....	164		10s. 5s. 11s. 12s. 6s. & 12s.	
Rowley.....	245	Utica.....	148	Lucas.....	360
Song of Deliverance.....	374	What Must It Be?.....	320		11s.	
C. H. M.			8s. & 7s.	Frederick.....	310
Boonton.....	10	A Friend that's Ever Near.....	389	Home, Sweet Home.....	174
H. M.		Autumn.....	118	Higher than I.....	376
Haddam.....	197	Bavaria.....	46	Hinton.....	352
Harwich.....	46	Christian's Home.....	314	Huger.....	198
Lenox.....	16	Dunn.....	356	Perine.....	111
Orange.....	142	Ella.....	357		11s. & 10s.	
	7s.	Gotha.....	78	Come Ye Disconsolate.....	176
Ennus.....	122	Greenville.....	19	Portuguese.....	75
Guide.....	328	Harwell.....	72	Rodman.....	72
Hendon.....	325	Hudson.....	137	Shepherd.....	206
Horton.....	172	Janesville.....	92		12s.	
Juniata.....	23	Memoria.....	283	Devotion.....	366
Leonard.....	200	Monmouth.....	120	Scotland.....	291
Marty.....	30	Otto.....	205		12s. & 8s.	
Nuremberg.....	268	Ottawa.....	66	Vernon.....	170
Pleyel.....	50	Shining Shore.....	329		12s. & 11s.	
Praise.....	362	Sicily.....	85	The Family Bible.....	350
Prayer.....	40	Stockwell.....	158			
Purity.....	43	Vincent.....	318			
Rock of Ages.....	86		8s. & 4s.			
Rosfield.....	371	Calvin.....	261			
Vernon.....	331	Sonnet.....	241			
Warner.....	257					
Watchman.....	101					
	7s. & 6s.					
Amsterdam.....	218					

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

The figures refer to the Number of the Hymns.

Abba Father, 401.
Absence from God deprecated, 372.
Adoption, 400, 401.
Advent, first, of Christ—see *Christ*.
Advent, second, 207-214.
Advocate, 190.
Affliction and trials, 402-420.
 Comfort in, 411, 418, 419.
 Common to believers, 414.
 Deliverance from, 410, 815.
 Joyful in, 408, 417.
 Prayer in, 412, 413, 415.
 Welcomed, 403.
Angels, 789.
Annual Meeting—see *Council Meetings*.
Anointing, 323, 324.
Armor, Christian, 588, 562.
Ascension—see *Christ*.
Ashamed of Christ, 290, 466.
Aspirations, 421-437.
 After Christ, 427, 431, 433, 803.
 After God, 421, 428, 430, 432, 434, 435, 437.
 After glory, 422.
 After heaven, 423, 426, 429.
 After righteousness, 435, 436.
Assurance, 438-441.
Atonement—see *Christ*.
Backsliding, 442-446.
 Lamented, 443, 444.
 Prayer in, 445.
Banner, 275.
Baptism, 284, 294.
 A burial, 286.
 After, 294.
 Delight in, 284, 285, 290, 291.
 Emblematic, 293.
 Of Christ, 287.
 Prayer at, 288, 289.
 Renunciation at, 292.
Barren fig tree, 442.
Birthday, 743.
Blood of Christ, 184, 185.
Christ—**Advent**, first, 157-165.
 Advent, second—see *Advent*
 Ascension, 200, 206.
 Atonement, 45, 184, 185, 187, 189, 193, 310, 314, 378.
 Coronation, 381.
 Death, 193-198, 768, 788.
 Divinity, 76, 161, 162, 178, 810.
 Example, 171, 175, 297.
 Humiliation, 170, 298.
 Intercession, 190.
 King, 158, 223, 381.
 Life and Mission, 166-178.
 Miracles, 176.
Christ—Names and Characters, 179-190.
 Preciousness, 188, 178, 217.
 Priest, 186.
 Prophet, Priest and King, 42, 167.
 Reign—see *Advent*.
 Resurrection, 199-206.
 Sufferings, 191, 192, 305, 313.
Christian Life and Experience, 400-566.
Church, 229-256.
 Admonished, 255.
 Aliens invited to examine it, 247.
 A little flock, 234.
 Application for membership, 246.
 Beautiful representations of the, 238.
 Birth-place of saints, 252.
 Christ in the midst of it, 231.
 Christ's love to it, 237.
 Converts welcomed, 245.
 Dedication, 325, 326.
 Delight in, 240, 253, 767, 790.
 Desolation of the, 244.
 Dwelling place of God, 229.
 God's love to the, 230, 335.
 Immovable, 232.
 In conflict, 233, 236.
 Organization, 249, 250, 254.
 Wanting in primitive love, 256.
 Victorious—see *Advent*.
Communion, 305-315.
Confidence, 452, 457.
Consecration, 461.
Consistency, 460, 458.
Contentment, 462.
Conversion, 463, 464.
Council Meetings, 282, 283.
Courage, 466, 804.
Covenant, security in God's, 441.
Creation—see *God*.
Cross, 467-471.
Deacons, choice of, 276.
Dead, the speaking, 546.
Death—
 Address to a departed sister, 611.
 Address to Christians in, 615, 616, 539.
 Again, 599, 584.
 Asleep, 598.
 Beautiful emblems of, 594.
 Hope in, 574, 576-578, 597, 607-609, 613, 618.
 Of a husband, 593.
 Of a Minister, 614, 582, 590.
 Of a wife, 592.
 Of a youth, 603.
 Of children, 568, 570, 578, 579, 581, 585, 591.
 Of the righteous, reflections on, 589, 615, 616.
 Only at times pleasant, 572.
 Preparations for, 587.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Death—Separates friends, 567.
 The gate of Heaven, 580.
 The summons of, 605.
 Warnings of, 596, 602.
 Victory over, 610, 624, 625.

Deceitfulness of sin, 373.

Dedication—see *Church*.

Diligence, 501.

Discipline, 472-475.

Devotion, private, 123-129.

Encouragement, 431.

Established, 522.

Equality of man, 775.

Evening Hymns, 701-713.

Faith, 476-480.
 Evidence of things not seen, 477.
 Living, 478.
 Walking by, 476.
 Working, 480.
 Triumphant, 479.

Faithfulness, 500.

Fall of man, 373-377.

Family worship—see *Evening and Morning*.

Fasts, 746-749.

Fellowship with God—see *Communion with God*.

Fellowship, Christian, 316-322.

God—Being and Attributes, 1-19.
 Compassion, 50, 313, 324.
 Condescension, 3, 15.
 Eternity, 12.
 Existence, 1.
 Goodness, 18, 19.
 Greatness, 2, 4.
 Holiness, 6.
 Invisible, 17.
 Love, 13.
 Omnipotence and Omnipresence, 10.
 Omnipotence, 11.
 Truthfulness, 8, 9.
 Unsearchable, 14.
 Unchangeable, 7.
 Unity, 16.
 Wisdom, 31.

God—Names and Relations, 20-25.
 All in All, 22.
 Guide, 20.
 Our Dwelling-place, 23.
 Our Father, 25.
 Our Portion, 24.
 Shepherd, 21.

God—In Creation, 26-29.
 Image of, 26.
 Glory of, 27-29.

God—Providence, 30-36.
 Acquiescence in, 31.
 Mysterious, 32, 33.
 Provisions of, 30, 34, 35.
 Protection of, 36.

Gospel, 327-339.

Grace, 332, 385.

Gratitude, 55, 89, 90, 777.

Happiness—see *Joy*.

Heathen, an appeal for the, 264.

Heaven, 643-677.

Holy Scriptures, 149-155

Holy Spirit, 395-399.

Hope, 481-483, 778, 798.

Humility, 484, 485.

Idols, vanity of, 37.

Invitation, 329, 330, 331, 337, 341, 342, 343, 347, 349.

Israel, redemption of, 222, 223.
 Prayer for, 224.

Jews—see *Israel*.

Joy, 486-494, 797, 798.

Judgment, 225-228.

Justification, 495.

Justice, 496.

Kingdom of Christ—see *Advent*.

Life, not in length of days, 601.
 Shortness of, 627, 631, 635.
 Uncertainty of, 630, 636, 640, 642.

Lord's Day, 131-141.
 Evening, 133, 138.
 Morning, 135.

Love, 506-512, 800, 801.
 By what produced, 506.
 Essential to Christian character, 511.
 Essential to heavenly enjoyment, 509.
 Importance of, 508, 510.
 Proof of sincerity, 780.
 To the poor, 498, 499, 502.

Marriage, 744, 745.

Meekness, 513.

Mercy, 362, 387.

Mercy-seat, 530.

Meeting and parting, 678-692.
 Meeting on earth, 678, 679, 682.
 In heaven, 686, 690.

Millennium, 215-221.

Ministers, bearers of salvation, 258.
 Boldness of, 267, 271.
 Choice of, 277.
 Commission of, 266, 269, 270.
 Motives to faithfulness, 260.
 Ordination of, 278, 280.
 Prayer for increase of, 281.

Ministry, blessedness of the, 262, 272, 274, 275.
 For our own country, 261.
 For the heathen, 264.

Ministry completed, 257.

Morning Hymns, 693-700.

Nature, God seen in—see *Creation*.

New Year, 752, 753.

Obedience, 514-516.

Old Age, a prayer for, 725.

Omnipotence—see *God*.

Omnipresence—see *God*.

Omnipresent—see *God*.

Opening Hymns, 91-93.

Ordination—see *Ministers*.

Orphan's Prayer, 741.

Pardon—see *Repentance*.

Parental Hymns, 720-729.

Parting, 683, 684, 687, 691, 692.
 At closing a series of services, 684.

Of Ministers, 688.

Passover, Christ our, 308.

Patience, 517.

Peace and war, 765, 766.

Peace of mind, 517, 518.

Penitence—see *Repentance*.

Perfection, Attainable, 520.
 Through sufferings, 475.

God, our example in, 521.

Persecution, contrary to the gospel, 771.

Pilgrimage, 523, 524, 675.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Praise to God, 49-51, 55-62, 64, 79, 80, 90.
 Praise to Christ, 42, 44-48, 52, 65-78.
 Prayer, 525-544.
 A child's, 740.
 Answered by crosses, 526.
 Encouragement to, 525, 544.
 For an increase of ministers, 281.
 For a revival, 537-539.
 For help, 541.
 For ministers, 263, 273.
 For our country, 536.
 For submission, 531, 555.
 For the Jews, 534.
 Hinderances to, 533.
 In perplexity, 535.
 In trouble, 529.
 Is what? 528, 540.
 Of a Christian, 802.
 Power of, 543.
 Pride, 814.
 Promises, 388-394.
 Providence—see *God in*.
 Public worship, 37-90.
 Race, Christian, 545-546.
 Recovery from sickness, 405, 410.
 Redemption, 379-387.
 Refuge, God a., 23.
 Christ a., 794.
 Rejoicing—see *Joy*.
 Religion, 776, 792.
 Repentance, 353, 372.
 Reproof, 547, 548.
 Resignation—see *Submission*.
 Resolve, the holy, 461.
 Rest, 314, 672, 676.
 Resurrection of Christ—see *Christ*.
 Of man, 620-626.
 Retirement—see *Private Devotion*.
 Revival, prayer for—see *Prayer*.
 Righteousness, Christ our, 184.
 Rock of Ages, 185.
 High, 786.
 Sacrifice, Christ our, 187.
 Salutation, 303, 304.
 Salvation—see *Redemption*.
 Nearer, 791.
 Safety, the believers', 455, 457, 519.
 Seasons, 751-757.
 Self-denial—see *Cross*.
 Self-examination, 550.
 Servants, the servant-like character of Christian, 298, 300, 484.

Sickness, 405, 410, 411, 631, 636, 640, 812.
 Sincerity, 551, 552.
 Social worship, 116-122.
 Submission, 553-555.
 Sympathy with Christ in suffering, 470.
 In labor, 498, 503.
 For the lost, 770.

Table Hymns, 714-719.
 Temptation, 404, 413, 418.
 Temperance, 763, 764.
 Thanksgiving, 758, 761.
 Throne of grace, 542.
 Time, importance of, 628, 629.
 Serious reflection upon leaving, 633.
 Swiftness of, 664, 641.
 Trust, 453.
 Truth, welcomed, 146.
 Power of, 150.
 Progress of, 154.
 Types, 218.

Unbelief lamented, 92.
 Union of Christians—see *Fellowship and Unity*.

Vanity of earthly things, 420.
 Victory of Christ over death, 198, 202, 206.
 Of Christians over death—see *Death, triumph over*.

War, 765, 766.
 Warfare, Christian, 558-563.
 The beginning, 553.
 The battle, 559.
 The close, 636.
 The combatants, 781.
 The prize, 561.
 The weapons, 560.
 Warnings, 327, 328, 332, 333, 336, 338, 340, 341, 345, 346, 348, 350, 351, 352.
 Watchfulness, 556, 563.
 Way, Christ the, 174, 805.
 Good old, 813.
 Wisdom, 564.
 Worship, Family—see *Evening, Morning and Table Hymns*.
 Private, 123-129.
 Public, 37-115.
 Social, 116-122.

Year—see *Old and New*.
 Youth, 730-743.

Zeal, 565.

